McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXI SEPTEMBER, 1903 No. 5

CAPITAL AND LABOR HUNT TOGETHER

CHICAGO THE VICTIM OF THE NEW INDUSTRIAL CONSPIRACY

BY

RAY STANNARD BAKER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

I ASKED Milton Booth, secretary of the Coal Teamsters' Union of Chicago, if there were any non-union workmen in the industry which he represents.

"No," he replied, "unless they are in the hospital."

I asked John C. Driscoll, secretary of the Coal Team Owners' Association — the corresponding organization of employers — if there were any independent operators in his branch of industry.

"You'll have to look for them with a spy-glass," he said.

Monopolizing the Coal Delivery of a City

On one side, therefore, stand the men who drive the coal wagons, each with his little button in his cap, organized in an impregnable union, and over against them, also marshaled in close order, stand the men who own the teams and the wagons, and, oftentimes, the coal. Both sides have crushed independent competition. There is no longer such a thing as a "scab" teamster, nor any competing team owner. The fundamental industry of a great manufacturing city—Coal—lies absolutely at the will of these two unions.

Not so long ago the teamster and the coal team owner were busily cracking each other's heads. The teamster wanted more wages, the owner wanted more profits, and Chicago got its coal delivered promptly, at reasonable prices. It is quite likely, in the good old days, that the teamster was not making a sufficient wage; it is even barely possible that the retail dealer was being unduly squeezed by the opulent operator who controlled the coal supply and who, in another part of the circle, was fighting his own fierce battle with organized labor in the coal-fields. However that may be, some genius — he must have been a genius, or he would never have thought of anything so simple — suggested one day that the teamsters and their employers stop shedding each other's blood and unite.

And this is exactly what they did. The two organizations, the Coal Teamsters' Union and the Coal Team Owners' Association, came together and formed a close compact, offensive and defensive — a sort of monopoly new to our American life. Instead of fighting each other, to the profit and peace of the on-looking public, they now turned, united, and attacked that public. The teamster salved his sores with a large increase in wages, the coal dealer

Copyright 1903, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

ALBERT YOUNG
HEAD OF THE TEAMSTERS' INTERNATIONAL UNION

No labor leader in Chicago to-day is more powerful for good or evil than President Young. In the hands of the teamster lie the reins of industry. When he pulls up the city stops short, no coal moves from railroad to boiler-room, no meat from packing-house to butcher, no milk can be delivered, no freight carried, no cab driven; in short, nothing moves. With 40,000 close-organized teamsters at his call, Mr. Young could tie up every important industry in Chicago within forty-eight hours.

and the team owner fattened their bank accounts with a large increase in profits, and the defenseless, unorganized public paid the bill; is paying it with groanings to-day.

What Chicago Has Come To

Here, in brief outline, is an example in a single industry of the latest development in the greatest American problem, that of the relations of labor and capital. And Chicago has furnished the soil and the seed most favorable to this amazing growth, for no other city in America is so thoroughly organized. Chicago has been called "industrial hell"; it has also been designated "the paradise of union labor." Whether hell or paradise, every city in America is rapidly on its way to similar conditions.

Only the outsider coming to Chicago can fully realize the extent of this industrial armament — a sort of militant neutrality, comparable to the state of Europe. Trust and employers' association draw themselves up to meet the labor monopoly, army against army. Look as you will in Chicago, you can find no able carpenter who does not wear a button or carry a card, no bricklayer, no plumber, no teamster, no garment-maker, no packing-house worker. No industry is so small that it does not contribute its company to the general force. In the last Labor Day parade the Sprinkler Fitters marched with the Lady Cracker Packers, the Tuck Pointers with the Soda-water Helpers, the Ice-cream Teamsters with the Scrub-women; the Bell-boys with the School-teachers and the Beer-bottlers. There are 40,000 militant teamsters in the Chicago unions; 40,000 artisans in the building trades unions; 3,300 school-teachers; 6,000 freight handlers; 4,000 machinists; 18,000 waiters.

On the other hand, we have the Master Carpenters' Association, the Brick Mason Contractors' Association, the Retail Coal Dealers' Association, the Railway Managers' Association — controlling all the labor matters of twenty railroads — the Hotel Owners' Association, the Laundry Owners' Association, and many others.

As I write it is common talk in Chicago that owners and business men are deferring their plans for building, that manufacturers are being frightened to the country towns by the ominous threats of industrial war.

Marshall Field on the Situation

Chicago, indeed, is organized to a standstill! Far-sighted men, like Marshall Field on the one hand and John Mitchell on the other, have already warned the people of the menace of these conditions.

"If this agitation continue labor will be out of employment. This prosperity we are now enjoying will not continue unless this agitation can be stopped," said the former in the *Inter-Ocean* of June 5, 1903.

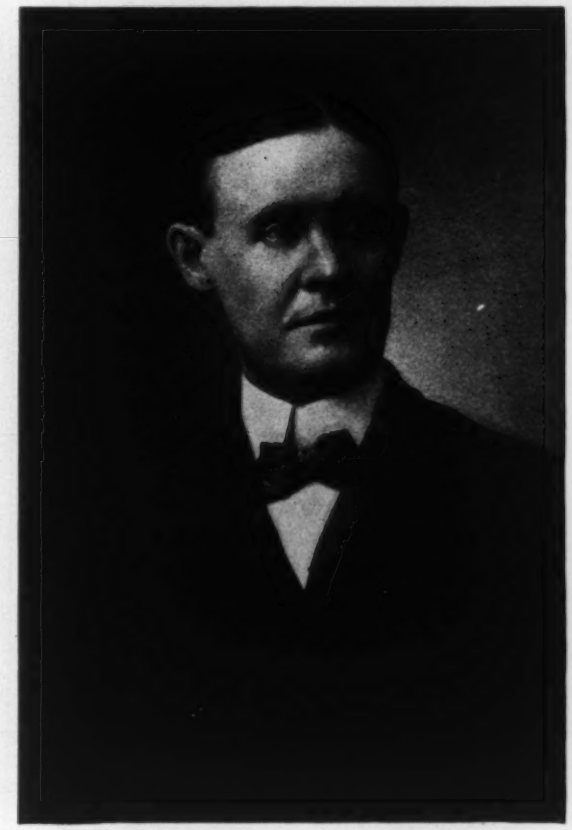
"Marshall Field in the main is right. It is the part of prudence to look into the future, and during labor agitations one must take further precaution than at other times," said John Mitchell in the *Inter-Ocean* of June 10, 1903.

So expensive and dangerous became the situation in many special industries where an advanced stage of unionism was possible, that both employer and employee sought some plan of relief. Result: The condition of armed neutrality, in which each side

blocked the other, was superseded by combination. The spirit of organization, which had long been at work drawing together bitter rivals within the ranks of both capital and labor, now suddenly bridged the gap and drew capital and labor themselves together in an alliance against the unorganized public.

The coal teamsters and the Coal Team Owners' Association furnish an excellent example of the practical working of the new species of monopoly. Other combinations in Chicago are closer, even more extraordinary in the extent of their power than this, but none has been more open in its campaign, none has left a sharper sting in the memory of the people.

The coal teamsters began their fight for higher wages and better hours about five years ago. Under the leadership of Albert Young, now at the head of the Teamsters' International Union, they soon became so strong that they crowded their employers into a defensive organization, called the Coal Team Owners' Association. Many of these coal team owners were separate teaming companies, many were retail coal dealers. Indeed, the interests of the coal team owners and the retail coal dealers are so nearly identical that they can hardly be separated. The union and the association, to avoid further disastrous warfare, entered into an agreement as to wages, hours, holidays, disputes, and so on. There was nothing strange in this; many unions and many associations have done the same; but this was an *exclusive agreement*.



JOHN C. DRISCOLL

MANAGER OF THE TEAMING INTERESTS OF CHICAGO

As Albert Young represents the teamsters, John C. Driscoll represents the formidable Associated Teaming Interests of Chicago, including nearly all the important owners of teams. Once at war, union and association have now come together in a close combination; for months Messrs. Driscoll and Young have met day by day in a dingy Dearborn Street office, have ruthlessly crushed competitors and "scabs," and, backed by their unions, have so directed and regulated the entire teaming industry that the public of Chicago pays from 40 to 100 per cent. more for every sort of teaming than it did two years ago.

Secret Agreement of the Coal Men

"Party of the first part (the Coal Team Owners' Association) agrees to employ none but members of the Coal Teamsters' Union, Local No. 4, in good standing and carrying the regular working card of the organization."

"We (the Coal Teamsters' Union) further agree that we will not work for any firm that does not belong to the Coal Team Owners' Association."

This agreement was signed May 21, 1902. In December, 1902, for fear of a prosecution for conspiracy, the second clause was changed to read:

"We agree that we will use our best endeavors to have all employers of coal teamsters become members of the Coal Team Owners' Association."

Which meant exactly the same thing, only the language was more diplomatic.

Harmless as these words appear, they amount virtually to an exclusive agreement which is the very essence of the new monopolistic combinations. This is what it means: The coal team owners agree to employ none but union men; result — the independent workman, the so-called "scab," is instantly driven out of existence, and competition on the side of labor is killed. The coal teamsters agree to work for none but members of the Coal Team Owners'

not uncharacteristic of monopolies, granted themselves a substantial increase in pay and profits. The coal teamsters put up their wages from 11 to 15 per cent. when the agreement was signed; they had had the equivalent of some 20 per cent. increase during the two previous years. The hours were regulated, special pay was granted for overtime, and the union was given absolute power over its members, it being agreed that no employer should hire a teamster without first notifying the officers of the union. If the teamster was behind in his dues he had to pay up or go without work. If he did not happen to be a member of the union he was compelled to pay $15 to join and $1 a month thereafter in dues; or, if it

Association; result — the independent employer is driven out of existence, and competition on the side of capital is killed. Total result — an absolute monopoly of the industry. Let any man not a member of the union try to drive a coal wagon in Chicago and see how quickly his head would be broken!

Similarly, let any important employer-concern come into Chicago and try to go into the coal teaming or retail coal business without first making peace with or joining the Coal Team Owners' Association, and see how long it would remain unsmashed!

The Fruits of Combination

Having now a complete monopoly, this coal-delivery combination gathered the rich fruitage of its power. In the first place the partners in the monopoly, in a manner

SCENES DURING THE TEAMSTERS' STRIKE IN CHICAGO

When the packing-houses endeavored to deliver meat, the non-union teamsters, though protected by police, were stoned and beaten, their wagons overturned, their harnesses cut, even the horses hamstrung.

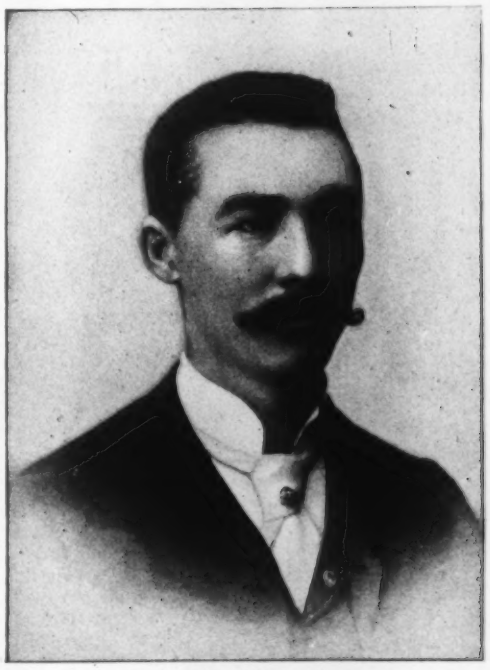
(By courtesy of the Chicago "Daily News.")

should please the union not to take him in, he would have to go into some other trade or leave Chicago. Many a teamster in Chicago now earns as much as $25 or $30 a week in winter weather; the Coal Teamsters' local has $18,000 in its treasury.

On their part the three hundred coal team owners, or coal dealers, who paid an initiation fee of $25 to get into their organization, immediately raised the price of coal cartage nearly 40 per cent., so that a load of coal which had formerly cost the people of Chicago $1.40 for delivery now cost $2. It was a very favorable time to raise the price of coal; the anthracite coal strike was then beginning, and people would lay it up to that. No citizen could draw his own coal with his own wagon to his own cellar. The Salvation Army was compelled last winter to get special permission to draw a few loads of coal for the suffering poor.

The War on Natural Gas

Having "cut the melon"—in the words of one of the leaders—a phrase familiar to Wall Street, by the way—the monopoly looked about for other fields to conquer. It was discovered that most of the large users of fuel, notably the owners of down-town sky-scrapers, hotels, and other business buildings, used natural gas (piped up from Indiana) for heating and power purposes during the summer months. Now this naturally cut in heavily on the sales of coal; it also threw many teamsters out of work, especially during the slack season. The monopoly, therefore, calmly decided to drive natural gas out of the market and compel all down-town Chicago to use coal exclusively. It was a great idea, proposed originally, as nearly as I can make out, by the retail coal dealers to increase their sales of coal—but the teamsters were put up to do the "dirty work," and both sides were to reap the profit. A committee of the teamsters waited upon Marshall Field & Co., also upon the owners of the Auditorium Hotel, upon The Fair, and upon the owners of many of the large office buildings, stated their business, and asked the owners to sign a written agreement to use no more natural gas for five years, and to remove all gas appliances from their buildings within thirty days. Unless the owners should agree to discontinue the use of gas in the summer, the teamsters declared they would haul no more coal to them in the winter. In vain the



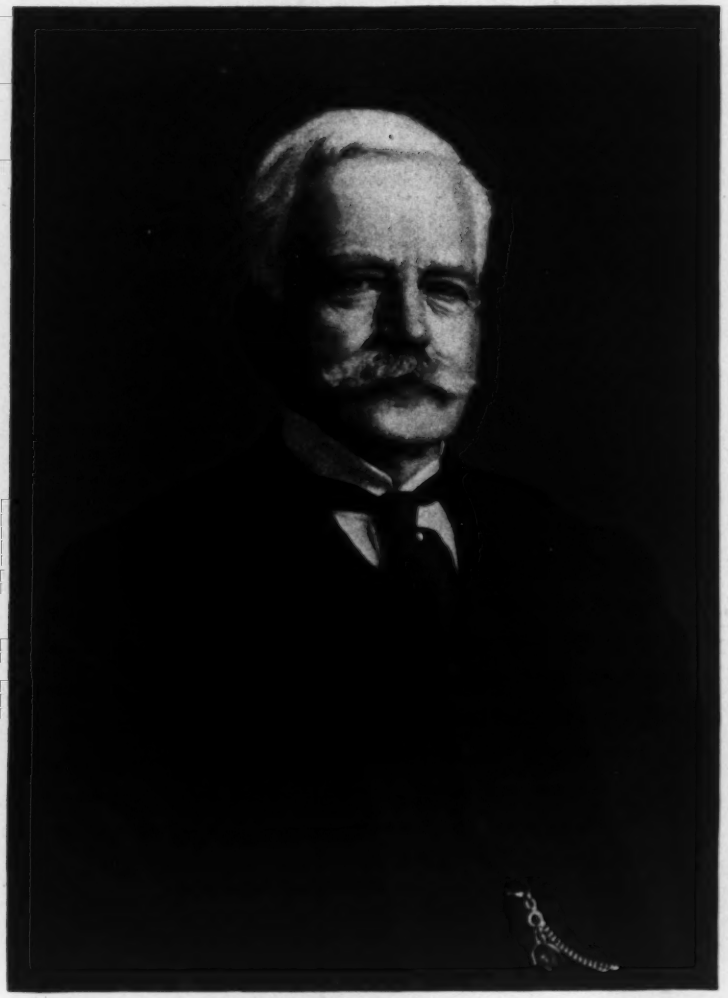
E. A. RYSDON

Mr. Rysdon is one of the victims of the conspiracy of employer and workman in the sheet metal industry. In May last he was a prosperous contractor directing one of the largest jobs in his trade in Chicago; to-day his business is a wreck. Because he opposed the ring that controlled the Sheet Metal Contractors' Association he was set upon by the combination of the employers and their workmen and "broken."

owners argued that the teamsters had no right to interfere with the gas business; in vain they asserted that gas was less dirty than coal, in some cases cheaper, and that it was more easily handled by the brother unionists of the teamsters—the firemen, that the removal of the gas fixtures would involve large losses. The teamsters had made up their minds and nothing could stir them; they knew they had the gas-users on the hip, because the gas company, though they had a surplus supply in the summer, could not furnish fuel to the exclusion of coal in the winter. Some of the owners signed the agreements at once; others endeavored to fight it out. The retail department of Marshall Field & Co. reached the point in the struggle where the firemen had only coal enough to run the boilers a few hours. Loaded wagons stood at the curb, but the drivers would not deliver the coal. And Marshall Field & Co. surrendered.

Fate of the Man Who Fought

Thomas A. Hall, responsible for the management of fifteen down-town buildings,



MARSHALL FIELD

"If this agitation continue labor will be out of employment. This prosperity we are now enjoying will not continue unless this agitation can be stopped." *Marshall Field in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" of June 5, 1903.*

made a year-long struggle against their demands, using more gas instead of less, and getting in his coal and storing it by hook or crook during the summer of 1902. In February, 1903, however, there came a strike of the elevator men, janitors, and scrub-women. The teamsters saw their opportunity and struck in sympathy with them in all the buildings controlled by Mr. Hall. They had not the slightest interest in the success of the elevator men, janitors, and scrub-women, though these unions could not have won their strike without assistance; they went into the fight to serve their own ends, to tie up Mr. Hall until he should yield. A walking delegate stood in front of the Manhattan Building ordering away loads of coal when the coal supply was so low that the electric plant had been shut down and candles were being used in some of the offices. That was the last of natural gas in down-town Chicago.

The Sovereign Will of the Teamsters

I asked one of the teamster leaders what was the next step in this campaign of the combination.

"We're going to stop delivering coal in bags," he said. "It's too hard work for the men; the dirty water runs down the back of their necks."

"But how, if I lived in Chicago, should I get coal into my basement?" I asked.

"Why, you'd have to hire a coal hustler to pack it in. The coal hustlers have a union of their own."

"Oh, I see. You are doing this to help a new fellow-union. Make work for more men."

"No, sir, we are doing it for our own selves."

"But what if we still want our coal delivered in bags, and are willing to pay for it? What if we object to having the loose coal dumped on our sidewalks?"

"The coal teamsters have decided that they won't handle no more bags."

"But what if the public objects?"

"They'll have to like it."

Under such conditions as these the public of Chicago gets its coal to-day.

Chicago Fighting in the Dark

Do not imagine that Chicago lies quiet under its yoke. It struggles and strikes out, knowing that it is hurt, but not knowing exactly whom to punish. Various actions for conspiracy have been instituted in the courts. Only a few days ago Judge Horton handed down a decision in the Criminal Court of Cook County — an action begun by State's Attorney Deneen — in which eighteen members of the Northern Illinois Soft Coal Dealers' Association were found guilty of conspiracy to restrain public trade, and were fined $500 each. Another decision fined nine officers of the Retail Coal Dealers' Association of Illinois and Wisconsin $100 each on a charge of conspiracy to "suppress, prevent, and destroy competition among retail dealers in coal." These two associations controlled only a small part of the coal consumed by Chicago, and the decision did not reach down to the gigantic combination which delivers coal; but it registers the blind and angry — perhaps futile — protest of Chicago against the conspiracies which regulate its fuel supply and which have enormously raised the price of coal within the last year or two. Chicago knows perfectly well that its coal prices are being manipulated by a circle of connected monopolies, but nobody sees a way to stop this process. As a prominent Chicagoan put it to me: "It is like trying to fight the circumambient atmosphere."

Apparently the innocent party of the third part, who is chiefly damaged, has no remedy. Apparently in all the chaos of the legal discussion of the rights of organized bodies, whether trusts or unions — legal rights, moral rights, rights under the Constitution — the fact that the public also has rights disappears in obscurity. We hear much of arbitration between capital and labor, but who has suggested the need of arbitration between the monopoly and the consumer who must buy its goods?

Refusing Milk to the Poor

But the coal combination is only one among many. The Milk Dealers' Association — employers — and the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union got together and decided that one delivery of milk during the day was sufficient for the people of Chicago, without even thinking of consulting the milk buyers. In most districts two deliveries had been the custom for years, but all Chicago was instantly compelled to come down to one delivery a day. On June 5th Dr. Arthur R. Reynolds, Commissioner of Health, wrote a letter to the Milk Shippers' Union, the Milk Dealers' Association, and the Milk Wagon Drivers' Union, the three organizations which control, absolutely, the milk business of Chicago, protesting that a single delivery of milk in the poorer districts of the city, threatened an increased mortality among the little children.

"If the present conditions of supply and delivery continue during the warm weather," he wrote, "they will have a most serious effect on the child life of the city."

"Herod More Merciful"

No attention whatever was paid to this letter, and just a month later the weekly bulletin of the Chicago Board of Health had this to say:

"In the last week of June the deaths among infants and young children were 123; this week 172 such deaths were reported, an increase of 40 per cent.; and deaths from 'convulsions' and the acute intestinal diseases of children increased 90 per cent. over those of the previous week. The 'one-daily-delivery' of milk has begun to reap its harvest. Even in well-to-do families this thirty-six to sixty hours' old milk cannot be kept from souring from one delivery to the next. Herod was more merciful in the method he used in his 'slaughter of the innocents.'"

But the milk dealers and the milk wagon drivers are so much the more comfortable. In the words of one of them, they are "standing pat." No one will deny that the milk wagon drivers formerly worked long hours

and that the dealer was kept busy through a wearisome day, nor that both were within their rights in bettering their conditions if they could, even in getting more money if they could, but while they "stand pat" the babies of their brother coal teamsters, their brother van teamsters, and all their brother unionists, who are part of the great third party—the public—are suffering. And this will serve to clinch the point I wish particularly to make, that with the growth of these new monopolies the warfare of labor upon capital ceases; the day comes when all the workmen of any trade will have their knives out for the workmen of every other trade, each industry against the world, labor against labor.

How are these combinations able to perform such arbitrary acts? What is the source of their power?

Slugging Methods and "Business" Methods

The plain fact is, that these organizations, both capital and labor, terrorize and coerce the non-union man—the man who would be an independent competitor—until he fears to turn a hand. One side is no better than the other, but the employer pursues his purpose by diplomatic, secret courses called "business." Often also, in plain English, he bribes. And when they unite in a compact monopoly, using their terrible double-firing engine of coercion, as they are uniting in Chicago, "business" on the one side, slugging on the other, then must you and I, the consumer-public, pray for mercy!

Here are two examples of labor union methods, the first copied from a Chicago newspaper of June 19th:

"B. F. Warner, a teamster, was stopped by a stranger when he emerged from a store at May and West Madison Streets early to-day. The stranger demanded to know if Warner was a union man. Warner replied in the negative, and the stranger struck him in the face, fracturing his jaw. Warner was taken to the county hospital and his assailant escaped. The victim lives at 411 West Harrison Street."

The other example is that of Samuel Gates, a commission merchant of South Water Street, and a member of the firm of Gates & Anderson. A shipment of eggs had arrived for his firm which he could not get delivered because the teamsters were striking in sympathy with the freight handlers. Fearing that the eggs would spoil, Gates borrowed a wagon from a neighboring firm and drove over himself to the freight-house to get his goods. He was met by Abram Covert, a union teamster, who ordered him away. "You have no business here," shouted Covert. Gates replied that he was coming in his own wagon to get his own goods that were spoiling. Covert struck him in the jaw and killed him. In the trial which followed Assistant State's Attorney Crowe said:

"Covert as a union man accused Gates of violating union principles, tried him, found him guilty, and executed him, all within a few minutes."

Covert was finally convicted of manslaughter.

The story of E. A. Rysdon will show how capital, represented by the employers' association, on its part forces its competitors into line. The employer who shudders at union "slugging" has his own effective way of doing business.

Story of a Sheet Metal Contractor

Rysdon is a contractor for sheet metal work; he has a large shop in West Forty-first Street, Chicago, where, until he was ruined, he manufactured cornices, roofing, and other sheet metal work. He began as a journeyman, and has worked his way up. Until recently Rysdon belonged to the Sheet Metal Contractors' Association, a union of employers, which includes all the firms of any consequence doing this sort of work in Chicago. The Sheet Metal Contractors' Association has an iron-clad agreement with the Amalgamated Sheet Metal Workers' Union, No. 73), the membership of which includes practically every workman in this industry who lives in Chicago. This secret agreement contains the following provisions:

"Section 9. All Sheet Metal Journeymen or Helpers employed by party of the second part (the Sheet Metal Contractors' Association) must carry their working card of the present quarter or permit from the business agent. In the event of the union being unable to furnish helpers the employers may put in other helpers, who are to have two working days in which to get their cards or permits."

"Section 17. The business agent of the union shall at all times have the privilege during working hours to go through the shops and on jobs to examine the cards of members employed there and transact whatever legitimate business he may have to perform."

These sections mean that no non-union metal worker can get work anywhere in Chicago. He must do one of three things:

join the union; go into some other industry; or starve. They mean, further, that the business agent has absolute power over the men, and they imply, as the Rysdon story will show, that no contractor can get men to work for him unless he is a member of the employers' association. In short, this, too, was an exclusive agreement.

Half a dozen men, the officers mostly, controlled the association; a single man, Walking Delegate Pouchot, controlled the union. It was the easiest of easy matters for these men to get together and direct the entire industry. It lay like wax in their hands.

The employers' association had a membership of twenty-seven firms; but Rysdon soon learned that though the association was a close corporation, there was a still closer inner ring which controlled the business. Somehow he was not getting all the heralded benefits of organization. Good jobs were mysteriously whisked out of his reach. But he kept at it, and became finally so perniciously active that he was invited to "come inside."

What Rysdon Learned "Inside"

They took him to the office of the association in the Rialto Building, and one of the ring — one of the foremost contractors in his line in Chicago, a prominent citizen, a writer on methods of dealing with labor troubles — read to him the secret pact of the ring. This pact provided exactly what he should do in case he desired to bid on any given job. After being charged with secrecy and signing the agreement, Rysdon was furnished with a little book — it cost him $1 — containing the names of all the architects in Chicago. Opposite each architect's name were the initials of some member of the ring. This member was called the "chairman" of the architect's office. Rysdon was informed that the contractors had a spy in most of the architects' offices, a draftsman or a boy, who, for a consideration, kept them informed.

Seventeen firms in all had signed the secret agreement. They "stood in" with Pouchot, the walking delegate of the union.

Ring Bidding on Contracts

The ring did business in the following simple but effective way. When a member wished to bid on a job, he did not go to the architect or to the owner or to the general contractor, as the unsophisticated would suppose. Why should he? These men couldn't give him the job, though they would have to pay for it. He pursued more modern methods. He called up the "chairman" of the architect's office, as indicated in his little book. All the other contractors who wished to try for the job did the same thing. The "chairman" then called a meeting of all the would-be bidders — competitors and rivals, be it understood. They met in the Rialto Building, say eight or ten of them, talked over the job, and decided three things in regard to it: First, what it would actually cost, say $40,000. Second, what it was worth — that is, what a contractor could do it for and make a fair profit, say $50,000. Third, they discussed the character of the architect and of the general contractor and of the owner, whether they were "easy" or not, or careless, or driven by necessity, or whether any of them could be "touched," deciding finally how much the job would "stand" without raising suspicion, say $70,000; in other words, $20,000 more than the job was "worth." They then decided which of their number should actually do the work, a point, be it observed, of minor consequence, and he put in a bid of $70,000; all the others going higher, up to $100,000 or more. Of course the lowest bidder got the job. The pool of $20,000, over and above the real value of the work, was divided equally among the members of the ring.

A single instance will show the practical results of this procedure. Last winter the Pullman Company built some new car shops. The ring decided that the sheet metal work for the job would really cost about $19,000; that a contractor could easily afford to put it in for some $25,000. The job was regarded as a "plum," and they quarreled fiercely over it. In fact, they met nearly every week-day afternoon, directing, arranging, and partitioning the sheet metal work of Chicago, and they nearly always quarreled. The more they got the greedier they grew. The bids for the Pullman job ran from $42,000, or thereabouts, to $57,000 (Rysdon's bid), and each member of the ring was apportioned $500 cash, actually for no service whatever. Rysdon, too, was awarded his share, for he was then at peace with the ring. And, humorously enough, if you look at it that way, the Pullman

Company has not learned to this day that it was held up and robbed.

Rysdon's First Revolt

We now come to the undoing of Rysdon. Last spring the Rock Island Railroad was building a new depot, which offered a sheet metal contract worth some $30,000. This also was a "plum," and Rysdon was anxious to gather it in. But when he reached the meeting in which the bidder was to be selected, the other members of the ring wore the sleek expression of having dined upon a killing. The pool had been made up without him. Now Rysdon had long had a suspicion of a ring within the ring, that a few of the larger contractors, mostly officers or "bosses" of the association, had a most secret agreement among themselves, and that he was not a part of it. In a moment of anger he rushed out to the general contractor who had the building in charge and, finally, on his own hook, underbid the ring and got the contract. The consternation and astonishment of the other members when this bomb fell among them may be better imagined than described. And Rysdon himself, now that he had picked the plum, was frightened at his own temerity. He knew well enough what sort of a power he had to deal with, so that he came humbly to the next meeting and offered to take his medicine. They threatened him with a fine of $5,000, and he was more than glad to get it reduced finally to $1,000. This fine, by the way, was solemnly divided into nine equal part — seven parts going to salve the injured feelings of the other members of the ring, one part going to a firm in New York, and one to a firm in St. Paul to keep them out of the fight.

But, though he made his peace, Rysdon was now a marked man. He had dared to rebel. "I couldn't trust them," he told me, "and they wouldn't trust me."

Other absurd troubles and disagreements followed, and Rysdon, still proving intractable, the ring decided in May last to put on the screws. Rysdon must be forced into line.

The Union to the Aid of the Ring

Here the union enters. The association used the union as its implement of punishment. The ring called in Pouchot, the walking delegate. The next day in the midst of his thriving work every one of Rysdon's men suddenly walked out, Pouchot himself ordering them to stop. The shop was left vacant, and not a hammer rung on the depot or on several other jobs Rysdon then had under way. He was tied up. He went straightway to Walking Delegate Pouchot to complain. Pouchot sent him to the contractors' association.

"I'm not a member," said Rysdon.

"Oh, they haven't accepted your resignation yet," said Pouchot, with evident knowledge of just what was going on in the other camp. So Rysdon went to the association.

"Why didn't you do as we told you?" asked the secretary. "Now it will cost you something to get back."

Rysdon saw that he was completely at their mercy; it was either compromise or lose his jobs and be forced out of business in Chicago. So he asked them what they wanted.

"You must pay a fine of $2,000, and put up $1,000 in cash that you will play the good fellow for a year," they told him.

After much further bickering, Rysdon finally agreed to leave the dispute to the arbitration committee provided for in the secret agreement between the union and the association. This committee, composed partly of employers and partly of workmen, met and decided that Rysdon must pay $500 in cash to the union, for what particular purpose, except injured feelings, Rysdon could not learn; he must also settle the wages of his men during all the time they had been out on strike, and he must pay the association $2,500 for his temerity in underbidding the ring and daring to rebel.

On these terms, and these only, Rysdon's men were to be allowed to go back to work, and he was to come in again and share the advantages of the association.

Rysdon felt that he was to be broken anyway — for these penalties were ruinous; and so he finally revolted and began suit for conspiracy against the members of the association and officers of the union. His shop, however, is still shut up, his men still on strike, his business ruined. He has been broken on the wheel, and, unless he can collect damages at law, he will have to leave Chicago or go into some other business.

Story of an Independent Brickmaker

Rysdon's case is but a mere fugitive instance of these conditions. The story is

being repeated in varying forms over and over again in Chicago. George Hinchliff, a former brick manufacturer and contractor, whose business was ruined, has just recovered damages of $22,000 for conspiracy against D. V. Purington, William H. Weckler, Adam J. Weckler, Fred W. Labahn, Louis Reimer, P. J. Sexton, Edward T. Harland, Charles Harmes, J. C. Thompson, and the Chicago Masons' and Builders' Association. The men named are very prominent manufacturers, men of wealth and position, and the Chicago Masons' and Builders' Association included all the important contractors in the industry. The case is now on appeal.

In 1898 Hinchliff was a brick mason contractor, a member of the Chicago Masons' and Builders' Association. He was, however, unfortunate, as it appears, in being also interested in a brick manufacturing establishment in Indiana. Hinchliff alleged in his suit that there was a triangular combination against him which included the manufacturers of brick, the brick building contractors, and the bricklayers. The Brick Manufacturers' Association (now superseded in part by the brick trust) controlled 95 per cent. of the brick manufactured and used in Cook County, the Masons' and Builders' Association did 95 per cent. of the work, and the Bricklayers' Union included 98 per cent. of all the bricklayers. The entire industry in Chicago was, therefore, absolutely in the control of these three organizations, to do with it as they wished. All competition had been driven out. The manufacturers had an iron-clad agreement with the contractors' association to sell direct to its members for $1 a thousand less than to outsiders. Heavy penalties were provided for the infraction of this agreement, the fines being divided between the associations. The result was that no outsider could afford to do business.

Now, Hinchliff was trying to make a living both as manufacturer and contractor, and the combination decided, as one witness put it tersely, that he "must not ride two horses." The manufacturers' association would not have him as a member and the contractors' association did not want him. There was, apparently, no place in the scheme of things in Chicago for a man who both made his brick and laid them. The combination therefore began a systematic campaign to crush Hinchliff. Contractors or owners who bought his brick were disciplined, and union workmen would not lay them. A single case, a story told on the stand by Hinchliff's attorney, John C. Williams, will illustrate the methods of the combination.

Bricklayers' Union to the Aid of the Ring

A widow, Anna M. Johnson, who was building a house, bought Hinchliff's brick. Her brother-in-law had charge of the building. One day when she visited her new property she found all the workmen idle — striking. They told her they had been called out and that she must go at once and see the Masons' and Builders' Association. She had never heard of this association and did not see what it could have to do with her business, but she went. They told her very positively that no more work would be done on her building until she had done two things. First, she must take her brother-in-law off the job and let it to a member of the association. They suggested a Mr. Donaldson.

"Yes," she said, "Mr. Donaldson is a good man, but his price is too high."

But she may as well have saved her breath; the association had decided who was to manage her building.

"What more do you wish?" she asked.

"You have been buying brick of Hinchliff?"

"Yes."

"Well, you will have to pay $1 a thousand to the association for such of Hinchliff's brick as you have used."

There was no other way out of it; it was either pay this fine to an association she had never heard of and take a high-priced contractor she did not want, or else leave her building unfinished. So she drew her check for $70 — she had used 70,000 tabooed Hinchliff brick — to Donaldson, and Donaldson indorsed the check over to the association. Fortunately, Mrs. Johnson paid by a check instead of money, and Attorney Williams, threatening suit, made the association disgorge the $70, though the widow had still to accept the unwelcome services of Donaldson.

By such means as this — numerous other cases were brought out in evidence — Hinchliff was forced to the wall.

This brick combination has now gone out of existence, at least so far as the

manufacturers are concerned, but the Hinchliff story is a very good example of the methods of the many combinations now existing in other industries.

Story of an Independent Baker

In a similar manner the H. H. Kohlsaat Company, proprietors of a large bakery and many lunch-rooms, have recently been made to suffer for remaining independent, for not coming in with the Master Bakers' Association. For seven weeks all their lunch-rooms and their baking establishment have been closed. Over 800 men have been out of employment, losing in wages some $40,000; an equal loss befell the company. The original cause of the strike was the discharge of certain colored union waiters in one of the restaurants on charges of inefficiency and dishonesty and the substitution in their places of white girls, also members of the union. There was no dispute as to wages or hours or recognition of the union. The company even offered to find places in other restaurants for all the waiters discharged, but the colored men insisted — and the entire Waiters' Union supported them — that these colored men be returned to their old positions in the same restaurant, and that white girls be not employed. Declaring that this robbed them wholly of the right of discharging their own help and rendered discipline impossible, the company bitterly fought the demands and finally complained to the State's Attorney, alleging that the strike was being prolonged and the strikers actually supported by the Master Bakers' Association (the Kohlsaat Company's rivals), and that a conspiracy or secret agreement existed between the Master Bakers' Association, the Bakers' Union, and the Waiters' Union to force the Kohlsaat Company to join with the Master Bakers' Association and raise the price of bread everywhere in Chicago from five to six cents a loaf. Because they would not "come in" and take it out of the public they were saddled with a strike that cost $80,000.

Similar stories could be told of the combination among the plumbers and the plumbing contractors and the plumbing supply manufacturers; this last, indeed, is said to be one of the very worst of the conspiracies, the cost of plumbing having passed all bounds. Combinations are also reported in the roofing industry, the electrical supply industry, the rubber industry, sewer-building, and others.

The Industrial and the Political "Machine"

The problem of these monopolies is exactly the problem of the American democracy. Not for a moment dare we accuse every sheet metal contractor, or sheet metal worker, or master baker, or journeyman baker, with dishonesty or corruption; no more do we accuse every Philadelphia voter of dishonesty because the government of his city is unspeakably rotten. Neither is the union or the association illegal; no more are agreements as to wages, hours, and holidays illegal. The danger lies in the abuse of the tremendous power of these monopolies. Here we have a close monopoly in which all health-giving competition is completely shut out. This combination falls into the hands of a dishonest machine, exactly comparable to the machine so dearly familiar to the American political party, with the result that corruption follows and the public pays the bill. Indeed, the trouble with the labor union as well as the employers' association to-day, is exactly that of our political parties. The honest, conservative, selfish, "good" citizen remains at home and plays with his babies, while the able scalawag runs his organization. We hear everywhere in labor circles just what you hear during political campaigns, that the good man won't come out and vote, won't take any interest, whereas the bosses and their heelers are perniciously active. We now have with us the "industrial boss." He is personified in the walking delegate, in the secretary or manager of the employers' association; for good or for evil, his hand is upon the industry of the nation.

The Menace of these Combinations

Both students and men of affairs are calling attention to these conditions. Professor John Bates Clark, Political Economist at Columbia University, said in a lecture at Chicago on June 24th:

> "The effects of the monopoly of capital are seen in most striking form in trusts. There is a monopoly of labor; not a complete monopoly, but nevertheless a monopoly. The tendency is for these monopolies to make terms and strike at the consumer."

A speech delivered two days later in Chicago by Mr. Clarence Darrow carried

the same meaning. Mr. Darrow conducted the case of the miners before the Anthracite Coal Commission, and he is one of the foremost exponents of the trade-unionist idea in America. He said among other things:

"The burden falls on the middle class; the large majority have no way of increasing their wages on their labor, and in this mad rush the middleman and the consumer are forgotten, and they get the worst of it.

"I view with uneasiness the friendly feeling that some of the big corporations are expressing for the trades-unions.

"Of course J. P. Morgan believes in big things. He sees that it is economy to deal with workingmen as a body rather than with individuals. He doesn't care how much he has to pay, because he understands that you can't mark up the price of labor as fast as he can mark up the price of steel. But the public is really paying for it, and they are getting nothing in return. It is the same in every line where labor and capital are getting along peaceably."

These new combinations, of course, suggest to every student of the history of economics the guilds of older England and France, in which the masters and the men in various trades were closely united, and industry was arrayed against industry. Similar combinations have also appeared in recent years among some of the highly unionized industries of England, notably in certain branches of the furniture trade of Birmingham.

It is quite likely that hard times, when they do come, will break down many of these combinations, and the waves of competition again sweep in; but never so far as they went before; and another period of prosperity will see the new monopolies grip themselves still more strongly upon our life. The ancient antagonism between labor and capital — what may be called the horizontal division of society — is apparently giving place to a very different — a vertical — division of our industrial life, in which each industry, close-knit, combining both employer and employee, may stand solid against the world. Imagine such a close future combination in some indispensable necessary of life, like bread or brick or coal (the combination in coal is already within view of completeness, and the public has felt the effect of it), what is to prevent that combination from raising prices to a very high point, immensely adding to its own wealth, and taking it out of the public? What does the coal man care if the wood-worker or the teamster suffers? But the wood-worker can retaliate. He already has his organization; he can put up his prices, so that it will cost the coal man more to build his house. And the teamster can put up his price, and the shoemaker his, and the merchant his, so that all of them can even up.

The Lot of the Unorganized Public

But the unorganized public, where will it come in? The professional man, the lecturer, the writer, the artist, the farmer, the salaried government employee, and all the host of men who are not engaged in the actual production or delivery of necessary material things, how will they fare?

No one can deny that already the great public has had the worst of the labor dispute and the labor combination. The public put its hand down in its pocket and paid the price for an agreement in the anthracite coal-fields — is paying to-day, will pay to-morrow. Now, is there any doubt that the income of organized labor and the profits of organized capital have gone up enormously, while the man-on-a-salary and most of the great middle class, paying much more for the necessaries of life, have had no adequate increase in earnings?

We have been sighing for labor and capital to get together; we have been telling them that they are brothers, that the interest of one is the interest of the other. Here they are together; are we any better off?

MORRIS AND THE HONORABLE TIM

BY

MYRA KELLY

AUTHOR OF "A LITTLE MATTER OF REAL ESTATE"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. STEVENS

ON the first day of school, after the Christmas holidays, Teacher found herself surrounded by a howling mob of little savages in which she had much difficulty in recognizing her cherished First Reader class. Isidore Belchatosky's face was so wreathed in smiles and foreign matter as to be beyond identification; Nathan Spiderwitz had placed all his trust in a solitary suspender and two unstable buttons; Eva Kidansky had entirely freed herself from restraining hooks and eyes; Isidore Applebaum had discarded shoe laces; and Abie Ashnewsky had bartered his only necktie for a yard of "shoestring" licorice.

Miss Bailey was greatly disheartened by this reversion to the original type. She delivered daily lectures on nail brushes, hair ribbons, shoe polish, pins, buttons, elastic, and other means to grace. Her talks on soap and water became almost personal in tone, and her insistence on a close union between such garments as were meant to be united led to a lively traffic in twisted and disreputable safety-pins. And yet the First Reader class, in all other branches of learning so receptive and responsive, made but halting and uncertain progress towards that state of virtue which is next to godliness.

Early in January came the report that "Gum Shoe Tim" was on the war-path and might be expected at any time. Miss Bailey heard the tidings in calm ignorance until Miss Blake, who ruled over the adjoining kingdom, interpreted the warning. A license to teach in the public schools of New York is good for only one year. Its renewal depends upon the reports of the Principal in charge of the school and of the Associate Superintendent in whose district the school chances to be. After three such renewals the license becomes permanent, but Miss Bailey was, as a teacher, barely four months old. The Associate Superintendent for her vicinity was the Honorable Timothy O'Shea, known and dreaded as "Gum Shoe Tim," owing to his engaging way of creeping softly up back stairs and appearing, all unheralded and unwelcome, upon the threshold of his intended victim.

This, Miss Blake explained, was in defiance of all the rules of etiquette governing such visits of inspection. The proper procedure had been that of Mr. O'Shea's predecessor, who had always given timely notice of his coming and a hint as to the subjects in which he intended to examine the children. Some days later he would amble from room to room accompanied by the Principal and followed by the gratitude of smiling and unruffled teachers.

This kind old gentleman was now retired and had been succeeded by Mr. O'Shea, who, in addition to his unexpectedness, was further adorned by an abominable temper, an overbearing manner, and a sense of cruel humor. He had almost finished his examinations at the nearest school where, during a brisk campaign of eight days, he had caused five dismissals, nine cases of nervous exhaustion, and an epidemic of hysteria.

Day by day nerves grew more tense, tempers more unsure, sleep and appetite more fugitive. Experienced teachers went stolidly on with the ordinary routine, while beginners devoted time and energy to the more spectacular portions of the curriculum. But no one knew the Honorable Timothy's pet subjects, and so no one could specialize to any great extent.

Miss Bailey was one of the beginners, and room 18 was made to shine as the sun. Morris Mogilewsky, monitor of the gold fish, wrought busily until his charges glowed redly against the water plants in their shining bowl. Creepers crept, plants grew, and ferns waved under the care of Nathan Spiderwitz, monitor of the window boxes. There was such a martial swing and strut in Patrick Brennan's leadership of the line that it informed even the timid heart of Isidore Wishnewsky with a warlike glow and his feet with a spasmodic

"I've just had a note from one of the grammar teachers," she panted. "'Gum Shoe Tim' is up in Miss Greene's room. He'll take this floor next. Now, see here, child, don't look so frightened. The Principal is with Tim. Of course you're nervous, but try not to show it and you'll be all right, because his lay is discipline and reading. Well, good luck to you!"

Miss Bailey took heart of grace. The children read surprisingly well, were absolutely good, and the enemy under convoy of the friendly Principal would be much

"'GUM SHOE TIM IS UP IN MISS GREENE'S ROOM'"

but well-meant tramp. Sadie Gonorowsky and Eva, her cousin, sat closely side by side, no longer "mad on theirselves," but "mit kind feelings." The work of the preceding term was laid in neat and docketed piles upon the low bookcase, the children were enjoined to keep clean and entire, and Teacher, a nervous and unsmiling Teacher, waited dully.

A week passed thus, and then the goodhearted and experienced Miss Blake hurried ponderously across the hall to put Teacher on her guard.

less terrifying than the enemy at large and alone. It was therefore with a manner almost serene that she turned to greet the kindly concerned Principal and the dreaded "Gum Shoe Tim." The latter she found less ominous of aspect than she had been led to fear, and the Principal's charming little speech of introduction made her flush with quick pleasure. And the anxious eyes of Sadie Gonorowsky, noting the flush, grew calm as Sadie whispered to Eva, her close cousin:

"Say, Teacher has a glad. She's red on the face. It could to be her papa."

"No. It's comp'ny," answered Eva sagely. "It ain't her papa. It's comp'ny the whiles Teacher takes him by the hand."

The children were not in the least disconcerted by the presence of the large man. They always enjoyed visitors and they liked the heavy gold chain which festooned the wide white waistcoat of this guest; and, as they watched him, the Associate Superintendent began to superintend.

He looked at the children all in their clean and smiling rows: he looked at the flowers and the gold fish; at the pictures and the plaster casts: he looked at the work of the last term and he looked at Teacher. As he looked he swayed gently on his rubber heels and decided that he was going to enjoy the coming quarter of an hour. Teacher pleased him from the first. She was neither old nor ill-favored, and she was most evidently nervous. The combination appealed both to his love of power and to his peculiar sense of humor. Settling deliberately in the chair of state he began:

"Can the children sing, Miss Bailey?"

They could sing very prettily and they did.

"Very nice, indeed," said the voice of visiting authority. "Very nice. Their music is exceptionally good. And are they drilled? Children, will you march for me?"

Again they could and did. Patrick marshaled his line in time and triumph up and down the aisles to the evident interest and approval of the "comp'ny," and then Teacher led the class through some very energetic Swedish movements. While arms and bodies were bending and straightening at Teacher's command and example, the door opened and a breathless boy rushed in. He bore an unfolded note and, as Teacher had no hand to spare, the boy placed the paper on the desk under the softening eyes of the Honorable Timothy, who glanced down idly and then pounced upon the note and read its every word.

"For you, Miss Bailey," he said in the voice before which even a school janitor had been known to quail. "Your friend was thoughtful, though a little late." And poor palpitating Miss Bailey read:

"Watch out! 'Gum Shoe Tim' is in the building. The Principal caught him on the back stairs and they're going round together. He's as cross as a bear. Greene in dead faint in dressing-room. Says he's going to fire her. Watch out for him, and send the news on. His lay is reading and discipline."

Miss Bailey grew cold with sick and unreasoning fear. As she gazed wide-eyed at the living confirmation of the statement that "Gum Shoe Tim" was "as cross as a bear," the gentle-hearted Principal took the paper from her nerveless grasp.

"It's all right," he assured her. "Mr. O'Shea understands that you had no part in this. It's *all* right. You are not responsible."

But Teacher had no ears for his soothing. She could only watch with fascinated eyes as the Honorable Timothy reclaimed the note and wrote across it's damning face: "Miss Greene may come to. She is not fired.—T. O'S."

"Here, boy," he called; "take this to your teacher." The puzzled messenger turned to obey, and the Associate Superintendent saw that though his dignity had suffered his power had increased. To the list of those whom he might, if so disposed, devour, he had now added the name of the Principal, who was quick to understand that an unpleasant investigation lay before him. If Miss Bailey could not be held responsible for this system of inter-classroom communication, it was clear that the Principal could.

Every trace of interest had left Mr. O'Shea's voice as he asked:

"Can they read?"

"Oh, yes, they read," responded Teacher, but her spirit was crushed and the children reflected her depression. Still, they were marvelously good, and that blundering note had said, "Discipline is his lay." Well, here he had it.

There was one spectator of this drama who, understanding no word nor incident, yet therein missed no shade of the many emotions which had stirred the light face of his lady. Towards the front of the room sat Morris Mogilewsky with every nerve tuned to Teacher's, and with an appreciation of the situation in which the other children had no share. On the afternoon of one of those dreary days of waiting for the evil which had now come, Teacher had endeavored to explain the nature and possible result of this ordeal to her favorite. It was clear to him now that she was troubled, and he held the large and unaccustomed presence of the Honorable Tim responsible. Countless generations of

"MISS BAILEY GREW COLD WITH SICK AND UNREASONING FEAR"

ancestors had followed and fostered the instinct which now led Morris to propitiate an angry power. Luckily, he was prepared with an offering of a suitable nature. He had meant to enjoy it for yet a few days, and then to give it to Teacher. She was such a sensible person about presents. One might give her one's most cherished possession with a brave and cordial heart, for on Friday afternoon she always returned the gifts she had received during the week. And this with no abatement of gratitude.

Morris rose stealthily, crept forward, and placed a bright blue bromo seltzer bottle in the fat hand which hung over the back of the chair of state. The hand closed instinctively as, with dawning curiosity, the Honorable Timothy studied the small figure at his side. It began in a wealth of loosely curling hair which shaded a delicate face, very pointed as to chin and monopolized by a pair of dark eyes, sad and deep and beautiful. A faded blue "jumper" was buttoned tightly across the narrow chest; frayed trousers were precariously attached to the "jumper," and impossible shoes and stockings supplemented the trousers. Glancing from boy to bottle, the "comp'ny mit whiskers" asked:

"What's this for?"

"For you."

"What's in it?"

"A present."

Mr. O'Shea removed the cork and proceeded to draw out incredible quantities of absorbent cotton. When there was no more to come, a faint tinkle sounded within the blue depths, and Mr. O'Shea, reversing the bottle, found himself possessed of a trampled and disfigured sleeve link of most palpable brass.

"It's from gold," Morris assured him. "You puts it in your —'scuse me — shirt. Wish you health to wear it."

"Thank you," said the Honorable Tim, and there was a tiny break in the gloom which had enveloped him. And then, with a quick memory of the note and of his anger:

"Miss Bailey, who is this young man?"

And Teacher, of whose hobbies Morris was one, answered warmly: "That is Morris Mogilewsky, the best of boys. He takes care of the gold fish, and does all sorts of things for me. Don't you, dear?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an," Morris answered. "I'm loving much mit you. I gives presents on the comp'ny over you."

"Isn't he rather big to speak such broken English?" asked Mr. O'Shea. "I hope you remember that it is a part of your duty to stamp out the dialect."

"Yes, I know," Miss Bailey answered. "But Morris has been in America for so short a time. Nine months, is it not?"

"Teacher, yiss ma'an. I comes out of Russia," responded Morris, on the verge of tears and with his face buried in Teacher's dress.

Now Mr. O'Shea had his prejudices — strong and deep. He had been given jurisdiction over that particular district because it was his native heath, and the Board of Education considered that he would be more in sympathy with the inhabitants than a stranger. The truth was absolutely the reverse. Because he had spent his early years in a large old house on East Broadway, because he now saw his birthplace changed to a squalid tenement and the happy hunting grounds of his youth grown ragged and foreign — swarming with strange faces and noisy with strange tongues — Mr. O'Shea bore a sullen grudge against the usurping race.

He resented the caressing air with which Teacher held the little hand placed so confidently within her own, and he welcomed the opportunity of gratifying his still ruffled temper and his racial antagonism at the same time. He would take a rise out of this young woman about her little Jew. She could be comforted later on. Mr. O'Shea rather fancied himself in the rôle of comforter, when the sufferer was neither old nor ill-favored. And so he set about creating the distress which he would later change to gratitude and joy. Assuredly the Honorable Timothy had a well-developed sense of humor.

"His English is certainly dreadful," remarked the voice of authority, and it was not an English voice, nor is O'Shea distinctively an English name. "Dreadful. And, by the way, I hope you are not spoiling these youngsters. You must remember that you are fitting them for the battle of life. Don't coddle your soldiers. Can you reconcile your present attitude with discipline?"

"With Morris — yes," Teacher answered. "He is gentle and tractable beyond words."

"THE HAND CLOSED INSTINCTIVELY"

"Well, I hope you're right," grunted Mr. O'Shea. "But don't coddle them."

And so the incident closed. The sleeve link was tucked before Morris's yearning eyes into the reluctant pocket of the wide white waistcoat, and Morris returned to his place. He found his reader and the proper page, and the lesson went on with brisk serenity: real on the children's part, but bravely assumed on Teacher's. Child after child stood up; read; sat down again; and it came to be the duty of Bertha Binderwitz to read the entire page of which the others had each read a line. She began jubilantly, but soon stumbled, hesitated, and wailed:

"Stands a fierce word. I don't know

what is it," and Teacher turned to write the puzzling word upon the blackboard.

Morris's heart stopped with a sickening suddenness and then rushed madly on again. He had a new and dreadful duty to perform. All his mother's counsel, all his father's precepts told him that it was his duty. Yet fear held him in his little seat behind his little desk while his conscience insisted on this unalterable decree of the social code: "So somebody's clothes is wrong it's polite you says 'scuse' and tells it out."

And here was Teacher whom he dearly loved, whose ideas of personal adornment extended to full sets of buttons on jumpers and to laces in both shoes, here was his immaculate lady fair in urgent need of assistance and advice, and all because she had on that day inaugurated a delightfully vigorous exercise for which architecturally she was not designed.

There was yet room for hope that some one else would see the breach and brave the danger. But no. The visitor sat stolidly in the chair of state, the Principal sat serenely beside him, the children sat each in his own little place, behind his own little desk, keeping his own little eyes on his own little book. No. The old tortured cry was Morris's:

"The time is out of joint; — O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

Up into the quiet air went his timid hand. Teacher, knowing Morris in his more garrulous moods, ignored the threatened interruption of Bertha's spirited résumé, but the windmill action of the little arm attracted the Honorable Tim's attention.

"The best of boys wants you," he suggested, and Teacher perforce asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it?"

Not until he was on his feet did Morris appreciate the enormity of the mission he had undertaken. The other children began to understand, and watched his struggle for words and breath with sympathy or derision, as their natures prompted. But there *are* no words in which one may politely mention ineffective safety-pins to one's glass of fashion. Morris's knees trembled queerly, his breathing grew difficult, and Teacher seemed a very great way off as she asked again:

"Well, dear, what is it?"

Morris panted a little, smiled weakly, and then sat down. Teacher was evidently puzzled, the "comp'ny" alert, the Principal uneasy.

"Now, Morris," Teacher remonstrated, "you must tell me what you want." But Morris had deserted his etiquette and his veracity, and murmured only:

"Nothings."

"Just wanted to be noticed," said the Honorable Tim. "It is easy to spoil them." And he watched the best of boys rather closely, for a habit of interrupting reading lessons wantonly and without reason was a trait in the young of which he disapproved.

"'STANDS A FIERCE WORD'"

When this disapprobation manifested itself in Mr. O'Shea's countenance, the loyal heart of Morris interpreted it as a new menace to his sovereign. No later than yesterday she had warned them of the vital importance of coherence. "Every one knows," she had said, "that only common little boys and girls come apart. No one ever likes them." The big stranger was even now misjudging her.

Again his short arm agitated the quiet air. Again his trembling legs upheld a trembling boy. Again authority urged. Again Teacher asked:

"Well, Morris, what is it, dear?"

All this was as before, but not as before was poor harassed Miss Bailey's swoop down the aisle, her sudden taking of Morris's troubled little face between her soft hands, the quick near meeting with her kind eyes, the note of pleading in her repetition:

"What *do* you want, Morris?"

He was beginning to answer when it occurred to him that the truth might make her cry. There was an unsteadiness about her upper lip which seemed to indicate the possibility. Suddenly he found that he no longer yearned for words in which to tell her of her disjointment, but for something, anything, else to say.

"'THE EXAMINATION IS ENDED. YOU MAY GO'"

His miserable eyes escaped from hers and wandered to the wall in desperate search for conversation. There was no help in the pictures, nor inspiration in the plaster casts, but on the blackboard he read, "Tuesday, January twenty-first, 1902." Only the date, but he must make it serve. With Teacher close beside him, with the hostile eye of the Honorable Tim upon him, hedged roundabout by the frightened or admiring regard of the First Reader class, Morris blinked rapidly, swallowed resolutely, and remarked:

"Teacher, this year's Nineteen-hundred-and-two," and knew that all was over.

The caressing clasp of Teacher's hands grew into a grip of anger. The countenance of Mr. O'Shea took on the beatified expression of the prophet who has found honor and verification in his own country.

"The best of boys has his off days and this is one of them," he remarked.

"Morris," said Teacher, "did you stop a reading lesson to tell me that? Do you think I don't know what the year is? I'm ashamed of you."

Never had she spoken thus. If the telling had been difficult to Morris when she was "glad on him," it was impossible now that she was a prey to such evident "mad feelings." And yet he must make some explanation. So he murmured: "Teacher, I tells you 'scuse. I know you knows what year stands, on'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid."

"And so you bothered your Teacher with that nonsense," said the Honorable Tim. "You're a nice boy!"

Morris's eyes were hardly more appealing than Teacher's as the two culprits, for so they felt themselves, turned to their judge.

"Morris is a strange boy," Miss Bailey explained. "He can't be managed by ordinary methods ——"

"And extraordinary methods don't seem to work to-day," Mr. O'Shea interjected.

"—and I think," Teacher continued, "that it might be better not to press the point."

"Oh, if you have no control over him—" Mr. O'Shea was beginning pleasantly, when the Principal suggested:

"You'd better let us hear what he has to say, Miss Bailey; make him understand that you are master here." And Teacher, with a heart-sick laugh at the irony of this advice in the presence of the Associate Superintendent, turned to obey.

But Morris would utter no words but these, dozens of times repeated: "I have a fraid." Miss Bailey coaxed, bribed, threatened, and cajoled; shook him surreptitiously, petted him openly. The result was always the same: "It's polite I tells you something out, on'y I had a fraid."

"But, Morris, dear, of what?" cried Teacher. "Are you afraid of me? Stop crying now and answer. Are you afraid of Miss Bailey?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Are you afraid of the Principal?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Are you afraid" — with a slight pause, during which a native hue of honesty was foully done to death — "of the kind gentleman we are all so glad to see?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an."

"Well, then, what is the matter with you? Are you sick? Don't you think you would like to go home to your mother?"

"N-o-o-oh m-a-a-an; I ain't sick. I tells you 'scuse."

The repeated imitation of a sorrowful goat was too much for the Honorable Tim.

"Bring that boy to me," he commanded. "I'll show you how to manage refractory and rebellious children."

With much difficulty and many assurances that the gentleman was not going to hurt him, Miss Bailey succeeded in untwining Morris's legs from the supports of his desk and in half-carrying, half-leading him up to the chair of state. An ominous silence had settled over the room. Eva Gonorowsky was weeping softly, and the redoubtable Isidore Applebaum was stiffened in a frozen calm.

"Morris," began the Associate Superintendent in his most awful tones, "will you tell me why you raised your hand? Come here, sir."

Teacher urged him gently, and like dog to heel he went. He halted within a pace or two of Mr. O'Shea and lifted a beseeching face towards him.

"I couldn't to tell nothing out," said he. "I tells you 'scuse, I'm got a fraid."

The Honorable Tim lunged quickly and caught the terrified boy preparatory to shaking him, but Morris escaped and fled to his haven of safety — his Teacher's arms. When Miss Bailey felt the quick clasp of the thin little hands, the heavy beating of the over-tried heart, and the deep convulsive sobs, she turned on the Honorable Timothy O'Shea and spoke:

"I must ask you to leave this room at once," she announced. The Principal started, and then sat back. Teacher's eyes were dangerous, and the Honorable Tim might profit by a lesson. "You've frightened the child until he can't breathe. I can do nothing with him while you remain. The examination is ended. You may go."

Now Mr. O'Shea saw that he had gone a little too far in his effort to create the proper dramatic setting for his clemency. He had not expected the young woman "to rise" quite so far and high. His deprecating half-apology, half-eulogy, gave Morris the opportunity he craved.

"Teacher," he panted; "I wants to whisper mit you in the ear."

With a dextrous movement he knelt upon her lap and tore out his solitary safety-pin. He then clasped her tightly and made his explanation. He began in the softest of whispers, which increased in volume as

"'I WAS REALLY ONLY JOKING'"

it did in interest, so that he reached the climax at the full power of his boy soprano voice.

"Teacher, Mrs. Bailey, I know you know what year stands. On'y it's polite I tells you something, und I had a fraid the while the comp'ny mit the whiskers sets und rubbers. But, Teacher, it's like this: your jumper's stickin' out und you could to take mine safety-pin."

He had understood so little of all that had passed that he was beyond being surprised by the result of this communication. Miss Bailey had gathered him into her arms and had cried in a queer, helpless way. And as she cried she had said over and over again: "Morris, how could you? Oh, how could you, dear? How could you?"

The Principal and "the comp'ny mit whiskers" had looked solemnly at one another for a struggling moment, and had then broken into laughter, long and loud, until the visiting authority was limp and moist. The children waited in polite uncertainty, but when Miss Bailey, after some indecision, had contributed a wan smile, which later grew into a shaky laugh, the First Reader class went wild.

Then the Honorable Timothy arose to say good-by. He reiterated his praise of the singing and reading, the blackboard work, and the moral tone. An awkward pause ensued, during which the Principal engaged the young Gonorowskys in impromptu conversation. The Honorable Tim crossed over to Miss Bailey's side and steadied himself for a great effort.

"Teacher," he began meekly, "I tells you 'scuse. This sort of thing makes a man feel like a bull in a china shop. Do you think the little fellow will shake hands with me? I was really only joking."

"But surely he will," said Miss Bailey, as she glanced down at the tangle of dark curls resting against her breast. "Morris, dear, aren't you going to say good-by to the gentleman?"

Morris relaxed one hand from its grasp on his lady and then bestowed it on Mr. O'Shea.

"Good-by," said he gently. "I gives you presents, from gold presents, the while you're friends mit Teacher. I'm loving much mit her too."

At this moment the Principal turned and Mr. O'Shea, in a desperate attempt to retrieve his dignity, began:

"As to class management and discipline——"

But the Principal was not to be deceived.

"Don't you think, Mr. O'Shea," said he, "that you and I had better leave the management of the little ones to the women? You have noticed, perhaps, that this is Nature's method."

PENANGTON'S LOVE AFFAIR

BY

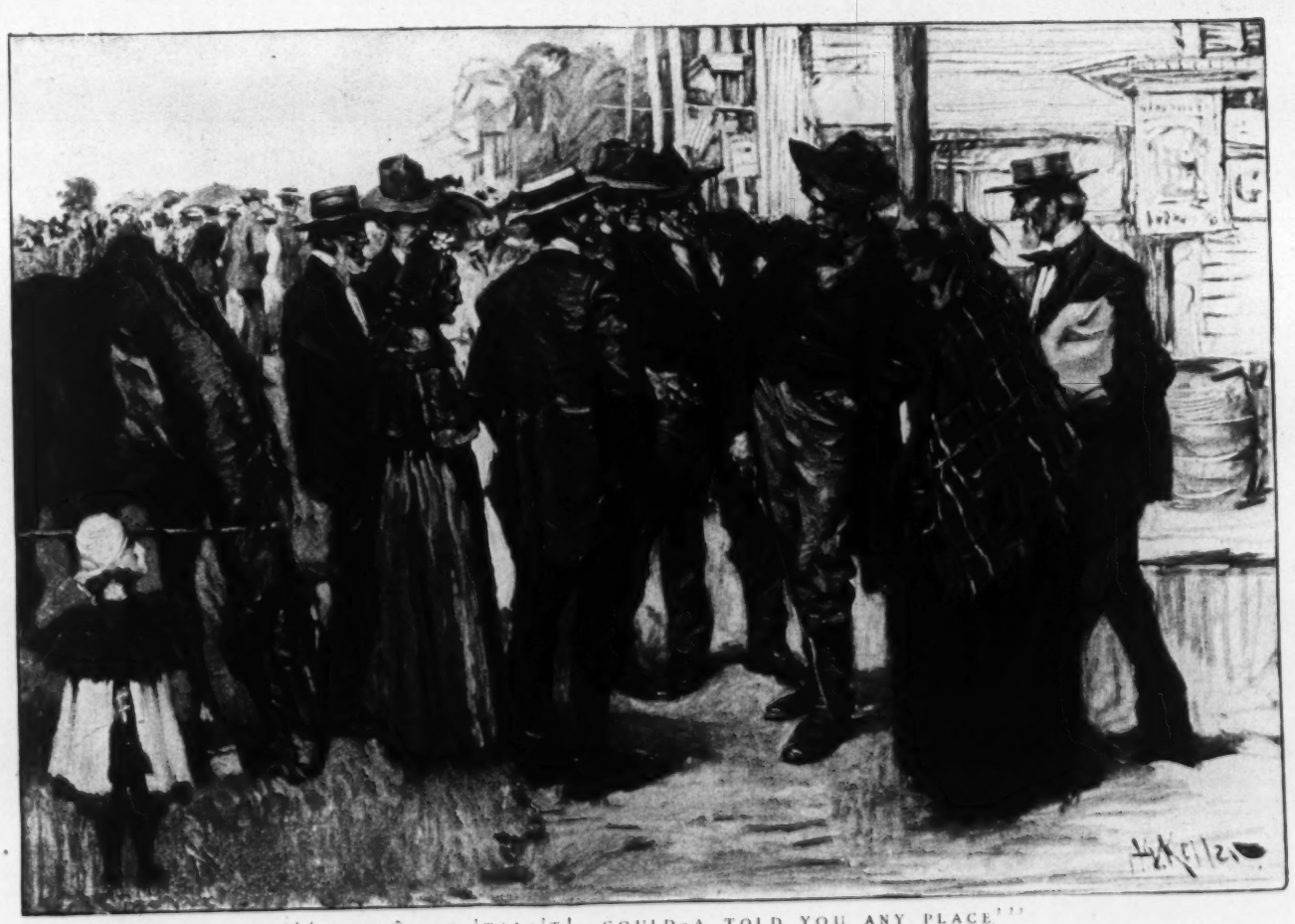
R. E. YOUNG

AUTHOR OF "SALLY OF MISSOURI"

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

THE man who rode up to Tandy's saloon, on the corner of Main and Penryn streets, Penangton, Morning County, Missouri, in the early morning of the last Saturday of that September, and drank, standing in his stirrups, was Marly Carewe.

Despite his forty years, Carewe was at this hour a handsome man, with a face as thin and battered as a nicked blade, but aristocratic in its tapering sharpness, its weak refinement suggesting what his forefathers had done for him as evidently as what he had done for himself. His clothes were shabby, but there was a peculiar, slinking grace in his way of wearing them. As he raised his eyes from his libation in front of Tandy's, he caught sight of the crowd of farmers moving into Court House Square, a block down the street. On some vagabond impulse, more insolent than



"'MARLY?—EF 'TAIN'T!—COULD-A TOLD YOU ANY PLACE'"

social, he dismounted where he was, tied his horse at Tandy's rail, and moved off toward the square.

It was a stock-sale day, and almost all of the farmers who were hitching in the square had a young horse, or a steer, or a cow tethered to the rear of the great farm wagons. The farmers' women were standing up in the wagons, smoothing down their dresses, which had bunched around their waists in awkward-looking rolls. The stockmen and farm-hands who had come in on horseback were dismounting with a guffawing raillery, through which rang a note of nervous concern lest they show some susceptibility to town sights and sounds. Some wealthy people were climbing down from surreys and rockaways. Now and then a steer bellowed, a cow lowed, a horse whinnied, a child insisted that his shoes pinched.

By the time Marly Carewe had reached the lamp post in front of Sneed's grocery store, the exodus from the square had begun. Marly propped himself against the post and waited. There was a supercilious sneer in his heart, but his lips smiled at the people. And the people, as though they could not help it, at once pressed toward him with outstretched hands and hearty words of welcome.

"Marly? — Ef 'tain't! — Could-a told you any place — Look jest same as when you 'wuz a boy — Have a chaw? — Mighty glad to see you — Huccome you to come? — Have a chaw? — huccome — when — why . . ." Through all the comment and question that surged about Carewe ran a current of peculiar uneasiness, but Carewe, borne along on the impulse to be affable for the minute, kept skilfully out of the reach of the undertow, answering ever so pleasantly, his long light eyes shifting evasively, every movement, every inflection disengaging the old, compulsory, Carewe charm of manner. Oh, yes, he had been away nearly half his life — Oh, yes, Penangton was home to him after all; the home place was still down there on the Bluff, his sister was there; naturally, he had come back — oh, yes. He did not use much better language than the unlettered people who cluttered up the sidewalk about him; he was not better than they; in integrity of character he was not nearly their equal; but that manner of his — caressing, cavalier, fascinating — in some sly way made of him a manor lord toying with his yeomen. He grew tired of the people, however, almost immediately. Locking arms with one of the stockmen, he drew off down the street, back toward Tandy's.

Free from the Carewe charm of manner, the farm people, watching Marly, began to talk among one another, haltingly, looking into one another's wide, honest eyes, shaking their heads, as though they felt afraid that they had been duped. They broke up, little by little, into groups, that were at once added to by town people who saw friends and customers in the groups and mingled with them cordially. Just outside Sneed's quite a throng lingered. All the talk, up and down the street, was about Carewe.

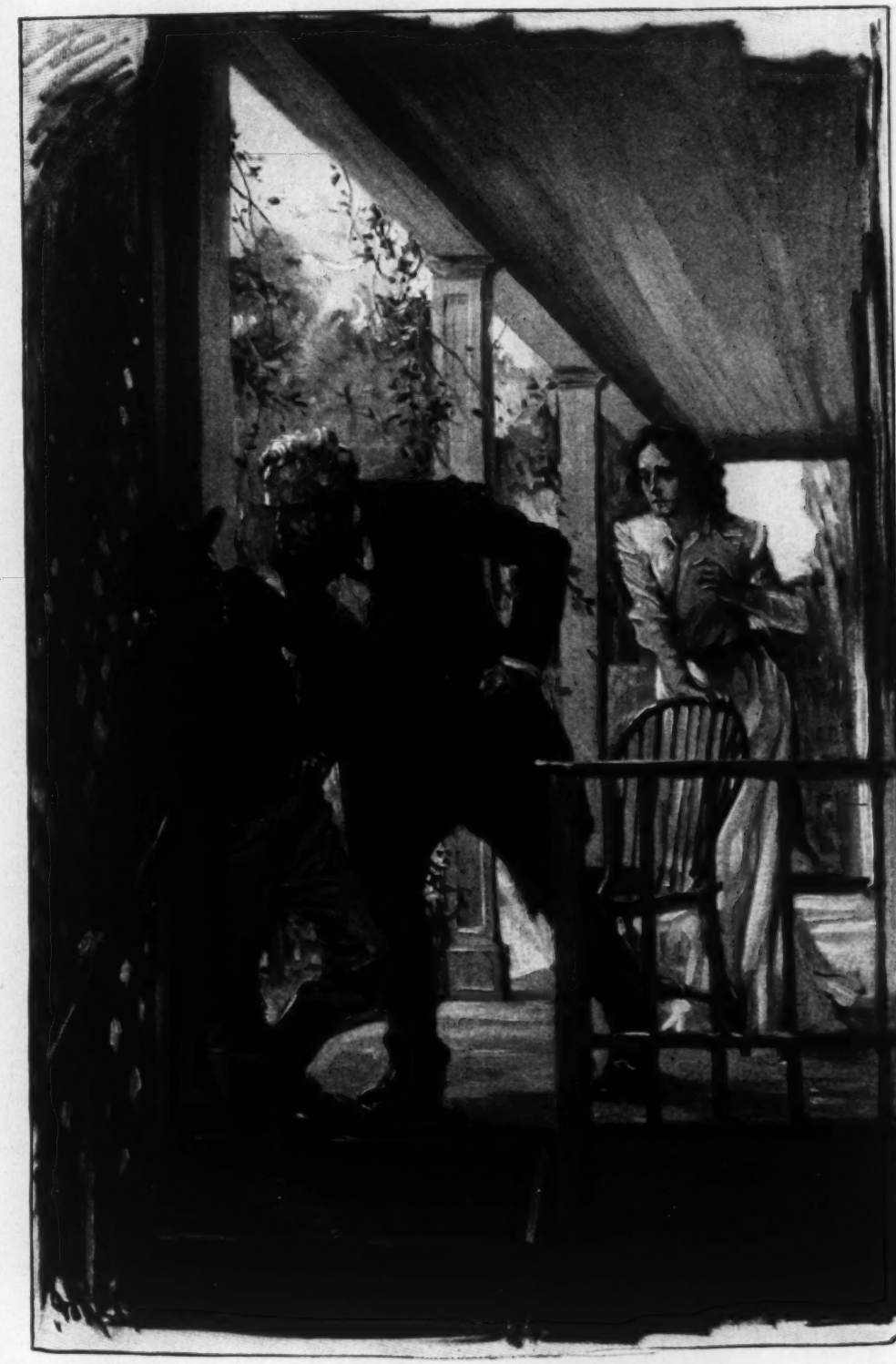
"The first thing after he got back," said Sneed, "was to prance in and make us all speak to him, same as he's just done with you fellers, — make *us* speak to him, us men who chased him out of town nineteen years ago! Gosh! He's got them old Carewe ways. Said he'd reformed. Well, then, next thing, Sam Slave came down f'm Kan' City on a temperance campaign this week, and here, last night, Marly marched up and signed the pledge."

"Aw, wall, ef he's signed the pledge — ef he's reformed —" began a teetotaler deacon from Pretty Plain Church, between Penangton and Weaver, but Sneed wouldn't let him go on.

"Pledge, your cow's hind foot! It's just his way of wheedling more money out of Miss Kate. Look up yonder at Tandy's! Before this day's done he'll be raisin' the Samuel Hill as bad as ever he did in his life."

Sneed's words forthwith swung his visitors up toward a subject that ripened in Penangton at regular intervals, like nuts. Old total abstinence arguments, pro and con, began to be thrashed out. Farmers and Penangtonians who didn't drink arrayed themselves on one side; those who didn't drink, but occasionally "took" a drink, lined up on the other. Two of the town drunkards lounged by, blinking over the shoulders of the crowd.

"Aw, you-all don't know what you're talkin' about," said Sneed, thrusting his jaw well into the wrangle; "you ain't got the c'rect idea. Major Masterson's the man that's got the c'rect idea. You cayn't fence a man outer temptation in this world. Naw, not if you push him into two feet of space



"'THINK EVERY HAIR AS BLACK AS YOUR OWN HEART, SIR, AND COME ON!'"

and cage him up with iron bars. Shuckins! the major's right, no two ways about that."

The bringing in of Major Masterson's name gave an abrupt turn to the thought of the conclave. "Say," said a man from down Weaver way, "say, is it true that Miss Kate Carewe won't marry the major lessen he signs the pledge? Is that true?" The speaker had not been in the county a great while.

"Oughter be true. Been true nineteen years."

"Well, but lordy! Nineteen years is a long time. Why don't the major sign just to be done with it?"

"Huh! Why don't Miss Kate give in without his signin'? Major Masterson can keep straight without pledges. He has whisky in his house, but you never see him in a saloon. But yet, he won't give in about that pledge signin'. 'Tisn't in the Mastersons to give in."

"And Miss Kate won't give in?"

"No, and Miss Kate won't give in — she's a Presbyterian. So she and the major have just gone and gone on."

"Talk about goin' on an' goin' on, the major's been up to see Miss Kate every Saturday evenin' for nineteen years to ask her would she please stop her foolin' about the pledge an' come on an' marry him — uh-huh, nineteen. Le' me see, somebody counted up an' it makes pud near ten hundred times the major's been refused."

"Well, it beats me the way that affair goes!"

That love affair between Masterson and Carewe was one of the weighty questions of the town's life. Up and down the length of Missouri Penangton was known as much for her love affair as for her academy, her coal-mines, her court-house ring, yet for the town itself the affair remained always a peculiarly impossible thing to get at, a thing up to which you might bustle with views, criticism, advice, but from whose fine reserve you ultimately retired as from a breath of thin air. The men at Sneed's shook their heads impotently another time or two, gave it up, and sauntered about their business.

By mid-afternoon Marly, voice and face flaring and uncontrolled, his slinking grace become tremulous vehemence, his forty years showing more and more, was going noisily about the streets of Penangton. By late evening the stockmen who had been drinking with him all day began to get afraid of him and to desert him. He went up and down Main Street for a turn or two, sulky and silent, and finally took a straight course for his sister's house on the Bluff. The farmers who were out in the square making ready to start home, and the town people who were standing in the store doors watching them depart, were manifestly uneasy about Carewe. Up at Toplitz's drug store and at Sneed's grocery there was some talk of sending the sheriff after him, but the sheriff said he had to eat his supper and the idea fell through.

From Main Street Carewe turned into the long, one-sided street that skirts the river on top of the Bluff. Passing Major Masterson's house on the way, he gripped his riding-whip and growled behind his stained teeth. When he reached the Carewe gate he kicked it open and went up the red brick sidewalk, around the house to the rear porch where his sister, Miss Kate Carewe, was sitting.

"Kate," Marly began at once, his mind so raging with the thoughts that had come into it as he passed Major Masterson's gate that he could hardly hold his words to the line of his purpose. "I want you to give me another thousand dollars and let me cut this place again. It's too full of that jug-hugging, closet-drinking Masterson — aw, anyway, it's a pig-wallow, this town is — full of that — I got to clear out. The pledge is up with me. You don't intend to turn things over to me anyway — that Masterson's between us. I can see that. You give me the thousand and I'll cut the county again."

The woman in the chair before him clenched her hands in her lap and looked up at him with a shiver of repulsion. She was a magnificent woman: face to face, the two upheld, unwittingly, a great scroll of family history — the man, dissolute, decadent, realizing an ugly heredity to its deplorable finish; the woman, fine, fragrant, in full flower with hereditary virtues and beauty. "Marly," she made answer at last, "I've been waiting for you all day. Waiting to tell you that I am through with you now. You've finished your work with your farce of signing the pledge last night and breaking it this morning; I'm through with you." She was harsh, but the day had been crucial with her. "I don't expect you ever to get it into your head what

it costs decent people to be kin to people like you," she went on before he could interrupt, speaking slowly and coldly; "but, though it has cost entirely too much, you can't say but that I've stood by you up to now — stood by you until I can stand you no longer."

It was as though her very flesh shrank away from him, but she had so spoiled him for years that he still relied upon the thought that he must remain a Carewe to her, and pushed his case with angry audacity as soon as she stopped speaking. "Aw, ain't I still your own brother, Kate Carewe? Who else has got any claim? — bah! it's that Masterson. Can't I see? But I've got to have that money, I tell you." He bent above her, a rude hand on her shoulder, snarling and vehement. "Give me that thousand then, and take your sideboard-swill of a Masterson."

The sound of footsteps on the gravel of the grape arbor that stretched all the way from the Carewe grounds to the Masterson grounds became distinctly audible, and, turning angrily to look in that direction, Marly saw Major Masterson approaching. The sight made him crazy all in a minute. "Won't the Saturday never come when that swill won't come poking up here? You listen to him, that's the trouble; you listen to his lies about me! I go to a saloon like a man, and you can't stand me, but our major — bah, our jug-hugger" — his vituperations could not be checked even after the major reached the veranda.

As Major Masterson, a strong man, whose shoulders had the settled firmness of maturity without any of the droop of age, came up the steps, Miss Kate rose to meet him, and both stood for a moment silent under the lash of Marly's insane talk. When the major spoke finally he was on fire from his head to his heels.

"If you dare," said the major; "if you dare open your mouth to your sister again before you are in fit condition to speak to her, egad, sir, I'll pull your tongue out by the roots, sir." Speaker, the one negro servant down at the Masterson house, always looked sharp when the major said "egad," but Marly Carewe was wild with whisky and reckless with rage.

"Bah, you!" Marly sneered; "you sit by a whisky jug all day. Who are you, to criticize my condition or what I say to my sister? I'll say what I d——"

"No, you'll not!" thundered the major. He stepped directly in front of Marly, who, despite some advantage in years, wavered, reddened, fell back on his cavalier qualities, and muttered:

"By Gad, if I didn't think of your gray hairs——"

"Think every hair as black as your own heart, sir, and come on!" roared the major in a voice that had a sort of detonation in it, all the more cyclonic because he didn't particularly care to be told that his hair was gray; and in the storm that broke at once there was a violent rocking back and forth of two figures, a thrashing and pushing down the red brick sidewalk, a shuffling and choking, a banging and scraping, and at the finish of it all Marly Carewe found himself outside his sister's gate.

"All right!" he howled back impotently from that coign of disadvantage; "all right, maybe we're quits — but wait — I'll fix you yet — fix — you — yet——"

His rage broke more and more weakly about the veranda as he shuffled down the street, and Miss Kate and the major sat down in their accustomed places to watch the afterglow on the river. It was Indian summer out beyond them. All that wild quiver of beauty at its topmost, all that passion of color and light and sound that had made June riotous had quieted little by little, through the white heat stretches of July and August, until, on this September evening, Penangton, river and hills, quiver and passion, lay in a delicate drowse of reflected color, light, and sound; palpitant blue and shadowy gold on the hills; long gleams on the water; far-away bird calls from the willows in Sweet Corn Bottom. Though a leaf idled down sometimes, the summer was not gone. Nothing seemed sere or deadened yet; you got no feeling of something gone. Indeed, that veil that was on the land, that wonderful, remote, alluring blue, with its fringe of shadowy gold, trailed straight back into June, so that, instead of any sense of lost summer, you had your June, flawlessly beautiful in memory, rose-tangled, and your September, too.

"Kate," said the major, his voice, despite the long wait, low and shaky, like a young man's when he is unbearably in love; "Kate, I don't blame you for hating the effects of whisky, you know," — he said this with a peculiar routinism in his choice of words which contrasted strangely with the ardor

"HER DEGRADATION SEEMED TO HER AWFUL IN ITS COMPLETENESS"

of the voice, — "I only blame your logic for thinking that the pledge can undo whisky." He seemed to feel that with this he had discharged his duty toward himself, and the rest of his argument came tumbling from his lips uncontrollably, breathlessly: "You see, don't you, and seeing, won't you come on and marry me? — won't you? — ah, won't you, Kate?"

"Clay Masterson," answered Miss Kate in the hard tone that she always used when she found it most difficult to withstand him, "I see, don't I, the horrors of whisky. Suppose you, too, should become a drunkard! I cannot marry you unless you sign the pledge."

Like any man in like case the major blundered then. He could not see that she felt especially weak, and was interposing this hardness of hers as a last bulwark of defense, — so brittle a bulwark, however, that one good blow would have shattered it forever, — and not being able to see that, he became sarcastic. "Not to drink or not to steal, Kate? — one's as insulting as the other. Your brother signs pledges — what's the good?"

"It puts you on the side of the right," said Miss Kate; "that's all I know." The major had lost his moment, as he had about ten hundred times before in his life.

"Oh, Kate Carewe," he cried then in a terrible exasperation, "a Presbyterian conscience is nothing but a jingling harness on love with you. Why don't you love me fully and completely, as I love you? If you did, if you did love me as I love you, you couldn't be obstinate, nothing would count against the love — not principle, not all of Calvinism!"

"I must do what I think is right," insisted Miss Kate, little hair-lines reining up her eyes and lips, and puckering them fast at the outer corners, "— but oh, Clay, I'm tired to-night; besides, we've said everything long ago. If I should marry you without the pledge, I should feel that I had helped to make a drunkard out of you."

She made a fine picture sitting there by the major, her face showing the burning zeal with which she regarded the striving of her own soul. The folds of her gown fell in a beautiful amplitude, the rare movements of her shapely hands and arms showed an almost girlish litheness. Her extreme advantages of face were especially manifest in her fresh skin, her long affectionate eyes, with their carefully held corners, and her full lips with the little hair-lines reining them into a whimsical life-time contradiction. There was no gainsaying the fact that Kate Carewe still had the beauty that had made her girlhood famous through all Missouri. At thirty-eight she made you think of a Greek goddess who had, through some inadvertency, turned a Presbyterian.

"Kate Carewe," said the major, after he had looked at her for a while in meditative silence, "I'm going to pick you up some day and carry you off by force."

"Stop, Clay, please; please stop."

"No, I sha'n't stop — something's got to be done, Kate — we've become monomaniacs after all these years — something's got to be done — I'm going to ——"

"Come inside, Clay; it's growing dusky; come inside to the light."

The major, blundering again, allowed himself to be deflected, and they went inside and played eleven games of checkers, while his vehemence subsided. Then they read some little passages from Bailey's "Festus," and then he started home through the grape arbor.

There were four breaks in the grape arbor between the Carewe house and the Masterson house, both fine old houses of ante-bellum make, standing, deep-porched and massive, above the river on the Bluff. Miss Kate, at an upper window, watched the major's tall form as he plunged into the leafy blackness of the arbor nearest her house. She dropped on the floor at the window, her fine, active figure relaxing with the abandon of a young girl's. The night beyond the window was glorious. A few night sounds cut across the still air. Ribbon, the saddle mare in the Masterson stable, was nervous, and whinnied a plaintive question from her stall now and again. The crackle of the gravel under Major Masterson's feet was noticeable. He stepped out into the first break and turned to look toward Miss Kate's window, raised his soft hat, saw her lift her white hand in answer, and then passed into the arbor blackness again. He came out at the second and third breaks with the same turning toward Miss Kate, the same answering signal across the moonlight. While she waited for him to appear at the fourth and last break, Miss Kate rose slowly, reluctant to leave the night, got as far as her knees and stopped. That mare in the Masterson stable was

"'YEH SPILE YEH REC'D, THASS WHUT ABOUT'"

strangely ner— Suddenly, on her knees there at the window, Miss Kate rocked back a little, then crouched forward again, her whole body strained and watching. A man had stepped out of the Masterson stable and, scudding across the patch of white light between the stable and the house, was swallowed up in the house's shadow. The major reached the fourth break in the arbor trellis and stepped out for his last signal. As he turned toward Miss Kate for the last time, there at the fourth break, she cried out, pointed, trying to ward off the danger that lurked behind him, make him understand it, but, for all her effort, the air cracked and split a little. The major put his right hand to his left arm, gave a short gasp, set his mind firmly upon the house ahead of him, and began to walk toward it. At the door he fell into the arms of Speaker, his servant.

Meantime the man who had skulked in the shadow of the house ran back to the stable, and all in a moment was out again on the back of a horse that belonged down on Miss Kate's stock farm, and off through the alleyway like a shot. Miss Kate's eyes had not left him for an instant. She knew him. When she saw him dash out of the stable, gouging inhumanly at his horse, she ran quickly down the stairs of her house, across her yard into the grape arbor. She had expected to find the major at the foot of the arbor, where he had been shot down with his face turned toward her. He was not there, but there was a trail, warm and wet, straight across the grass. She followed it to the Masterson steps, up the steps to the front door, where she lunged into Speaker, who was rushing out, wringing his hands, and sobbing:

"Goddermercyme! Miss Kate, some'n up an' shotten Marse Clay an' me I d'n know——"

"Henderson, Speaker—up Main Street for Dr. Henderson—and nobody else—tell nobody else." The darky, catching at the instructions like a sinking man who sees a rope, bounded down the steps and off up the street. Left alone, Miss Kate pushed inside to the "sitting-room," and found the major stretched out weakly on the couch where Speaker had placed him. His face was as gray as his thick mop of hair and his eyes were closed. On the linen that showed within his vest a red streak was widening. When Miss Kate tried to slip the coat from his shoulders the streak became a broad band, and the major's lips shook. He had already lost a great quantity of blood. She could feel the damp warmth of it down his side, on the sofa, up in the pillow under his hair; there was a pool of it on the floor where she knelt. She called to him, pressed his hands, and kissed him before she fully realized that something else was urgently necessary. Then, all she could think of was whisky. In the few emergencies of accident and illness in her life she had had always to fight a tendency to think of whisky. She came of people who had resorted to whisky in emergencies. If anything happened to a Carewe, he took a drink of whisky; she had been brought up into a reliance upon it, and Marly's crying example, her nineteen years of hostility to it, nothing had quite got her out of that reliance. She stooped and lifted the major to what she thought might be a more comfortable posture, and the red band spread entirely over his shirt; after looking at it for another irresolute second, she rolled up her sleeves and stepped into the dining-room.

"The first thing is to cut that coat away," she was saying as she went back to the major. She passed the old-fashioned mahogany sideboard going and coming, and going and coming she saw the big whisky decanter, full to the brim. Back at the major's side, she took the knife that she had brought from the dining-room, and, not unskillfully, cut away coat, linen, and underwear, when she found two holes in the major's arm, one high up, underneath, where the bullet had entered, the other around in front, above his elbow, and belching rhythmically—tsst—tsst—tsst! Tourniquets coming into her mind promptly, she ran back to the dining-room and secured a napkin from the table and a bowl from the sideboard. It was a punch-bowl—she noticed that,—and again she saw the big whisky decanter twice. She filled the bowl with water, and came on back to the major, folded the napkin into a strip, and tied it tightly around his arm above the belching hole. That quickly got the best of the rhythmic tsst, tsst, and she worked on with great relief for a few busy seconds—bathing his face and shoulder, tidying up the sofa, rubbing his cold hands, calling to him; but she could not make him answer, and she could get no color into his lifeless lips.

With her head pressed at last despairingly to his side, she could just hear his heart, faint, laborious, protesting. On its burdened beat there came to her a sharp, strong realization of how precious the major's life was to her, how infinitely more precious than anything else in the world. A little tortured cry escaped her.

"Oh! oh!" she said, "what am I to do — what am I —" It was a terrible moment; the crisis in her conscience was so tense that it sickened her physically. "If only Dr. Henderson would come on!" She looked at the major again, then through the dining-room door at the whisky decanter, wrung her hands with another little hurt cry, and looked back at the major. He was ashen by now, and for the life of her she could not distinguish the flutter of his heart, even with her head pressed close, close to him. She clung to him for a moment, sobbing. "Oh, if I do make a drunkard out of you; if I do!" she moaned. Then she got up guiltily and went into the dining-room for the whisky decanter. Her degradation seemed to her awful in its completeness; she was walking across nineteen years of principle, godliness, the hope of heaven, the immortal strivings of her own soul, but she no longer hesitated. Pouring some of the whisky into a glass, she snatched a teaspoon from the table and ran back to the major. Teaspoonful after teaspoonful of the golden, aromatic liquid she forced through his clenched teeth, scorching tears of self-castigation running down her cheeks, and great sobs half strangling her.

Presently the major's eyelids jerked, his lips twitched, the flutter came back on his left side, and a long breath shook through his teeth. "Kate!" he called, as though he were pulling himself in from some far place. "Kate!"

"I'm here, Clay. Don't talk. Drink this for me."

Obediently the major opened his mouth and swallowed, lay quiet a moment, and then cried out softly in that far away voice: "For you! Why, Kate? Why, Katherine Carewe?"

"Don't talk," said Miss Kate. "Here, drink this for me."

"Oh, Kate, those nineteen terrible, foolish years ——"

"*Don't* talk," sobbed Miss Kate. "Drink this for me." And when Henderson, the surgeon, with Speaker at his heels, came hurriedly into the room just at that moment, the major, smiling in a queer, deprecatory way, was obeying Miss Kate like a lamb.

"Whew!" sniffed Henderson, that sensitive, trained nose of his in the air. "Whew-ee!"

"Oh, it's the whisky," said Miss Kate, an awful self-accusation shaking in her voice. "It's the whisky. I must have given him a pint."

"You? — Whisky? — Oh, good! That *is* good!" cried Henderson earnestly, though he did not believe in whisky. He set his instrument case down and took out lint and probe. "How you feel, Major?" he asked, as he got at the major's arm with his skilled fingers.

"Why, I feel — feel boosted, Henderson." The major caught his lower lip between his teeth, as though he had to restrain a boyish impulse to be gay, despite his feeble plight.

"Came in from the back, didn't it, that bullet?" Henderson was palpating along the major's arm and frowning a little. "Came in here, nipped the bone and tore through the brachial, and out here — humh! you must have lost some blood before you got this string around your arm. You tie it, Miss Kate? Did you, really? Take hold now, will you? and I'll give you another lesson in surgery. We'll have to do a little ligating and splinting here." Henderson, a sympathetic man, was giving Miss Kate time to get up out of that slough of self-condemnation where she seemed to have mired, voiceless and abandoned. "Now, you, Speaker," continued Henderson, turning to the darky, "I want some water. Why, what's the matter with you, nigger?"

Speaker's first terror had given place to some other equally upsetting emotion. He was staring at the major stupidly, wide-eyed, and he turned slowly and stupidly at Henderson's command. "Well, befo' Gawd!" he muttered as he passed the major on his way to the dining-room. "You!" The glance that he gave Masterson was withering.

"Egad, Speaker!" shouted the major, and the darky fell silent again and went on out.

"Who did it?" asked Henderson next. He and Miss Kate were busy over the

major's arm and their task required such nice attention that Henderson did not notice for some time that the major made no reply to his question. "Who put that bullet through you, Major?" repeated Henderson, when the worst of the trouble with the artery and the splintered bone was over.

"I don't know, do you?" answered the major, quite faintly. He was an unusually strong man, but his nerves had been racked by Henderson's gouging and adjusting. "I don't know who did it. My back was turned. Nobody knows who did it. Whoever it was has got far enough away, and will have sense enough to stay away." The major pressed his face to one of Miss Kate's hands where it lay close beside him on the sofa pillow. Miss Kate dropped the bandage she was holding with her other hand and her head went down beside the major's; Henderson caught up the dropped end of the bandage ever so deftly, twirled it into place, and gave the major's arm a final pat. When Miss Kate raised her head presently a strange thing had happened: the corners of her eyes drooped instead of puckering up tightly, and her lips were no longer reined in with those fine hair-lines. Henderson smiled like a well-pleased artist as he went off to the dining-room. "Always did like those Homeric women!" he said to himself.

In the dining-room Speaker was sulking in the corner to which he had retired after executing Henderson's last command, and glaring now and then at the whisky decanter on the sideboard. Henderson poured some more of the whisky into a glass and brought it back and handed it to Miss Kate.

"Dr. Henderson," her full lips trembled a little, "how much whisky may start a man——"

"It would take a barrel to start that man, Miss Kate," interrupted Henderson. "Here, Clay, drink this."

The major, sipping smilingly, raised his eyes and saw Speaker, black, like a thundercloud, in the dining-room door.

"Oh, see here, nigger," drawled Masterson in that weak voice of his which rocked with humor as well as with weakness, "what you mad about?"

"Yeh spile yeh rec'd, thass whut about," growled the negro, availing himself of the privilege accorded to old servants in Missouri. "Yeh broke oveh, thass whut yeh done; a Masterson broke oveh! Yeh broke yeh say-so."

"What does he mean, Major," asked Henderson, the puzzle on his face reflected on Miss Kate's.

"He thinks I ought to have kept my word," drawled Masterson again. "He thinks I haven't shown myself to be a very strong man. Say, nigger, how long since I took a drink — before this — to your certain knowledge?"

"Nineteen years, thass how long. I fill them whisky bottle nineteen years ago an' ain't nary drap leffen it fuh yo' lips f'm that day to this. Thass fuh sure. Yeh low y'ain't gwine tech it twel yeh ma'y Miss Kate. Nineteen years, thass how long."

The major lifted his well arm to Miss Kate's shoulder. "True thing, Kate. Haven't touched it since the trouble about it. 'Twould have choked me. But I couldn't tell you, could I? A man can't encourage a woman's obstinacy when he wants to marry her, can he? Besides, with me it was principle, with you it was — ohhh-ooooh, Kate, what an idiot I've been! But don't you say it; better let me say it."

"I couldn't say it, Clay, I'm so busy knowing what an idiot I've been," she whispered back, and the moment he caught the whisper the major turned to Henderson authoritatively:

"Why, Henderson, I want you to send that nigger over to the Presbyterian parsonage, will you? — and here, wait a minute, have him get Mr. Shanklin up to make out the license — and here, wait a minute, he'd better go by Miss Carewe's house and have Sooky bring some of Miss Carewe's things down here. — Can't stand the excitement? Me? I'm not excited. I'm drunk, for the first time in nineteen years, Henderson — ah, Kate Carewe, you darling — how you've made me wait! — woman's obstinacy, understand, Henderson — and, here, you're to stay to our wedding; understand, Henderson?"

Swept on by the major's insistence, Henderson wheeled in helpless obedience to despatch Speaker on his several errands, and Miss Kate knelt down and put both arms about the major's neck. Her sleeves were still rolled high, her arms were long, satiny and rounded, and she looked Greek as she bent above him while they waited for the Presbyterian parson.

THE CONQUEST OF FIVE GREAT ILLS

THE GREAT WORK OF THE PASTEUR INSTITUTES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

BY

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

IN one of the large rooms at the Pasteur Institute in Paris hang maps of the world, dotted over with white circles that show forth impressively the far-reaching and lasting influence of one man's life effort. Each white circle stands for a Pasteur Institute — one in Mexico City, one in Tiflis, one in Barcelona, one in Constantinople, five in Italy, six in Russia, four in France, others in Vienna, Berlin, Buda Pesth, Malta, Havana, New York, Buenos Ayres, Tunis, Chicago, and Madagascar. These numerous institutes are, or try to be, so many temples to the new spirit of scientific investigation touching ills of the body,— the spirit of infinite patience and exactitude that cares tremendously for truth, scarcely at all for professional tradition or for dead words out of books. It is the uncompromising spirit of the microscope and test tube, equally alert to combat error or to draw mighty conclusions from trifles; it is the humble, hopeful spirit of Pasteur, never more alive in the world than now.

A simple statement of what has already been accomplished by the Pasteur movement fills one with wonder and with cheer for the future. Within twenty years five great foes of the human race have been shorn of their worst terrors — hydrophobia, diphtheria, lockjaw, snake poison, and the bubonic plague, that scourge of former centuries. Against the menace of these five stand the Pasteur Institutes, scores of them, served by hundreds of bacteriologists, biologists, and physiologists, aided by thousands of aspiring students, the whole admirably organized into departments and sub-departments, and sending forth serums and antitoxines by tens of thousands of doses a year.

Only seventeen years ago a person inoculated with hydrophobia through a mad dog's bite was *sure to die*. Some of those bitten escaped because their clothing protected them or because the poison did not "take," but none escaped, once the dread process of incubation had started. Nothing known to man could save them then, and thousands perished miserably.

Staving off Hydrophobia

To-day, long before the thirty or sixty days of incubation can have elapsed, the Pasteur treatment will remove all chance of harm, or, to be exact, all but one-fifth of one chance in a hundred. Such is the evidence of statistics from all over the world.

I was at the Pasteur Institute in Paris one day last year while sixty-eight mad dog patients (about the daily average) received, in quick succession and with trifling pain, the Pasteur injections that were to save them from hydrophobia. I saw the record book with its last case numbered 25,642, these cases dating from that memorable day fifteen years ago when a child from Alsace took the first treatment and was saved! Since then, each year has seen a small death percentage grow smaller; from ten in a thousand it has fallen to two in a thousand. Patients are taken up to the eighteenth or twentieth day, peasants from distant Siberia torn by mad wolves, or English soldiers bitten by mad dogs in Bombay who have lost three or four weeks journeying to Paris. And they saved them too!

Of course a time may be reached when it is too late for the Pasteur treatment to save

the patient; when the insidious poison has begun to overwhelm the nervous system and there is no longer any hope. But the world is learning not to wait for that day but to take the disease while it smolders. And, so taken, hydrophobia is almost certainly averted.

I may not linger over scenes in the inoculating room, the business-like young doctors, the slightly anxious, mainly good-natured patients, the numerous drying jars, each containing its particular spinal cord taken from a hydrophobia rabbit and marked for its particular virulence — deadly on the first day after extraction, hardly dangerous at all on the fourteenth day, and varying progressively between. All this is a matter of familiar routine, including the regular death by hydrophobia of a thousand or more rabbits a year, all inoculated in the brain by trephining, which allows them to die in ten days instead of fifteen. This row will die to-morrow, that row in four days, that row in nine days — and so on. Each morning sees fresh spinal cords swinging in the small jars, — and all moves along like clockwork.

Diphtheria

The experiments of Roux and Yersin carrying on the researches begun by Behring have been productive of marvelous results in the serum-therapy of diphtheria. It may be said that the anti-toxine inoculations as introduced a few years ago by Dr. Emile Roux, present head of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, have reduced the average mortality from 45 or 50 per cent. to 12 or 14 per cent. In looking over diphtheria statistics I was struck by wide differences in certain cities. Geneva, for instance, shows a death rate of only two in a hundred, while in Paris the rate runs up to fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen in a hundred. On seeking the cause of this larger proportion of deaths in one city than another, I found it due to this: that doctors in different cities are more or less friendly to the anti-toxine treatment; some are indifferent to it, some even are opposed to it. "But in Geneva," explained one of the Pasteur specialists, "there is an unusual enlightenment as to the value of anti-toxine; the doctors there have made a zealous campaign among parents for a prompt intervention, and the results speak for themselves. That is the great point: to use anti-toxine early in the disease. You may say that for cases treated on the first day the diphtheria death rate has fallen to zero — *we save every child*. Holding back the treatment until the second day raises the death rate to 3 or 4 per cent., holding it back until the third day to 12 or 14 per cent., and until the fourth day to 20 or 25 per cent. After that the treatment has no effect."

"So it is delay that kills and not diphtheria," I remarked.

"Exactly," said the expert.

Strange that Paris, city of light, should, even to a slight extent, neglect so precious a discovery! Yet there are the facts — from twelve to fifteen children in every hundred diphtheria cases dying quite needlessly because a mother is ignorant or a doctor skeptical or jealous! And they say the same is true in other cities, in London and New York! Which only proves that the world needs enlightenment as well as anti-toxine! Yet, even so, the gain is enormous when we look back not so many years and see the towns and villages that were *swept clean* of all their children in diphtheria epidemics.

Lockjaw

As to lockjaw, the Pasteur laboratories send out a steady supply of anti-toxine serum that will prevent the outbreak of this disease very much as hydrophobia inoculations prevent hydrophobia. In both cases, it is true, the treatment is only preventive, not curative, but this is usually sufficient, since the danger is plainly indicated in advance. If by some sad oversight hydrophobia does break out, it always kills just as it always has killed; but with lockjaw there is still a chance of saving life, even after an outbreak, by inoculating lockjaw anti-toxine directly into the brain. The record of recovery is 40 per cent.

Bubonic Plague

We come now to perhaps the proudest victory of the Pasteur school, which promises the conquest of Asia's bubonic plague which has ravaged India for generations and has so often started westward on its marches of devastation. The terrible virulence of this plague is shown by this: that in times of great epidemics 85 per cent. of all who have contracted it have perished.

When the plague reached Portugal in 1899, Dr. Calmette, director of the Pasteur Institute at Lille, went to Oporto with an anti-toxine by virtue of which he was able to

reduce the mortality of those treated by him and his assistants to less than 15 per cent., as against a mortality of over 63 per cent. of those not treated. Previous to this epidemic, Calmette and Borrell, under the direction of Roux, had made certain experiments relating to the anti-toxine of bubonic plague, and had succeeded in immunizing rabbits. Other investigators working along somewhat similar lines were experimenting with various anti-toxines bearing the names of those discovering them. Among these were the Yersin serum, the Ferran serum, the Lustig vaccine, the Haffkine lymph, and others.

In order to see Dr. Calmette, I visited Lille recently and spent several days at the Pasteur Institute in that city, which in some respects is more interesting than the one at Paris. It is delightful to talk with a man who has done important things and will tell about them simply. There would be a book to write on the experiences of this quiet-mannered Frenchman fighting a pestilence in a city cut off from the world by a pitiless cordon which allowed nothing to go out nor anything to come in until the inhabitants reached the point of riot and starvation. During those terrible weeks our Western doctors learned many things about this old adversary out of the East; that there was hope in anti-toxine serum and in nothing else; that it must be inoculated in the first twenty-four hours, and in large quantities and directly into a vein — a dangerous thing to do. "You must not wait for slow absorption under the skin," said Dr Calmette. "In order to meet this swift contagion you must put into the blood *instantly* the forces of relief." Many doctors doubted this, among them a Portuguese, who presently himself came down with the plague. The others came to him quickly with the serum, but he refused it and so a day was lost. Then he consented, but would have it only under the skin, not in a vein. They pleaded with him, but he still refused, and died of the plague twelve hours later.

Rats and the Plague

These experiments also verified a theory of Simond and others that the movements of rats in a stricken city have much to do with a rapid spread of the plague. It had long been known that these little animals die by thousands during plague epidemics, and Bombay doctors had noted in 1897 that of twenty coolies employed in carrying away rats dead of the plague, no less than twelve succumbed afterwards. There was clearly some special danger in the contact of these dead rats, and the nature of this danger now became clear through the closer investigations of the Pasteur doctors. They found that rats dead for several days would no longer communicate the plague, and they concluded that the danger was not in the rats themselves, but in vermin which at the first chance left their bodies for living men, inoculating their new hosts with the plague virus. In consequence of these discoveries a series of vigorous and well-conceived measures was instituted for destroying the rats in vessels coming from infected ports, and for ridding a threatened city and its sewers, tenements, and water fronts. These measures against rats are now recognized as among the most important in a scientific campaign against the plague.

One practical difficulty in the Pasteur treatment of the plague lies in the necessity of having a sufficient supply of anti-toxine serum. Not only must all who are stricken receive large doses (20, 30, or 40 cubic centimeters), but all persons in danger should receive regular and frequent preventive inoculations, for ordinary doses give only a brief immunity, from two weeks to a few months, according to the manner of preparation. Dr. Calmette and his assistants were freshly inoculated every eight days during their stay in Oporto. At that rate it would require all the serum that twenty thousand immunized horses could supply to carry a great city like London or New York through a period of plague.

How Anti-Toxine is Prepared

And that brings us to the methods of preparing anti-toxine serums, which I was able to observe more easily at the Lille Institute than at the one in Paris, since the former has its own stables of serum horses on the premises.

On the morning of my arrival Dr. Calmette put me in the hands of his chief assistant, M. Guérin, who was on the point of taking from Juno, one of the diphtheria horses, her regular yield of anti-toxine serum. As we came into the courtyard Juno was switching her tail by the big stone bath-tub, sunk in the pavement, that serves the serum horses for a refreshing daily plunge in summer-time. There is nothing too good for the serum horses.

Juno is a big white mare, of Boulognaise stock, and for four years now her unique business in life has been to give from twenty to twenty-five quarts of her blood every month — some two hundred and fifty gallons in all — enough to save the lives of fifty thousand children stricken with diphtheria — which is something for an old street-car hack to be proud of. M. Guérin says she hasn't her equal in the stables for a steady yield of high-class serum. In this respect, it appears, there is a great difference in horses; some will give good serum for only a few months, and some none at all.

I asked M. Guérin how much time elapses between the first inoculation and the first yield of serum.

"It varies with the kind of serum," he said. "If I should take a fresh horse today and begin inoculating him with diphtheria poison, I ought to get good serum from him in about five months. But he would not yield lockjaw serum before seven months, nor serpent serum before seventeen months."

"How often," I asked, "are the horses inoculated during these months of preparation?"

"Twice a week, with increasing doses, until they can finally take without harm in each dose enough of the poison to kill scores of horses not inoculated. A fully-immunized diphtheria horse, for instance, will take enough diphtheria poison every month to kill fourteen hundred ordinary horses, and a fully-immunized lockjaw horse will take enough lockjaw poison every month — the thing seems incredible — to kill ten thousand ordinary horses, and he finds it merely a matter of pleasant routine. We could push the immunity even further than that, if there were need of it."

"And when this high immunity is once established?"

"Then the horse is ready to yield antitoxine serum, but to keep him so we must continue to inoculate the poison. Seven times a month he must receive the maximum dose in order that three times a month he may yield seven or eight quarts of good serum-producing blood. If we should stop inoculating Juno her serum would soon lose its value."

"And would she lose her immunity?"

"She would keep her own immunity for a long time, even without inoculations."

"Suppose Juno should stop giving good diphtheria serum," I suggested; "what would you do?"

"Set her to work producing some other kind of serum."

"Could she produce another kind?"

"Certainly, after a new period of inoculation. We often have to do that. A horse seems to tire of producing the same kind of serum indefinitely. In a year or two he may exhaust his capacity for yielding good lockjaw serum, yet after a change he may go on for years yielding good snake serum."

Extracting Serum from a Serum Horse

By this time Juno had been led to the operating shed and shut inside a formidable iron frame equipped with chains and pulleys and heavy girths, so that even the most refractory animal could be held quiet — lifted clean off the ground, if need be. Juno was not refractory, only impatient for her breakfast, which is always denied a horse on days of the *saignée*. She started a little as she saw M. Guérin, whereupon one of the aids bandaged her eyes, while another fixed a cord around the end of her nose with a stick so placed that he could twist it tight by a turn.

Everything was ready now and M. Guérin, lancet in hand, felt the shaven neck for the proper spot, and then made a quick puncture of the skin. Juno scarcely moved, and I saw that the assistant at her head had drawn the cord so tight that the sudden pain here had absorbed all her attention, so that she paid no heed to her neck. M. Guérin introduced through the puncture a sharp hollow instrument and, with the skill of long habit, pressed this deep into the jugular vein, which a second assistant constricted farther down the neck, so that the flow of blood was no longer back to the heart but out through the inserted instrument and a rubber tube into a two-quart receiving jar. When this was filled a second jar was brought, then a third, and a fourth.

Juno meantime was munching oats, quite at her ease, one would say. There was no pain for her, except at the first prick of the lancet, and even a lady who was present with me watched the operation without repugnance. It was all over in less than ten minutes and Juno was clattering off to her stall and breakfast, quite unconcerned. And there on the table, guarded with many antiseptic precautions, was blood enough for

serum enough to save the lives of three hundred and fifty children.

"Within twenty-four hours," said M. Guérin, "the serum, or liquid part of this blood, will have separated from the solid part. It only remains then to decant it and seal it in small bottles, each containing one dose. We add nothing to the serum; we take nothing from it. As it comes from the immunized horse, so it goes into the human patient, and what you have seen drawn from Juno to-day might perfectly well be inoculated into a diphtheritic child the day after to-morrow."

"Isn't it very weakening for a horse," I asked, "to lose eight quarts of blood?"

"Not at all," said M. Guérin. "A horse has about thirty-six quarts of blood in its body and can easily spare eight at a time; you see, that's all they have to do — produce blood."

"How soon will Juno be called upon for more serum?"

"In three days, then again in four days — eight quarts each time, — and then she will be allowed a week of rest. After that she has three weeks' rest before her seven monthly inoculations, and then must give more serum. So it goes through the year."

A few days later I was again present in the operating shed while six horses received their regular inoculations. First came three in the preparation stage for immunity against diphtheria poison. A hand syringe did the work for them, injecting the liquid under the skin of the neck, small doses for them, only enough to kill four ordinary horses.

It occurred to me to ask how small is the first dose of poison inoculated into a fresh horse, and I learned that it is just sufficient to kill a rabbit, and quite innocuous to a horse. From that small beginning up to a dose that will kill thousands of horses is the reach of the preparation period.

Next came Julie, a black, bad-tempered horse, fully immunized against lockjaw. She was led blindfolded into the iron frame, with the cord of distraction, if I may so name it, twisted tight around her nose. Under the skin of her neck M. Guérin inoculated about a teacupful of lockjaw solution, so deadly that two drops of it would kill six men. And presently Julie went stamping away with enough lockjaw poison in her body to kill twelve hundred and fifty fresh horses, and she none the worse for it.

Then came another lockjaw immune, Toxine, a huge white horse, quite blind, who received the same dose; and finally Thais was brought in, a solid looking chestnut. Thais was treated differently: she was inoculated with a yellowish solution directly into the jugular vein. It is worthy of remark, by the way, how easily the jugular vein closes and heals after such an opening. The damage lies not in the puncture, but in the chance that the inoculating syringe may introduce into the vein a bubble of air along with the solution. Such a bubble, lodged in one of the thread-like arteries of the brain, is more deadly than any poison; it kills instantly horse or rabbit or man. Hence the reluctance of doctors to inoculate an anti-toxine serum into a patient's vein, even when the certainty of quicker action may save life. The rule is, except for the plague and bites of deadly serpents, to inoculate all serums under the skin, usually in the abdominal region. But Thais must take her chances in a vein, for reasons vastly more important than her own life. For Thais embodies M. Guérin's hopes of finding an anti-toxine for the dreaded aviary diphtheria, a problem that he has been working on for more than a year, in which time, so he assured me, he has passed his microbe culture through five hundred pigeons in order to keep it up to the necessary standard of virulence. It appears that some cultures, like that of the lockjaw microbe, will keep their virulence unimpaired for years, while others lose theirs in a few days.

Anti-Toxine Treatment of Serpent Venom

Not only has Dr. Calmette's name, associated with the names of other distinguished bacteriologists, been connected with the discovery of an anti-toxine of bubonic plague, but to him also belongs the honor of discovering an anti-toxine which, if used in time, is a specific against the venom of snakes. Previous to this, "Sewall (1887) has shown that a certain degree of tolerance to the action of rattlesnake venom may be established by inoculating susceptible animals with small doses of 'hemialbumose,' to which it owes its toxic potency."* These investigations of Sewall's were later confirmed by Frazer

* Sternberg.

and Calmette. While Dr. Calmette was in Saigon, in French Indo-China, at the head of the Pasteur Institute, he was offered an unusual opportunity for studying that most deadly of serpents — the cobra. This came through the singular idea of some native potentate, who sent to the foreign doctor with his compliments a whole barrel filled with live cobras, in all about thirty splendid specimens. Dr. Calmette realized that here was a supply of cobra virus (a substance hard to get) sufficient for most important experiments, and he straightway set about determining what relations, if any, exist between this violent poison and the microbe poisons with which he was familiar. Space is wanting here to detail his methods and the five years' laboratory struggle that finally brought success. What the world chiefly cares to know is that success *did* come, and that to-day the Pasteur Institute at Lille has a very important message for whoever may in future fall a victim to the serpent's fang.

I shall not soon forget the afternoon when Dr. Calmette led me into a certain room at the institute, and, showing me a bottle no bigger than a mustard pot, remarked that it contained enough pure cobra venom to kill forty thousand men. There it was in threads and flakes of golden brown, just as it had dried from the cobras' fangs, and had been sealed away. This venom had been gathered in India with great pains, and sent to Lille to be used in making anti-venomous serum.

A Doctor's Life Saved with His Own Serum

"Look," said the Doctor; "this is how we milk the venom out of a cobra's glands," and he took up a *Bothrops lanceolatus* (fer-de-lance) coiled on the table with wide open mouth, a dried and harmless *bothrops*, but, even so, formidable enough with its menacing fangs.

"This is the fellow that bit me a few months ago. See!" and he showed a finger mutilated where the fangs had gone deep into the bone. But for the serum Dr. Calmette's life was sacrificed that day, for the *bothrops* is only a shade less deadly than the cobra.

It was plain enough presently how the venom is squeezed from the wriggling snake, safe held, and comes out on a watch glass in yellowish ooze. Dr. Calmette says the thing is easy enough, much easier, for instance, than stuffing a cobra with eggs, etc., which must be done at regular intervals, since the creature will not eat in captivity. It was in stuffing his *bothrops* that Dr. Calmette was bitten.

The anti-venomous serum is produced from pure venom by injecting the latter into a horse, first in quantities small enough to be harmless, then gradually in larger and larger doses, until, after some hundred and fifty inoculations, extending over sixteen or seventeen months, the horse can receive seven times a month, and without injury, enough venom to kill two hundred horses not thus immunized. The most deadly snakes may do their worst upon that horse and never trouble him. He can get no harm from any of them, for this thing stands demonstrated: that immunity against the cobra means immunity against all manner of serpents in the world. Dr. Calmette declares that there is one identical poison in all of them, a poison that varies only in intensity, so that when horse, or dog, or man is rendered immune against cobra venom (which is the most intense — three times more virulent than that of the rattlesnake), he is by that fact immune against all other kinds of venom.

From a horse thus immunized is obtained the anti-venomous serum, exactly as anti-diphtheritic serum is obtained from a horse immunized against the poison of diphtheria. Needless to say, the demand for this anti-venomous serum is increasing steadily. Already England sends ten thousand francs' worth of it every year to her East Indian possessions, where 22,000 lives are annually lost as a result of snake bites, some of which may now be spared. In due time, we may be sure, other stations will be established, but at present the entire supply of this serum comes from three horses at the Lille Institute — Cobra, Vipere, and Couleuvre, — out of whose bodies comes every year enough of this precious specific to save the lives of 17,000 persons bitten by cobras, vipers, and all the dread varieties of Africa, Asia, and America.

There is no exaggeration in this statement. The efficacy of Dr. Calmette's serum against all forms of snake poison is as surely established as that of Dr. Roux's serum against diphtheria. It may be said that the sufferer *always* recovers in cases where the remedy is applied with sufficient

promptitude with an excellent chance of saving life up to the sixth hour, even in the worst cases. After the sixth hour, with deadly snakes like the cobra, it is too late.

As to the various popular remedies against snake bites, scientific investigation seems to have stripped them all of their supposed virtues. There is no benefit in alcoholic stimulants, nor any in cauterizing the fresh bitten wound, for the hot iron would always be slower than the poison. It is interesting to note that a few genuine snake charmers in India have contrived to give themselves a real immunity by allowing themselves to be bitten regularly and often by young cobras whose venom, injected in much smaller quantities, acts, it appears, as a progressive inoculation.

A POMPADOUR ANGEL

BY

MARY MOSS

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON-WATKINS

"I HAVE frequently observed," Howard Gardiner ponderously remarked, "that when you once see any one whom you never have seen before, you go on for weeks or years meeting that same person at every turn." The young man's well-modulated, gentlemanly utterance made itself easily heard above the noise of parlor-car wheels as he decorously inclined his body towards the lady to whom this entertaining statement was addressed.

"It only shows how small the world is!" Little Miss Angela Wheatland was by no means a creature of platitudes, but this particular day of all days found her much disinclined for undergoing the company of Mr. Howard Gardiner. Ordinarily he affected her as a poultice — stodgy, inconvenient, but remotely bearable. To-day the mere sight of his honest, complacent face acted on her nerves like a sprinkling of tabasco. All the preceding evening he had intelligently conversed with her from dinner till bedtime. She had dreamt of him the long night through, also of having her mouth filled with dry plaster of Paris. This nightmare she attributed to suppressed yawns; moreover, being supplied with other and pleasanter things to dream of, Miss Angela secretly bore him an added grudge for this nocturnal intrusion.

Insensitive to her mood, he was actually going on in his tiresome voice, slow and emphatic. "Now that terrible girl across

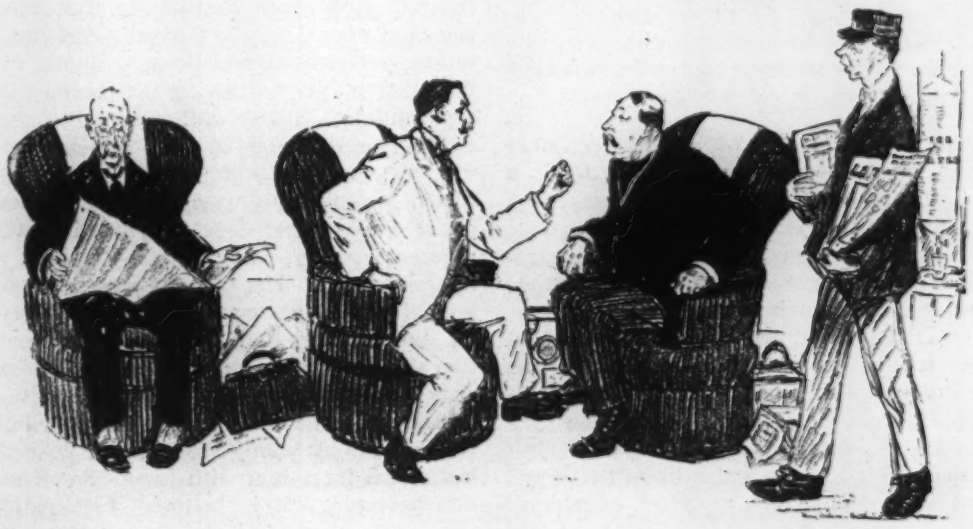
the aisle! She came down in the train with me on Saturday, crossed in the same ferry, sat in the same car. She stayed at our hotel, was at the table next ours, and here she is again! Well! I didn't suppose even she would do that!" This as the young person in question called for a table, and, calmly installing a small, noisy typewriter, proceeded to copy a batch of shorthand notes. As a rising lawyer, Mr. Gardiner came in frequent contact with stenographer girls, treated them with due consideration, and sanctioned them in their place, which was, of course, an office. He had never exactly worked out the problem of their lives after business hours, but the presence of one as a guest in the hotel patronized by himself struck him as distinctly unsuitable.

It was seldom that Angela fell in with any opinion of Howard Gardiner's, and even now the approving countenance of her mother was an incentive to take another point of view, but she had her own reasons for feeling irritable about the fresh-colored, bouncing young woman who so composedly set up her machine and filled the car with its exasperating racket.

Making the best of her comfortless armchair, Mrs. Wheatland beamed satisfaction on a three hours' tête-à-tête between Angela and Howard. Aunt Mary, feeble with age and much fatigued by her early start, was settling into a profound nap. The old gentleman beyond busied himself with morning papers. Two brokers talked shop in earnest undertones, now and then breaking out with a boisterous laugh. "And if he had held on two days longer, I tell you —" The click of marvelously rapid typewriting drowned their chat. The train was passing through the scrub pine region of New Jersey, temporarily embellished by a heavy fall of snow. After a mild and delicious Sunday it had snowed all night, and instead of stopping, as the papers predicted, the storm was increasing in vigor. Puffs of wind sent curling columns of dry powdery flakes across unbroken country roads; here and there the smooth swell of nascent drifts hinted at trouble to come.

"Dear me!" Mrs. Wheatland looked out anxiously. "I hope we won't be delayed. Aunt Mary isn't strong enough to —." She broke off with a vindictive glance at the clicking nuisance.

"No girl with her living to make has a right to look like that." Mr. Gardiner's eye dwelt condemningly on the enemy. For a moment her busy fingers stopped. She stood up, pulled down her belt in front, and walked the length of the car to procure a deep, satisfying draught of ice-water from the public tumbler. She was of middle height, with all the style and dash of that class whose unerring instincts invariably lead them to select the most freakish exaggerations of current modes. The Pompadour, the Side Comb, and the Straight Front could have had no more striking exponent than this capable young person, who also affected the newest and gayest fashions in jewelry. A large, green-enameled lizard performed some mysterious function in her



back hair; the pin in her long piqué stock was of great size, and apparently of solid gold. Mr. Gardiner's observing eye noted its design as one more often seen in the nursery than the parlor, but modesty forbade his sharing this point with Miss Angela. In spite of marked repulsion, he still felt constrained to watch this objectionable specimen of womankind whose every motion confessed perfect self-satisfaction. She was, beyond all question, a successful girl. She also had an air of assured beauty, likely to antagonize any one whose ideals

"FOR A MOMENT HER BUSY FINGERS STOPPED"

were not quite met by bright, over-large eyes, moist scarlet lips, flashing teeth, a figure composed of redundant curves, and a most unfinished set of features.

The old gentleman was fumbling in eighteen pockets, growing nervously hastier, and less systematic in his search.

"Lost your ticket?" She paused benevolently in front of him, putting this query roundly, in a voice which miraculously combined the nasal and the guttural. "Better go a little slow, hadn't you? You'll never find it like that. Say! Let me have a turn at your overcoat." Her *r*'s burred like a sawmill; her vowels were flat as the desolate Jersey landscape.

"It's my reading glasses," said the old gentleman, torn between a longing for succor and resentment at her seeing his need of it. "I had them here a minute ago."

"That's dead easy." She pounced upon a leather case lying between his thin old knees on the velvet seat.

The other ladies, save only the sleeping Aunt Mary, watched this with disapproval. "I hope she won't undertake to run *us!*" Howard Gardiner whispered with something in his tone which Angela wrathfully recognized as attempted sentiment. The "us" also annoyed her. She was a small, spirited creature, very slight, very blonde, and at present very warlike, and with cause. The entire, unfriendly world, headed by her arbitrary and prejudiced mother, had joined in a conspiracy to thwart the one desire of her heart. This she would have described as the wish for a few minutes' rational conversation with Lieutenant Thomas Gordon, Fifth United States Artillery, late stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, and now under orders for a notoriously fever-stricken and rebellious district in the Philippines.

"As sure as my name's Charlie Tone," the typewriter girl ejaculated, "we're certainly stuck right enough this time." The train came to a standstill with a sharp jerk, followed by a series of smaller ones, as car after car stopped in an arpeggio of decreasing bumps. There was a pause, during which the passengers buzzed interrogations, the engine retreated, cautiously charged a compact drift, won through to the other side, and moved slowly forward with mysterious puffings and whistlings. Angela lay back listless, her delicate tip-tilted nose and mournful lips clearly outlined against the ugly chair covering, as she turned away from Mr. Gardiner, whose very sight offended her melancholy gray eyes. Looking as if she would never dance again or know a moment's gaiety, little Miss Angela silently upbraided fate. Her demand was so modest! Just a poor five minutes more! Only for the discreet talk necessary between two people who — Meeting Miss Charlie Tone's fine, roving eye, she blushed furiously with the consciousness that when this obnoxious young woman had flushed her stolen interview with Lieutenant Gordon yesterday, in a sheltered wood-path,

"'SAY! WILL YOU JUST O. K. THAT SPELLING?'"

the form of intercourse then carried on between them could hardly have struck an onlooker as discreet conversation. Angela knew that she had been sobbing her heart out on Tommy's supporting shoulder, and that the other girl had seen it. The mere recollection not only sent the color flaming over her tell-tale face, but started afresh the fountains of her grief. Her sensitive lips trembled, and she felt as if the tears behind her eyes might in another minute become unmanageable. To gain a brief respite from Howard Gardiner, she dispatched him to the cooler for a glass of water. This errand was considerably lengthened by his ostentatiously rinsing the tumbler from all trace of Miss Charlie Tone's contaminating lips.

The typewriter had been staring at Angela with open interest. Presently she leaned across the aisle, handing her a sheet of paper and requesting, "Say! Will you just O. K. that spelling?"

Angela was in no position to realize the nobility of this remark in a normal school graduate and prize "touch" operator, who could probably outspell any one in the State. She merely felt ruffled at the strange girl's intrusion. "You had really better ask some one else. I am not competent to—" The silver of her voice showed several degrees of frost.

Howard was now filling a glass sufficiently purified for the service of his lady. Miss Tone shrugged impatient shoulders, withdrawing the offered paper. Then she caught the piteous quiver of little Miss Angela's lips, and instantly relented. "Don't be a jay," she whispered. "Just get on to what's written here!" She dropped the paper on Angela's knees and busied herself with putting away her machine, systematically packing paper and note-books in a well-filled "grip."

Angela's heart leaped to her throat as she read: "He's in the smoker, wants you to look out for him on the ferry."

Howard was approaching, with the full tumbler carefully balanced. Angela, pinker than ever, went over to Miss Tone. "I beg your pardon, didn't you drop this?" Again the two girls crossed glances. Miss

"'HAVE SOME?'"

Angela was no longer hostile. With immovable countenance, Charlie bestowed upon her an immense, encouraging wink; she then produced from her bag a novel blazoned "Marie Corelli," and a big box of many-hued candy in which the predominating color seemed to be violet. "Have some?" She genially reached across to Angela, who blindly seized a large slab of something yellow. "Help yourself." This to Mr. Gardiner.

"Thanks." He spoke like a Lord Chancellor, outraged at the familiarity, but ever courteous to woman. "I never eat candy in the morning."

"Right you are to take care of your health! It's a great habit!"

A suspicion crossed Miss Angela's mind that Miss Charlie Tone not only felt benevolently disposed towards herself, but took a personal and malicious pleasure in tormenting Howard Gardiner. She suddenly discovered in the typewriter an uncommonly fine head of hair and a frank, sympathetic expression.

"This delay is extremely vexatious to me." Howard simply ignored the intruder. "I have a most important case called for three o'clock to-day. We are due at twelve, but at this rate—" The train again came to a stop. A brakeman, flag in hand, hurried through to the rear, everybody snatching at him with futile questions. The snow seemed to be drifting more and more. All the men but Howard and the old gentleman went out to investigate. Miss Tone joined the brokers in easy chat on the platform. Her voice could be heard recounting some adventure. "—and then the whole business opened up like a bunch of monkeys." "Rather difficult to keep that awful girl in her place," Howard observed rancorously.

"I find her quite nice!" was Miss Angela's perverse answer.

"Well! I'm going to take a walk through every car and see what's doing," Miss Tone announced from the platform. The brokers roared with laughter, and a wave of silence indicated her departure on some humorous errand. The train moved on tentatively, people dropped back to their seats.

"I can't admire your taste, Miss Wheatland!" Howard's voice distinctly carried reproof.

Miss Tone reappeared at the end of the car. The old gentleman stopped her. "When do you think we shall get in?" At first she had annoyed him, but her good-natured smile and brisk vitality had given him a sense of comfortable dependence.

"You may search me," she cheerfully declared. "Snowing like it never *would* stop. They can just about *see* the signals."

Aunt Mary woke up at this inopportune juncture. "Then we are gravely in danger," she lamented.

"Not a bit, Auntie! Not a little bit!" Miss Tone reassured. "They just go slow — the slower the safer. Don't you fret about that. It's only being late for your lunch. Have a bong bong? Those green ones are soft."

Aunt Mary indignantly declined, with an involuntary movement of the hand towards a very lightly balanced outfit of teeth.

By half-past one o'clock it became evident that the train was hopelessly storm-stayed; every few minutes fresh drifts had to be butted through or shoveled away by the train crew. The car grew chilly, and hungry passengers learned with dismay that no provisions were carried on this trip. By three o'clock the old gentleman and Aunt Mary had been riskily fed on Miss Tone's candy, corrected by a nip from a

flask belonging to one of the brokers. Having intended to be shaved on reaching town, the men were growing pale and bristly; they also anxiously took stock of an ebbing supply of cigars. The darkness of an early winter's afternoon was settling down upon a much discouraged party. Only Miss Charlie Tone and little Miss Angela seemed impervious to physical discomfort. "It don't cut any ice when I get back." Miss Tone's slang was utterly free from mental quotation marks. "Miss Mattie sent me down from the Bureau to take Judge Lawton's speech he's to give at the Chamber of Commerce in N'York to-night. I hope he gets there. He's one of the brainiest men I ever took a dictation off of. I'm really not due back till Tuesday morning. Not a bad snap — Sunday at a swell hotel, all expenses paid, besides your regular charge, though it isn't as gay a crowd as you see at Atlantic. Say! If you ever want any one that's quick — one hundred and forty-five a minute — here's my card."

This time Miss Angela was keen to accept whatever offered. In addition to Miss Charlie's name and business address, she read a line in a familiar hand: "This lady is going to arrange so that we meet on the train."

Little Miss Angela sat up extremely straight. "You are very kind," she faltered, for it was hard to have a stranger knowing things — things you had only just blushingly confessed to yourself; — but her mother was obdurate. Tommy's train would leave early the next morning and the margin of time necessary to her plan for seeing him in town was being ruthlessly consumed by stupid delays. "I shall be glad if you will—" The expression of Howard's face stopped her. Evidently he thought her light-headed from hunger. Pointing out a chunk of candied apricot in Miss Charlie's freely offered store, he urged it upon Angela with the air of administering an unpalatable but necessary dose. "This is the least bad, I think," he tactfully observed.

"It's all delicious, but I'm not hungry." Miss Angela fumed.

The old gentleman was struggling into his overcoat. "I declare, you're all of a shiver." Charlie rushed to his aid. "Now keep you hat on — the ladies will excuse it just this once — see here." Spoken punctuation with her was regulated either by action or loss of breath. Over his thin old knees she spread a gorgeous flannelette dressing sacque, rich with coarse, cottony lace. Would no one rescue him? But as the covering felt grateful to his chilly legs, he succumbed with mumbled acknowledgments.

Charlie again vanished into the next car where a few dreary passengers were exchanging lugubrious tales of blizzards.

"— And the Atlantic City Express was snowed up for thirty-eight hours." — "In the car with my aunt a child broke out with measles." — "My brother's youngest baby ——"

Miss Charlie glanced regretfully at these mourners. She would have liked to "buck them up a bit" if more pressing affairs had not demanded her instant care.

Lieutenant Tommy Gordon emerged from the smoking compartment, trying not to show disappointment at seeing her instead of Miss Angela Wheatland.

Casting the eye of an expert upon his broad shoulders, narrow flanks, straight legs, and spirited soldierly bearing, Miss Tone mentally ratified Miss Angela's choice. Tommy had an agreeable face too, not showily handsome, but clean cut, with well-balanced features, and nice brown eyes possessed of many pleasant expressions. A smart young officer, not miraculously clever, but with taking ways, and a shoulder at exactly the right distance from the ground

"'THEN WE ARE GRAVELY IN DANGER'"

to accommodate little Miss Angela's fluffy yellow head.

Making a note of his scarf-pin, a fitting Christmas present for "Our Mr. Rudolph Weber, head of the Clothing Department" and her best young man, Miss Tone resisted a distinct temptation to a moment's dalliance, and proceeded at once to business. "That young goat who thinks he's the whole thing has her nearly bored to death." Tommy brightened. "Her mother watches her like she was a thirty-five thousand pearl necklace, till the poor little thing's ready to cry or fight if you look at her."

Tommy wheedled. "But you can pull it off, can't you? Just time for us to say good-by, you know. You can manage anything, I'm sure——"

"None of that!" she retorted in high good humor. "Keep those goo-goo eyes for some one that wants them." She laid her hand on his arm with the easy familiarity of a lady much used to gentlemen. "My! Aren't you strong! It's all muscle under your sleeve. Do you Swoboda? A gentleman friend of mine does it every night, fifteen minutes just before retiring. But he feels nothing like this."

Tommy shook his head. "No, they harden you up pretty well in the army."

"What was I going to say? Oh, yes! Lend me your cards. The porter in the next car has one deck, that makes two. Thanks. Now you just stay round, and I'll see what can be done."

Though by nature light-hearted, Tommy knew moments of surprising seriousness. Looking down at her he began: "You know, this is pretty good of you. I can't think of another woman anywhere who would have taken the trouble—" His manner was respectful enough for a queen, but that was Tommy. He had been born with an old-fashioned sentimental feeling about women, which covered alike the Miss Angelas and Charlie Tones. Howard Gardiner was in most regards a far worthier person, but by no effort of will could he have divested himself of a condescending touch in addressing a young person "out of one's own class."

"'Tisn't for you," she joked, not with perfect sincerity; "but no straight girl likes to see another girl hard up against it."

"I can't see how you knew just where things were between us," Tommy marveled.

"Well, of course, it took a mind reader after rubbering you in the woods yesterday," Miss Tone gurgled mirthfully; then further elucidated, "besides, any one could see you were dodging round back of the station this morning on the chance of a word with her. Much show you got, between her mother and him."

"And that's why you asked me what time it was?"

"Sure! I sized it up—if he answers like he thought I was white, I'll see he gets ahead of the ice wagon. Mr. Howard Gardiner hasn't any use for my living at all," she concluded with humorous rancor.

"If I'd known you were my guardian angel—" Tommy began.

"Oh! That's all right. I guess your manners are dyed in the wool anyway. See you later."

Miss Tone's return distinctly cheered her fellow passengers. Even Mrs. Wheatland had missed the atmosphere of her lavish vitality and good-will. Aunt Mary and the old gentleman had completely succumbed to her judicious arrangements for their welfare, also the company at large looked to her for diversion. They were not disappointed.

"It's no sense," she announced, "getting a grouch on. Every last one of us is cold, and hungry, and dead beat. We'll just start up a rousing game of hearts. With camp stools you can squeeze six at these tables."

Aunt Mary's refusal was only accepted when it appeared that her education had never comprised the pips on the cards. The old gentleman, as beseemed a man, knew most games of chance, but not the one proposed. Miss Charlie loudly rallied him. "You must think I'm about the freshest thing that ever came over the pike. Expect me to believe a fine looking man like you isn't up on hearts?" Thus adjured, he twisted the ends of his white mustache with a responsive air, and permitted himself to be seated at the table.

"No! Him next the aisle, you by the window, Mr. Gardiner!" ("How does she know my name?" resented Howard under his breath.) "You opposite, by the other window, Mrs. Wheatland; Miss Angela, next your mother!"

Angela had been viewing these proceedings in a fever of impatience. She had appeared to be growing smaller and slimmer

as the long cold afternoon wore on. Indeed she so little filled the roomy arm-chair that the need for some one to sit alongside and comfort her was beginning to affect Miss Charlie like a personal misfortune. The brokers sat on camp stools in the aisle, toppling and tumbling with the continual jerky stoppings and startings of the engine. The windows were opaque with snow and frost. Darkness had finally closed in about them.

"No! I'll not take a hand. Better for me to move round and coach you,—there's six anyway." Charlie vibrated to and fro,

In some unexplained way, Miss Angela's sunny locks had escaped from bondage, and now hung in a short, fluffy halo about a very small, white face.

"Get on to the peach! Don't she look just right, and not a minute over five either?" Miss Charlie's admiration was genuine, so was that of the brokers, whose eyes expressed it with too little reserve.

"I'll play out your hand. Brush and comb and curling tongs right in my bag, but you don't need undulating. Go on to the next car; no light in this toilet room."

Feeling her arm significantly pinched,

"WOULD NO ONE RESCUE HIM?"

joking and giving poor advice to the brokers, shamelessly favoring the old gentleman's game. Then she established herself close to Miss Angela, subjecting that young lady to a musky personal contact which she accepted as part of the general horror of this endless day. Angela even felt her hair lightly touched with investigating fingers.

"Look out for the Queen of Spades! Three cards to your left-hand neighbor! Say! Who's going to put up a prize? Oh, this'll do." Darting over to her bag Miss Tone set upon the table a reeking bottle of perfume. "Not on your sweet life, don't lead that Mrs. Wheatland. It's third time round. Oh! Look at her!"

Angela obeyed with so much alacrity that Mrs. Wheatland was well bottled into her place by Miss Charlie's fairly substantial form before she could do more than wonder if her daughter had gone crazy, to accept the proffered brush and comb.

The old gentleman began to take a real interest in his game. Howard Gardiner doggedly did his best, animated by an intense antagonism to the brokers who also played to win, loudly asseverating the desire to own a token from Miss Charlie. Mrs. Wheatland could not divest herself of an impression that the object was to take as many hearts as possible, and Charlie disconcerted every one by the boldest and most

unexpected sallies. During each deal she carefully apportioned a course of candy, the dregs of her box, odd and unattractive morsels, universally rejected earlier in the day. The party were feeling enough interest not to notice that the train was running much more smoothly. In spite of her misconception about the value of hearts, Mrs. Wheatland bade fair to become undisputed owner of the irrepressible perfume.

"Next stop Camden!" a brakeman shouted in triumphantly.

The entire company sprang to their feet, reaching hurriedly for bags and umbrellas. Miss Tone was vigorously assuring Aunt Mary that the news was not shipwreck, but a safe harbor.

"What on earth can have happened to my daughter?" Mrs. Wheatland demanded with rising suspicion. "She only went to put up her hair, and she's been gone——"

At that moment, with eyes shining like an archangel's and a step that surely didn't touch the earth, Miss Angela appeared at the end of the car, brush and comb in hand. As she tranquilly approached her place, with the air of a person walking on star shavings through a world of blossoms, all glances were fixed upon her in such amazement that no one saw Miss Charlie Tone gulp down an exclamation and turn suddenly crimson.

Little Miss Angela had quite forgotten to put up her hair!

ANDREWS' RAILROAD RAID

AN INCIDENT OF THE UNION CAMPAIGNS OF 1862 IN THE WEST—THE PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF A SURVIVOR

BY

JACOB PARROTT AND FRANK C. DOUGHERTY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

"SPECIAL and hazardous duty within the enemy's lines" — it was to be that, my captain said. Every soldier knows what that may mean, hanging perhaps as a spy! But it also meant excitement, and that was the view I took on April 7, 1862, when I was selected for such duty. My company was K, 33d Ohio Volunteers, a part of General O. M. Mitchell's division of the Western Union army, stationed near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. I was seventeen years old.

From Richmond to Memphis stretched a single line of railroad, marking, roughly, the whole Confederate front. It was the means of communication between all the Confederate armies scattered along it, whose safety depended on keeping it open. Roads branched from this east and west line at various points, piercing the Confederacy to the south, and by them the armies were fed and reinforced. Chattanooga lay almost at the center of the main line — then called the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, — and south from it to Atlanta ran the Georgia State Railroad. Chattanooga, therefore, was the most vital point on the northern border of the Confederacy. The capture of it by the Union army would be a menace to all the forces scattered along the hundreds of miles to east and west. And the capture of Chattanooga depended upon possession of the Atlanta line.

I was told to doff my uniform and to report that night in citizen's clothes to Captain James J. Andrews, who was within our lines somewhere east of Shelbyville on the Wartron road.

As soon as it was dark I walked in that direction. I didn't know Andrews, but I had heard of him — every one had. His fame as a scout went everywhere before him.

When I had gone about a mile I saw other men approaching out of the darkness, and we converged in silence. At last a very tall, bearded man, who stooped a little, appeared among us. It was Andrews. He hesitated, with glances about. There were twenty-two of us in all. At last he said in low, distinct tones:

"Let us go a little from the road, boys."

We gathered about him in a thicket of dead trees. A thunder-storm was rising; the wind moaned through their naked branches, and the lightning revealed white eager faces, not one of which I knew. At each peal of thunder Andrews paused and then went quietly on.

"Orders," he said, "have been sent to the colonels of the three regiments of Sells' brigade to select a man from each company for dangerous service. When I have explained what it is, any of you will be at liberty to return without having your patriotism or your courage questioned. General Mitchell will advance at once toward the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, striking it near Huntsville, Alabama. His objective point will be Chattanooga, the key to all the South. The only hope the Confederates can have of help after it is captured is from the army now organizing near Atlanta. To destroy this line of reinforcements is our duty.

"Our expedition is composed of locomotive engineers and soldiers," he went on. "We are bound for Marietta, Georgia, on the railroad leading north from Atlanta to Chattanooga. You are to be at Marietta next Friday morning. There we will all board the early train bound for Chattanooga, and at Big Shanty, where there is no telegraph station, and the train stops twenty minutes for breakfast, we will steal the engine and run through to Chattanooga where we shall find General Mitchell's army. We are to destroy the telegraph line, tear up the track, and burn bridges, preventing Confederate reinforcements from being rushed to the front from the south."

CAPTAIN JAMES J. ANDREWS

Drawn from a daguerreotype

Suppressed discussion and questioning followed this. After a time every man declared that he would undertake the work.

"Then," said Andrews, "we will break up at once into squads of two or three, travel east through the Cumberland Mountains, and south to the Tennessee River, and cross it somewhere west of Chattanooga not later than Thursday afternoon. From Chattanooga, take the afternoon train leaving at five o'clock for Marietta. I will meet you there that night. You have a

long and difficult road to travel in only three days and nights. Under no circumstances recognize me unless you know we are alone."

"What account shall we give of ourselves, if we are challenged?" asked one of us.

"Tell them that you are Kentuckians escaping from the Yankees and on your way south to join the Confederate army. If pressed"—he hesitated,—"tell them that you are from Fleming County. There are no soldiers in the Southern army from there."

"But suppose," asked another, "they will not believe our stories—what then?"

"Enlist of course; do not hesitate. Have no fear of being suspected of desertion if found in the enemy's ranks. You will have no difficulty in getting into the Southern army; it will be hard to keep out of it. But let us meet at Marietta, and stay together, or die together. We are undertaking a hazardous thing. I want you to realize that. If we succeed, all Eastern Tennessee will fall into the hands of the Union army. I repeat, we are to run through the heart of the Confederacy on

CONDUCTOR FULLER
Drawn from a daguerreotype

one of its own trains, destroying bridges, cutting off all reinforcements!"

During all this a dog barked dismally out across the valley, and now the rain fell in torrents. Falling in with Samuel Robinson, Company G, I began the perilous journey. That night we stumbled ten miles in the darkness, knee-deep in mud, and soaked to the skin. We slept in a shed, breakfasted at a farm-house, and, striking the mountains the next night, crossed the Confederate lines. The following day a squad of Confederate soldiers halted us, but they believed our story, as we were on the natural route south from Kentucky. At last we came to a ferry on the Tennessee River below Chattanooga. A rumor had reached here that the Yankees were coming, and as orders had been issued to allow no one to cross for three days, we trudged up-stream to Chattanooga to take chances at the ferry there.

It was on this walk that we fell in with members of the party who said that they had seen Andrews, and that he had given orders to assemble at Marietta on Saturday instead of Friday. The rains, he had said, would delay Mitchell's advance and give us a day to spare.

On our way we met a man whom we had seen at the ferry.

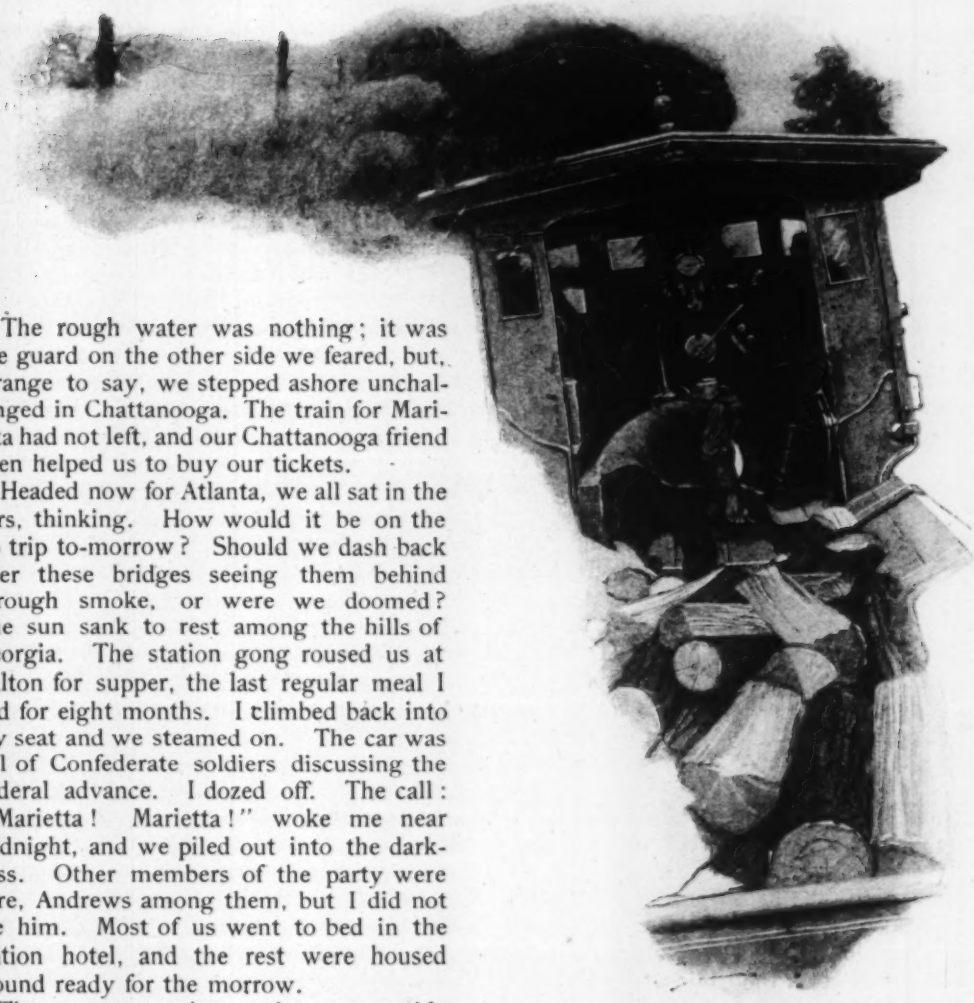
"Hello, Yanks," he said.

Were we recognized, suspected, shadowed? But it was a lonely spot, so Robinson said—loud enough for him to hear.

"He's a Yankee spy. He takes us for Yankees," and we turned on him with drawn revolvers, making him throw up his hands. "We've come a long way to fight such fellows as you," we said. And then we searched him, found that he was a citizen of Chattanooga, and he came along with us.

At the river more of our party were waiting to cross. The ferryman said that the wind and waves were too high. That was well enough, but it was now Friday noon and strangers kept gathering about. I remember that we talked of the Battle of Shiloh, just fought; of the "Merrimac" and "Monitor." The Southern army, said the Confederates, had achieved a great victory and were marching resistlessly on to lay waste the North; the "Merrimac" had towed the disabled "Monitor" to Norfolk with grappling irons, and was off to bombard New York and Boston.

It was nearly five o'clock, and we were getting desperate, when the man we had held up on the road, who knew the ferryman, said to him: "These fellows are all right—Kentucky boys sick of the Yanks, who've got to get down and join our army to-night." The ferryman believed him and we started.



"'GIVE HER MORE WOOD!'"

The rough water was nothing; it was the guard on the other side we feared, but, strange to say, we stepped ashore unchallenged in Chattanooga. The train for Marietta had not left, and our Chattanooga friend even helped us to buy our tickets.

Headed now for Atlanta, we all sat in the cars, thinking. How would it be on the up trip to-morrow? Should we dash back over these bridges seeing them behind through smoke, or were we doomed? The sun sank to rest among the hills of Georgia. The station gong roused us at Dalton for supper, the last regular meal I had for eight months. I climbed back into my seat and we steamed on. The car was full of Confederate soldiers discussing the Federal advance. I dozed off. The call: "Marietta! Marietta!" woke me near midnight, and we piled out into the darkness. Other members of the party were here, Andrews among them, but I did not see him. Most of us went to bed in the station hotel, and the rest were housed around ready for the morrow.

The next morning — the memorable Saturday, April 12th—we met in Andrews' room at daybreak for final instructions. Some of the men wanted to abandon the enterprise, urging that Mitchell must have moved on Chattanooga in spite of the rain, and that trains would be escaping south, crowding the railroad, and rendering our task impossible.

Andrews, almost in whisper, but with fire in his words, disposed of these objections. "Boys," he said, "I was on a raid before, and that failed. This time I succeed, or leave my bones in Dixie." Never was there such a leader; we would have trusted him to the ends of the earth.

"Listen," he concluded as quietly (Andrews never exhorted): "When we stop at Big Shanty, Brown, Wilson, and Knight, our engineers, will go with me to the engine. Keep your seats, the rest of you, till I tell you to move. Then get off the train on the side away from the station, go forward, pass where the cars will have been uncoupled, and get aboard again. Keep your eye on me for directions in case anything happens. Shoot any one who interferes with you, but only if you must."

The train from Atlanta to Chattanooga was nearly due. Andrews grasped our hands and we hurried to the platform, where we bought tickets for different places to avoid suspicion. When the train drew in we noticed that three box-cars were coupled just behind the engine — the "General." We all sat in the same coach, and a genial young man, almost a boy — a man after Andrews' own heart, as, to our sorrow,

we were soon to learn — took up our tickets. His name was Fuller. He did not suspect us either. We whirled on past Kenesaw Mountain where Sherman and Johnston fought afterwards so bloodily. At last came the call: "Big Shanty — twenty minutes for breakfast!" That cooled our nerves. Here was the moment for action, and all but the day's delay had fallen out as planned.

We stopped between the shed and the white tents of a big Confederate camp on our left, where we could see the guards patrolling. Andrews and Knight crowded out of the cars with the passengers, but we stayed in our seats. They got off by the left steps, instead of the right, by which the passengers rushed into breakfast. What they did then took less time than to tell it, and all the while soldiers were lying on the ground a few yards from them, and a staring sentry stood twenty feet from the locomotive.

Andrews strolled on ahead of the engine to see if the track was clear. To us, waiting in that motionless car, he seemed to be gone an age; the tension was frightful. Then he walked back with Knight and, pointing between the last of the box-cars and the baggage-car, said: "Uncouple here." We could see them from the windows walking about, talking leisurely. Then he stepped to the door of our car and said in his matter-of-fact way: "Well, boys, I guess it's time to go."

We filed out on the camp side. There was Knight on the engine, and Wilson and Brown climbing into it. Andrews walked forward to the caboose, stopped a moment, turned, and, motioning to us with his hand, said lightly: "Get on, get on." We didn't stop to think of what would become of us if we didn't. Knight pulled the throttle as Andrews nodded to him and swung aboard.

Would that engine never start? It snorted, ground ahead, and then — stopped in its tracks with a great hiss of steam, and the wheels kept on buzzing around. That would alarm the trainmen. We wondered if they'd seen us. Not a sound came from the station, strange to say. It was a bad moment for us, penned up blind in the box-cars, for we did not know that Knight, in his excitement, had put the lever straight over to the full-speed notch, and the wheels had started too quickly and failed to bite on the rails.

At last we shot off at high speed. Even were they following now, we were safe, for there was no telegraph at Big Shanty. But in a moment the train slowed down and our hearts tightened up again. We were almost in sight of the camp. But Knight found the trouble, opened the dampers, which had been closed for the stop at Big Shanty, so that the fire was nearly out, and in a moment we in the box-cars heard the roar of the oil-soaked waste they threw into the fire.

We were off. The thing had been done. This big detail of men had crossed the enemy's ranks without the least alarm, had stolen a train on a line that his very being depended upon, stolen it from one of his own camps, in the middle of his country. There, in the half-darkness of the car, we soldiers simply stared at each other.

In a moment our leader came in to us, laughing. We knew he had studied the situation and provided for every contingency. He knew what trains we had to meet and pass. He knew all the stations, switches, and engines on the line. Our confidence in him was implicit. We were certain of success.

The first station was Moon — simply a shed — where trackmen were at work. Brown stopped the train, got off, and asked for their crowbar as if he owned the road; and got it. We ran on at schedule speed, knowing that we had to pass the local down freight. Our bobtail train rumbled past little stations, and we could hear the engineers chuckling at the chapfallen faces of persons waiting for the train; and we laughed too. After each station we stopped, and Scott, who was agile as a cat, ran up the pole, knocked off the wire, swung down on it, and severed it with a saw found in the car. When we had a few lifted rails aboard our sense of security was exultant. And so we passed Altoona and came to Etowa, where there was a big bridge over a stream and a branch road led off east five miles to the Etowa Iron Works.

On that branch track stood an engine — the "Yonah" — and smoke was coming from its stack. "We'd better destroy that and the bridge," we heard Knight say to Andrews. "They're only five men there and we're twenty-two." Andrews hesitated. "No," he said, and paused again; "it makes no difference — no." Then they discussed it. "We mustn't alarm them too

far from Chattanooga," said our captain quickly. "It'll be enough to burn the Oostenaula Bridge." So, he had known nothing of the "Yonah"? Now we passed Cartersville and came to Cass station, seven miles from Kingston. From Kingston a branch road led west to Rome, and a train from there would be awaiting us. It was beginning to rain

At Cass, where we stopped for wood, we heard the station-tender talking excitedly to Andrews, and Andrews answer: "Why, this is a special emergency train, under Government orders, with ammunition for General Beauregard. He's hard pressed after Shiloh." After some talk the man answered: "Sir, I would send my shirt to Beauregard if he needed it." And he gave Andrews a time-card.

Then Kingston. Here we were to pass the local freight, the card said, and then — plain sailing. We were ahead of time and the freight had not arrived. We ran past the station and backed on the side-track next to the Rome train.

Some one stepped over to our locomotive and we heard an oath. "Here's their engine with none of their men aboard," said the voice. We held our breath till we heard Andrews calmly repeating the Beauregard story. The nerve of the man! Next he walked over to the telegraph office

"ONCE MORE WE HAD TO STOP TO CUT WIRES AND TAKE UP TRACKS"

"THEY CAME INTO SIGHT. WE COULD SEE THAT THEY WERE ARMED WITH RIFLES"

and demanded why the local freight was not here. He was shown a dispatch addressed to Fuller, ordering him to wait.

And it seemed we waited for hours. Penned up in the darkness, forced to silence in the box-car, we — Beauregard's ammunition — could not understand the delay. The tension of mysterious danger was indescribable. How gladly we would have thrown open the doors and fought our way out! Low murmurs came from outside, the tread of feet, and Andrews now and then quietly answering questions.

At last we heard a whistle from the north. It was the freight. The suspense was broken. Now Andrews was talking to the freight conductor — telling the powder story, of course. We heard him raise his voice. "I tell you Beauregard must have it at once, and now you're signalling, there's another train behind you," he said. So there was a red flag on the rear of that freight, was there, and another train coming? Yes. And we heard that, after all, Mitchell had moved on Chattanooga, captured Huntsville, and that hundreds of cars were being run south.

"Mitchell is no such fool," protested Andrews. "I don't believe it. But run down the track there and let us out. I have my orders."

The freight rumbled away and the agony of waiting began again. We remembered the "Yonah." Almost an hour had passed.

Then another whistle from the north. Now we could hear Andrews talking quite distinctly. And on this train also was a red flag!

It was too much to bear. Had we only risked making the next station and smashing into the thing! And soon we heard a voice whispering carelessly through the car wall — Knight's voice. "Be ready to jump out and fight," he said. "The folks about here are getting uneasy." That cheered us — the chance of fighting. But still came the voices and the tramp of feet. What were they all saying?

Now Andrews was talking a lot: they were talking at him. He was telling even of his life in Beauregard's camp. Why hadn't they heard from Atlanta of this powder train, they said? Andrews grew angry over the management of the road.

One hour and five minutes had passed — three hours from Big Shanty — when the third whistle came from the north. And it was the last. The freight went on south without stopping. We, too, moved; and stopped. Andrews was arguing with some one and the man was angry. We heard him demand by what authority Andrews ordered about the whole road, and in a moment the familiar voice laughed, "I've no time to waste with you, old fellow," and we heard the chink of keys as the angry switchman took them from their hook and unlocked the switch. We pulled out, the fellow's threats sounding sweet and loud as our car passed him, and the suspense in which we had grown old ended.

But for all this we should have been at Dalton, forty miles on, with the Oostenaula Bridge burned and the raid a glorious success. Had we only known how close *Fuller* was behind us! Four minutes' more delay and we should have been lost then and there.

The next stop was Adairsville, ten miles away, and it would never do to make the run without tearing up track. "Push her, boys; push her," said Andrews; and they did, but before long down came the brakes. We piled out, tore up track, cut the wire, and loaded on ties, for the old "General" was a wood-burner. Soon the town moved into sight through the drizzle and there, to our joy, was the freight train we had to pass.

But while Andrews was repeating the Beauregard story in the usual storm of questions, we heard that a down passenger train, now half an hour late — the whole road was in a panic it seemed after Mitchell's move, — ought to meet the freight here also. The engineer of the latter said: "Of course, you'll wait for it here. Tell them to overhaul me at Kingston."

Quick as a shot Andrews answered: "I'll do nothing of the kind. Suppose the Yankees attack Beauregard. He hasn't powder for three hours' fight."

A fear that we were pursued now seemed to overtake us. We had got over the joy of being released from Kingston. We had been terribly delayed. What might be happening down the road all this time? Why was every one getting so suspicious? We ran to Calhoun, nine miles away, at a frightful rate. Oil was poured on the wood. "Make her show her best," said Andrews, and for us, whose fire had been pent up all day, this dash was worth ten times the risk. All chances were that we should meet the passenger train head on, and to stop us would be to stop a cannon-ball. But we could not think of danger. We rose and fell wildly on the crooked track; we were jerked and pummeled about in the car; fire streamed from under the wheels; all Georgia rushed past, and now and then we had the dizzy illusion of shooting from the rails. "Give her more wood!" shouted Knight. "Give her more wood!" Well, didn't we prefer death in a smash-up to capture?

As the shriek of the whistle died away near Calhoun, we saw the passenger train backing to the station. They had seen us just in time. We had made nine miles in seven and a half minutes, but had we been a minute longer — ! The switch was opened and we backed on the side-track.

On the side-track, yes, and in front of them. They would not move and we could not get out. Andrews said they had plenty of time to reach Adairsville before Fuller's train — ours being a special, of course. But they grew suspicious; they demanded an explanation. He retold the powder story, but he did not tell it so well. Something

seemed to have unnerved him — our escape from a smash-up perhaps. On this run we had pulled up no track, cut no wires, and a message might be going through at any minute. At last we heard him say, "I tell you, pull out your engine and let me ahead," and at this direct order they did so. Had they not we should have fired.

So now we were on the main track with no more trains to meet. An open road at last, with miles and miles of obstructions behind! It was our triumph. Only a few miles and then Resaca, beyond the Oostenaula Bridge. The bridge would be burned, and on clear rails, stopping no more, we should be running into Mitchell's arms at Chattanooga. But once more we had to stop to cut wires and take up tracks. We worked cheerfully. Scott was more agile than ever on the poles. We loaded ties like lightning. We drove and drove at the spikes; one after another they came out, but oh, how slowly! That iron bar was useless for such work. We would have given our lives for a crowfoot. Some of us were using a green wood lever to tear up a rail. Looking up, we saw Andrews for the first time showing impatience. He had thrown off his cape and high hat, and now wore a small black cap. But he, too, was thrilled somehow. Suddenly he seized the crowbar and, uttering an oath, was raining terrific blows upon a rail spike, when loud and clear from around a curve to the south came the whistle of a locomotive.

We left the bent end of the loosened rails turned up and jumped aboard. The train behind was running at lightning speed. We could hear the clamor along the rails before Brown and Knight got the valve wide open, and we were thrown from our feet as the old "General" bounded on. They came into sight. We could see that they were armed with rifles. Would they never reach that upturned rail? Now they were at the pile of ties by the track; now they passed over the break — uninjured. At every turn luck was with them. Never would they have pressed us so daringly had they known our numbers.

And now, the Oostenaula Bridge. It all depended on that. Had we time to burn it? Everything was soaking wet and beyond lay Resaca full of soldiers.

First we drew away from them, then they caught up. Over and over again this happened. We kept catching glimpses of them. They had many men. Gradually it was becoming clear that we could not burn the bridge without a fight. We were almost at it and had to act quickly. Andrews gave the order — how we would have preferred an out and out fight to this strategy! — to reverse; and we hurled back a car at them. But they saw it coming, reversed also, and picked it up. The bridge was at hand and we began dropping out ties. When we reached the trestle we dropped another car. They were following us end for end. They had better fuel or a better engine. What engine? How did they get it?

It was long before we knew how back at Big Shanty, Conductor Fuller, Engineer Cain, and Anthony Murphy, master mechanic of the road, hearing the steam escaping from the locomotive as they sat at breakfast, rushed outside and saw their train disappearing around the curve. Believing it to be in the hands of escaped conscripts they had run on foot to Moon. There they seized a hand-car, which they drove to Etowa, where they boarded the fatal "Yonah," which would have left in another minute for the Iron Works. In it they reached Kingston exactly four minutes after our disastrous wait. Here they learned who we were, and Fuller, rising to the emergency, as only he or Andrews could, seized the engine of the Rome train and followed us till stopped by our track-wrecking. They ran on foot to Adairsville, met the approaching freight near the town, stopped it, ran back into the station, threw off the cars, and were hot after us with a fresh engine. . . .

Now they had caught up the car we dropped on the trestle. We ran through Resaca slowly. Was all the road alarmed? A grim determination was fixed in our faces. Our hope now was to disable them. We stopped and placed a bent rail across the track. But they did not even slow up near it, and we saw them jounced a foot in air as they ran over it safely. What a race!

Fuel and ties were low, but Andrews began to give his orders more and more coolly. Ahead lay Green's Wood station and we hacked the walls of the car for fuel to reach it. They whistled to alarm the keeper, but we piled out at the place and threw on ties frantically. We were only half supplied when they hove in sight. They came so near that they had to reverse to prevent collision.

Then we were off again, dropping ties. Now and then they slowed up to clear the track, and we could see them working with our own fury. We had wood, a great head of steam now, and we might make it yet. We drew out of sight. We passed through Tilton and pulled up at the water tank. We needed water. Andrews told the old powder story and we could hardly keep straight faces in our wrecked car.

And before the tank was full they were in sight, and we were off again for Dalton. Dalton was the biggest town since Marietta. Before we reached it we halted on a curve, cut wires, and pulled up rails. In the town we stopped at the station switch and Andrews ran forward to see if the track was clear. He had no time for the powder story now. "I am running this train through to Chattanooga," he said, "and I have no time to spare." Then came the whistle of their locomotive. There was nothing to be gained by care now. He nodded to Knight, Knight put on full steam, and we rushed at the depot which was built over the track, and pitched bewildered through a second's darkness right out upon a curve, where it seemed we were sliding off the rails. What the people there knew of us — what they thought of our battered car — what mattered anything now?

Once more we must cut the wires, for there was a telegraph at Dalton. It would be the last time, for beyond lay the Chickamauga bridges, and them we must burn if it cost us a fight or worse. But there came their whistle again. We worked desperately, but before the rail was loose they were upon us. We did not know it then, but Scott swung down from the pole upon the wire too late,— too late by a single minute, for the message Fuller sent from Dalton did get through, and even had we reached Chattanooga we should have been lost.

The tunnel was ahead now,— an ideal place for an ambush, but Andrews gave no order to halt and fight. He was not a soldier and had never been in battle. We pitched on through the darkness. Fuller plunged in behind while our smoke still filled the holes. He did not quail at the chance of running into a trap or crashing into us. Fuller knew of the Chickamauga bridges.

Andrews gave orders to fire our last car. It was our only chance and he knew it. But car and fuel were drenched. We tore at the walls, poured oil on the wood, and nursed the flame. Before the covered bridge we slowed up, drew out the coupling, and all jumped aboard the engine. The blazing car stopped in the middle of the bridge. We came to rest beyond and watched it. This was the crisis. Everything depended on how soon the fire caught the structure. We had only a handful of wood left. Would the flames never lick up into the rafters? The car was burning fast, but the timbers above were too wet. There was their whistle now, the rumble of the foe along the track, and we could see their guns glint through the flames. The race was almost run.

We moved on slowly. They caught up the burning car and shoved it on. We ran slowly through to Ringgold, where they shunted it off. They followed on, always in sight. We threw on our last wood. They could have overtaken us easily — but why? They knew they were running us to destruction.

We threw our papers into the furnace and Andrews even burned his saddle-bag.

How did we feel at this moment, knowing all was lost? No worse, I think, than on the eve of battle. We could still turn and attack them; we did not fear that. It had been talked of continually on the run. Here, five miles north of Ringgold, nineteen south of Chattanooga, in a rough woody country cut by the swollen branches of Chickamauga Creek, we huddled in the wood-box of the tender and looked to our leader for such an order. And he who saw the most cherished plans of his life fail at the brink of success, gave the fatal command: "Scatter in small parties and escape the best way you can."

We swung off one by one as the engine slowed down. Brown reversed the lever, and I saw him drop to the ground with Knight and Andrews as the old "General" which had behaved so splendidly rumbled slowly backwards. Fuller stopped his engine, received our exhausted one gently, and one of his men leaped over the tender and closed the valve. The railroad race was over.

When I had gathered my wits Robinson was at my side, and we dove off through the brush and over the ditch into the woods. Fast and blindly we traveled, not knowing where we were or what direction we took. As dawn appeared we climbed

a ridge and hid by a log under some brush. Several times during the day we could hear searching parties, and at night, when we started down to the valley, ran into a squad of Confederates. We told the Flemingsburg, Kentucky, story, and they nodded at each other wisely. I kept protesting my innocence, but at Tunnel Hill, where they took us, I was tied over a stone and given a hundred lashes. I bear the marks to-day.

What became of us all? We were all captured, scattered over miles and miles of that wild country, taken within three days. All told the Flemingsburg story and that came to stamp each of us, when challenged, as one of the raiders who had set the whole section wild in pursuit. And in that story lay a great irony, for, years before, Andrews had come from some unknown quarter to Flemingsburg, a ruined man, determined to begin life anew; from Flemingsburg he had first set out as a spy; at Flemingsburg lived a woman whom in six months he was pledged to wed.

How seven of us were hung from one scaffold eleven days after; how the rest of us suffered, chained in underground prisons; how we broke jail; how finally five of us were captured and exchanged, and, last of all, how Congress awarded the first medals of honor ever given to the service of private soldiers to the families of those who perished, — all this is not the least part of the raid's history.

But Andrews left his bones in Dixie. He was tried by court-martial at Chattanooga and executed June 7, 1862. Quite unmoved and without the least tone of bravado, he said as he walked to the scaffold: "Boys, I have often thought I would like to see what lies on the other side of Jordan."

MY FRIEND PROSPERO

BY

HENRY HARLAND

AUTHOR OF "THE CARDINAL'S SNUFF-BOX"

PART FOURTH

I

PACING together backwards and forwards, as they talked, John and his friend Winthorpe presented a striking and perhaps interesting contrast. John was tall, but Winthorpe seemed a good deal taller — though, (trifles in these matter looming so large), had actual measurements been taken, I daresay half an inch would have covered the difference. John was lean and sinewy, but "rounded off" at the joints, and of a pliant carriage, so that it never occurred to you to think of him as *thin*. Winthorpe's spare figure, spare and angular, with its greater height, held unswervingly to the plane of the perpendicular, appeared absolutely to be constructed of nothing but bone and wire.

John's head, with its yellow hair, its curly beard verging towards red, its pink skin, and blue eyes full of laughter, might have served a painter as a model for the head of Mirth. Winthorpe's, — with brown hair cropped close, and showing the white of the scalp; clean-shaven, but of a steely tint where the razor had passed; with a marked jaw-bone and a salient square chin; with a high-bridged determined nose, and a white forehead rising vertical over thick black eyebrows, and rather deep-set grey eyes, — well, clap a steeple-crowned hat upon it, and you could have posed him for one of his own Puritan ancestors. The very clothes of the men carried on their unlikeness, — John's loose blue flannels and red sailor's knot, careless-seeming, but smart in their effect, and showing him careful in a fashion of his own; Winthorpe's black tie and dark tweeds, as correct as Savile Row could turn them out, yet somehow, by the way he wore them, proclaiming him immediately a man who never gave two thoughts to his dress. If, however, Winthorpe's face was the face of a Puritan, it was the face of a Puritan with a sense of humour — the lines about the mouth were clearly the footprints of smiles. It seemed the face of a sensitive Puritan, as well, and (maugre that high-bridged nose) of a gentle — the light in his clear grey eyes was a kindly and gentle light. After all, Governor Bradford, as his writings show, — though he tried hard, perhaps, not to let them show it — was a Puritan with a sense of humour; John Alden and Priscilla were surely sensitive and gentle: and Winthorpe was descended from Governor Bradford, and from John Alden and Priscilla. The two friends walked backwards and forwards in the great open space before the Castle, and talked. They had not met for nearly two years, and had plenty to talk about.

II

Seated at one of the open windows of the pavilion beyond the clock, Maria Dolores (in a pale green confection of I know not what airy, filmy tissue) looked down, and somewhat vaguely watched them, — herself concealed by the netted curtain, which, according to Italian usage, was hung across the casement, to mitigate the heat and shut out insects. She watched them at first vaguely, and only from time to time, for the rest going on with some needlework she had in her lap. But by-and-bye she dropped her needlework altogether, and her watching became continuous and absorbed.

"What a singular-looking man," she thought, studying Winthorpe. "What an ascetic-looking man. He looks like an early Christian martyr. He looks like a priest. I believe he *is* a priest. English priests," she remembered, "when they travel, often dress as laymen. Yes, he is a priest, and a terribly austere one — I shouldn't like to go to him to confession. But in spite of his austerity, he seems to be extraordinarily happy about something just at present. That light in his eyes, — it is almost a light of ecstasy. It is a light I have never seen in any eyes, save those of priests and nuns."

Winthorpe, while that "almost ecstatic" light shone in his eyes, had been speaking.

Now, as he paused, John, with a glance of gay astonishment, halted, and turned so as to face him. John's lips moved, and it was perfectly plain that he was exclaiming, delightedly, "Really? *Really?*"

Winthorpe joyously nodded; whereupon John held out both hands, got hold of his friend's, and, his pink face jubilant, shook them with tremendous heartiness.

"The priest has received advancement — he is probably to be made a bishop," inferred Maria Dolores; "and Signor Prospero is congratulating him."

The men resumed their walk; but for quite a minute John kept his hand on Winthorpe's shoulder, and again and again gently patted it, murmuring, "I am so glad, so immensely glad." Maria Dolores was quite sure that this was what he murmured, for, though no word could reach her, John's beaming face spoke louder than his voice.

At last John let his hand drop, and, eyebrows raised a little, asked a question.

"But how did it happen? But tell me all about it," was what he seemed to say.

And Winthorpe (always with something of that ecstatic light in his eyes) proceeded to answer. But it was a longish story, and lasted through half a dozen of their forward and backward ambulations. Apparently, furthermore, it was a story which, as it developed, became less and less agreeable to the mind of John; for his face, at first all awake with interest, all aglow with pleasure, gradually sobered, gradually darkened.

took on a frown, expressed dissent, expressed disapprobation, till, finally, with an impatient movement, he interrupted, and began — speaking rapidly, heatedly — to protest, to remonstrate.

"Ah," thought Maria Dolores, "the priest is to be made a bishop, sure enough, — but a Missionary Bishop. It isn't for nothing that he looks like an early Christian martyr. He is going to some outlandish, savage part of the world, where he will be murdered by the natives, or die of fever or loneliness. He is a man who has listened to the Counsels of Perfection. But his unascetic friend Prospero (one would say June remonstrating with December) can't bring himself to like it."

John remonstrated, protested, argued. Winthorpe, calmly, smilingly, restated his purpose and his motives. John pleaded, implored, appealed (so the watcher read his gesture) to earth, to heaven. Winthorpe took his arm, and calmly, smilingly, tried to soothe, tried to convince him. John drew his arm free, and, employing it to add force and persuasiveness to his speech, renewed his arguments, pointed out how unnecessary, inhuman, impossible the whole thing was. "It's monstrous. It's against all nature. There's no *reason* in it. What does it *rhyme* with? It's wilfully going out of your way to seek, to create, wretchedness. My mind simply refuses to accept it." It was as if Maria Dolores could hear the words. But Winthorpe, calm and smiling, would not be moved. John shook his head, muttered, shrugged his shoulders, threw up his hands, muttered again. "Was ever such pig-headed obstinacy! Was ever such arbitrary, voluntary blindness! I give you up, for a perverse, a triple-pated madman!" And so, John muttering and frowning, Winthorpe serenely smiling, reiterating, they passed round the corner of the Castle buildings, and were lost to Maria Dolores' view.

III

That afternoon, seated on the moss, under a tall eucalyptus tree near to Frau Brandt's pavilion, Maria Dolores received a visit from Annunziata.

Annunziata's pale little face was paler, her big grave eyes were graver, even than their wont. She nodded her head, slowly, portentously; and her glance was heavy with significance.

Maria Dolores smiled. "What is the matter?" she cheerfully enquired.

"Ah," sighed Annunziata, deeply, with another portentous head-shake, "I wish I knew."

Maria Dolores laughed. "Sit down, she suggested, making room beside her on the moss, "and try to think."

Annunziata sat down, curled herself up. "Something has happened to Prospero," she said, *de profundis*.

"Oh?" asked Maria Dolores. "What?" She seemed heartlessly cheerful, and even rather amused.

"Ah," sighed Annunziata, "that is what I wish I knew. He has had a friend to pass the day with him."

"Yes?" said Maria Dolores. "I expect I saw his friend walking with him this morning?"

"*Già*," said Annunziata. "They have been walking about all day. *His* friend Prospero he calls him. But he doesn't look very prosperous. He looks like a slate-pencil. He is long and thin, and dark and cold, and hard, just like a slate-pencil. He would not stay the night, though we had a bed prepared for him. He is going to Rome, and Prospero has driven him to the railway station at Cortello. I hate him," wound up Annunziata, simply.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Maria Dolores, opening her eyes, "Why do you hate him?"

"Because he must have said or done something very unkind to Prospero," answered Annunziata. "Oh you should see him. He is so sad — so sad and so angry. He keeps scowling, and shaking his head, and saying things in English, which I cannot understand, but I am sure they are sad things and angry things. And he would not eat any dinner, — no, not that much," (Annunziata measured off an inch on her finger), "he who always eats a great deal, — *eh, ma molto, molto,*" and, separating her hands, she measured off something like twenty inches in the air.

Maria Dolores couldn't help laughing a little at this. But afterwards she said, on a key consolatory, "Ah, well, he has gone away now, so let us hope your friend Prospero will promptly recover his accustomed appetite."

"Yes," said Annunziata, "I hope so. But oh, that old slate-pencil man, how I hate him! I would like to — *ubbb!*" She

clenched her little white fist, and shook it, threateningly, vehemently, while her eyes fiercely flashed. . . . Next instant, however, her mien entirely changed. Like a light extinguished, all the fierceness went out of her face, making way for what seemed pain and terror. "There," she cried, pain and terror in her voice, "I have offended God. Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry. My sin, my sin, my sin," she murmured, bowing her head, and thrice striking her breast. "I take back every word I said. I do not hate him. I would not hurt him — I would not even stick a pin in him — if I had him at my mercy. No — I would do anything I could to help him. I would give him anything I had that he could want. I would give him my coral rosary. I would give him" — she hesitated, struggled, and at last, drawing a deep breath, gritting her teeth, in supreme renunciation — "yes, I would give him my tame kid," she forced herself to pronounce, with a kind of desperate firmness. "But see," she wailed, her little white brow a mesh of painful wrinkles, "it is all no good. God is still angry. Oh, what shall I do?" And, to the surprise and distress of Maria Dolores, she burst into a sudden passion of tears, sobbing, sobbing, with that abandonment of grief which only children know.

"My dear, my dear," exclaimed Maria Dolores, drawing her to her. "My dearest, you mustn't cry like that. Dear little Annunziata. What is it? Why do you cry so, dear one? Answer me. Tell me."

But Annunziata only buried her face in Maria Dolores' sleeve, and moaned, while long, tremulous convulsions shook her frail little body. Maria Dolores put both arms about her, hugged her close, and laid her cheek upon her hair.

"Darling Annunziata, don't cry. Why should you cry so, dearest? God is not angry with you. Why should you think that God is angry with you? God loves you, darling. Everyone loves you. There, there — dearest — don't cry. Sweet one, dear one."

Transitions, with Annunziata, were sometimes inexplicably rapid. All at once her sobbing ceased; she looked up, and smiled, smiled radiantly, from a face that was wet and glistening with tears. "Thanks be to God," she piously exulted; "God is not angry any more."

"Of course He isn't," said Maria Dolores, tightening her hug, and touching Annunziata's curls lightly with her lips. "But He was never angry. What made you think that God was angry?"

Annunziata's big eyes widened. "Didn't you notice?" she asked, in a hushed voice, amazed.

"No," wondered Maria Dolores. "What was there to notice?"

"He made them draw a cloud over the sun," Annunziata whispered. "Didn't you notice that when I said I would like to — when I said what I said about that friend of Prospero's — just then they drew a cloud across the sun? That is a sign that God is angry. The sun, you know, is the window in Heaven through which God looks down on the world, and through which the light of Heaven shines on the world. And when the window is open, we feel happy and thankful, and wish to sing and laugh. But when we have done something to make God angry with us, then He sends angels to draw clouds over the window, so that we may be shut out of His sight, and the light of Heaven may be shut off from us. And then we are lonely and cold, and we could quarrel with anything, even with the pigs. God wishes to show us how bad it would be always to be shut off from His sight. But now they have drawn the cloud away, so God is not angry any more. I made a good act of contrition, and He has forgiven me."

Maria Dolores smiled, but under her smile there was a look of seriousness, a look of concern.

"My dear," she said smiling, and looking concerned, "you should try to control your vivid little imagination. If every time a cloud crosses the sun, you are going to assume the responsibility for it, and to fancy that you have offended God, I'm afraid you'll have rather an agitated life."

"Oh, no; not *every* time," exclaimed Annunziata, and she was manifestly on the point of making a fine distinction, when abruptly the current of her ideas was diverted. "Sh-h! There comes Prospero," she cried, starting up. "I can see the top of his white hat above the rhododendron bushes. He has driven his friend to Cortello, and come home. I must run away, or he will see that I've been crying. Don't tell him," she begged, putting her finger on her lips; and she set off running, towards

the presbytery, just as John stepped forth from behind the long hedge of rhododendrons.

IV

John stepped forth from behind the rhododendrons, with a kind of devil-may-care, loose, aimless gait, the brim of his Panama pulled brigandishly down over one ear, his hands in the pockets of his coat, his head bent, his brow creased, his eyes sombre, every line and fibre of his person advertising him the prey of morose disgust. But when he saw Maria Dolores, he hastily straightened up, unpocketed his hands, took off his hat (giving it a flap that set the brim at a less truculent angle), and smiled. And when, the instant after, he caught sight of the flying form of Annunziata, his smile turned into a glance of wonder.

"What is the matter with Annunziata? Why is she running with all her legs like that?" he asked.

Maria Dolores had the tiniest catch of laughter. "She is running away from you," she answered.

"From *me?*" marvelled John. "*Je suis donc un foudre de guerre?* What on earth is she running away from me for?"

Maria Dolores smiled mysteriously.

"Ah," she said, "she asked me not to tell you. I am in the delicate position of confidante."

"And therefore I hope you'll tell me with the less reluctance," said John, urbanely unprincipled. "A confidante always betrays her confidence to someone,—that's the part of the game that makes it worth while."

Maria Dolores' smile deepened.

"In that pale green frock, on that bank of dark-green moss, with her complexion and her hair,—by Jove, how stunning she is," thought John, in a commotion.

"Well," she said, "Annunziata ran away because she didn't want you to see that she'd been crying."

John raised his eyebrows, the blue eyes under them becoming expressive of dismay.

"Crying?" he echoed. "The poor little kiddie. What had she been crying about?"

"That is a long story, and involves some of her peculiar theological tenets," said Maria Dolores. "But, in a single word, about your friend."

John's eyebrows descended to their normal level, and drew together.

"Crying about my friend? What friend?" he puzzled.

"Your friend the priest—the man who has been passing the day here with you," explained Maria Dolores.

John gave a start, threw back his head, and eyed her with astonishment.

"That is extraordinary," he exclaimed.

"What?" asked she, lightly glancing up.

"That you should call him my friend the priest," said John, wagging a bewildered head.

"Why? Isn't he a priest? He has all the air of one," said Maria Dolores.

"No, he's an American millionaire," said John, succinctly.

Maria Dolores moved in her place, and laughed.

"Dear me," she said, "I did strike wide of the mark. An American millionaire should cultivate a less deceptive appearance. With that thin, shaven face of his, and that look of an early Christian martyr in his eyes, and the dark clothes he wears, wherever he goes he's sure to be mistaken for a priest."

"Yes," said John, with a kind of grimness; "that's what's extraordinary. He comes of a long line of bigoted Protestants, he's a reincarnation of some of his stern old Puritan forebears, and you find that he looks like their pet abomination, a Romish priest. Well, you have a prophetic eye."

Maria Dolores gazed up enquiringly. "A prophetic eye?" she questioned.

"I merely mean," said John, with thaumaturgic airiness, "that the man is on his way to Rome to study for the priesthood." And he gave a thaumaturgic toss to his bearded chin.

"Oh!" cried Maria Dolores, and leaned back against her eucalyptus tree, and laughed again.

John, however, dejectedly shook his head, and gloomed.

"Laugh if you will," he said, "though it seems to me as far as possible from a laughing matter, and I think Annunziata chose the better part when she cried."

"I beg your pardon," said Maria Dolores, perhaps a trifle stiffly. "I was only laughing at the coincidence of my having supposed him to be a priest, and then learning that, though he isn't, he is going to become one. I was not laughing at the fact itself. Nor was it," she added, her stiffness leaving

her, and a little glimmer of amusement taking its place, "that fact which made Annunziata cry."

"I daresay not," responded John, "seeing that she couldn't possibly have known it. But it might well have done so. It's enough to bring tears to the eyes of a brazen image." He angrily jerked his shoulders.

"What!" cried Maria Dolores, surprised, rebukeful. "That a man is to become a holy priest!"

"Oh, no," said John. "That fact alone, detached from special circumstances, might be a subject for rejoicing. But the fact that this particular man, *in* his special circumstances, is to become a priest — well, I simply have no words to express my feeling." He threw out his arms, in a gesture of despair. "I'm simply sick with rage and pity. I could gnash my teeth and rend my garments."

"Mercy!" cried Maria Dolores, stirring. "What are the special circumstances?"

"Oh, it's a grisly history," said John. "It's a tale of the wanton, ruthless, needless, purposeless sacrifice of two lives. It's his old black icy Puritan blood. Winthorpe — that's his name — had for years been a freethinker, far too intellectual and enlightened, and that sort of thing, you know, to believe any such old wives' tale as the Christian Religion. He and I used to have arguments, tremendous ones, in which, of course, neither in the least shook the other. Darwin and Spencer, with a dash of his native Emerson, were religion enough for him. Then this morning he arrived here, and said, 'Congratulate me. A month ago I was received into the Church.'"

Maria Dolores looked up, animated, her dark eyes sparkling.

"How splendid," she said.

"Yes," agreed John, "so I thought. 'Congratulate me,' he said. I should think I did congratulate him, — with all my heart and soul. But then, naturally, I asked him how it had happened, what had brought it to pass."

"Yes — ?" prompted Maria Dolores, as he paused.

"Well," said John, his face hardening, "he thereupon proceeded to tell me in his quiet way, with his cool voice (it's like smooth-flowing cold water), absolutely the most inhuman story I have ever had to keep my patience and listen to."

"What was the story?" asked Maria Dolores.

"If you can credit such inhumanity, it was this," answered John. "It seems that he fell in love — with a girl in Boston, where he lives. And what's more, and worse, the girl fell in love with him. So there they were, engaged. But she was a Catholic, and his state of unbelief was a cause of great grief to her. So she pleaded with him, and persuaded, till, merely to comfort her, and without the faintest suspicion that his scepticism could be weakened, he promised to give the Catholic position a thorough reconsideration, to read certain books, and to put himself under instruction with a priest: which he did. Which he did, if you please, with the result, to his own unutterable surprise, that one fine day he woke up and discovered that he'd been convinced, that he *believed*."

"Yes?" said Maria Dolores eagerly. "Yes — ? And then? And the girl?"

"Ah," said John, with a groan, "the girl! That's the pity of it. That's where his black old Puritan blood comes in. Blood? It isn't blood — it's some fluid form of stone — it's flint dissolved in vinegar. The girl! Mind you, she loved him, they were engaged to be married. Well, he went to her, and said, 'I have been converted. I believe in the Christian religion — your religion. But I can't believe a thing like that, and go on living as I lived when I didn't believe it, — go on living as if it weren't true, or didn't matter. It does matter — it matters supremely — it's the only thing in the world that matters. I can't believe it, and *marry* — marry, and live in tranquil indifference to it. No, I must put aside the thought of marriage, the thought of personal happiness. I must sell all I have and give it to the poor, take up my cross and follow Him. I am going to Rome to study for the priesthood.' Imagine," groaned John, stretching out his hands, "*imagine* talking like that to a woman you are supposed to love, to a woman who loves you." And he wrathfully ground his heel into the earth.

Maria Dolores looked serious.

"After all, he had to obey his conscience," she said. "After all, he was logical, he was consistent."

"Oh, his conscience! Oh, consistency!" cried John, with an intolerant fling of the body. "At bottom it's nothing better than

common self-indulgence, as I took the liberty of telling him to his face. It's the ardour of the convert, acting upon that acid solution of flint which takes the place of blood in his veins, and causing sour puritanical impulses which (like any other voluptuary) he immediately gives way to. It's nothing better than unbridled passion. Conscience, indeed! Where was his conscience when it came to *her?* Think of that poor girl — that poor pale girl — who *loved* him. Oh, Mother of Mercy!"

He moved impatiently three steps to the left, three steps to the right, beating the palm of one hand with the back of the other.

"What did she do? How did she take it?" asked Maria Dolores.

"What she ought to have done," said John, between his teeth, "was to scratch his eyes out. What she did do, as he informed me with a seraphic countenance, was not merely to approve of everything he said, but to determine to do likewise. So, while he's on his way to Rome, to get himself tonsured and becassocked, she's scrubbing the floors of an Ursuline convent, as a novice. And there are two lives spoiled." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, no, no," contended Maria Dolores, earnestly, shaking her head, "not spoiled. On the contrary. It is sad, in a way, if you like, but it is very beautiful, it is heroic. Their love must have been a very beautiful love, that could lead them to such self-sacrifice. Two lives given to God."

"Can't people give their lives to God without ceasing to *live?*" cried John. "If marriage is a sacrament, how can they better give their lives to God than by living sanely and sweetly in Christian marriage? But these people withdraw from life, renounce life, shirk and evade the life that God had prepared for them and was demanding of them. It's as bad as suicide. Besides, it implies such a totally perverted view of religion. Religion surely is given to us to help us to *live,* to show us *how* to live, to enable us to meet the difficulties, emergencies, responsibilities of life. But these people look upon their religion as a mandate to turn their backs on the responsibilities of life, and scuttle away. And as for *love!* Well, she no doubt did love, poor lady. But Winthorpe! No. When a man loves he doesn't send his love into a convent, and go to Rome to get himself becassocked." He gave his head a nod of finality.

"That, I fancy, is a question of temperament," said Maria Dolores. "Your friend has the ascetic temperament. And it does not by any means follow that he loves less because he resigns his love. What you call an inhuman story seems to me a wonderfully noble one. I saw your friend this morning, when he and you were walking together, and I said to myself, that man looks as if he had listened to the Counsels of Perfection. His vocation shines through him. I think you should reconcile yourself to his accepting it."

"Well," said John, on the tone of a man ready to change the subject, "I owe him at least one good mark. His account of his 'heart-state' led me to examine my own, and I discovered that I am in love myself,— which is a useful thing to know."

"Oh?" said Maria Dolores, with a little effect of reserve.

"Yes," said John, nothing daunted, "though unlike his, mine is an unreciprocated flame, and unavowed."

"Ah?" said Maria Dolores, reserved indeed, but not without an undertone of sympathy.

"Yes," said John, playing with fire, and finding therein a heady mixture of fearfulness and joy. "The woman I love doesn't dream I love her, and dreams still less of loving me,— for which blessed circumstance may Heaven make me truly thankful."

The sentiment sounding unlikely, Maria Dolores raised doubtful eyes. They shone into John's; his drank their light; and something violent happened in his bosom.

"Oh—?" she said.

"Yes," said he, thinking what adorable little hands she had, as they lay loosely clasped in her lap, thinking how warm they would be, and fragrant; thinking too what fun it was, this playing with fire, how perilous and exciting, and how egotistical he must seem to her, and how nothing on earth should prevent him from continuing the play. "Yes," he said, "it's a circumstance to be thankful for, because, like Winthorpe himself, though for different reasons, I'm unable to contemplate marriage." His voice sank sorrowfully, and he made a sorrowful movement.

"Oh—?" said Maria Dolores, her sympathy becoming more explicit.

"Winthorpe's too beastly puritanical — and I'm too beastly poor," said he.

"Oh," she murmured. Her eyes softened; her sympathy deepened to compassion.

"She must certainly put me down as the most complacent egotist in two hemispheres, so to regale her with unsolicited information about myself," thought John; "but surely it would need six hemispheres to produce another pair of eyes as beautiful as hers." — "Yes," he said, "I should be 'looking up' if I asked even a beggar maid to marry me."

Maria Dolores' beautiful eyes became thoughtful as well as compassionate.

"But men who are poor work and earn money," she said, on the tone that young women adopt when the spirit moves them to preach to young men. And when the spirit does move them to that, things may be looked upon as having advanced an appreciable distance, the ball may be looked upon as rolling.

"So I've heard," said John, his head in the clouds. "It must be dull business."

Maria Dolores dimly smiled. "Do *you* do no work?" she asked.

"I've never had time," said John. "I've been too busy enjoying life."

"Oh," said Maria Dolores, with the intonation of reproach.

"Yes," said he, "enjoying the Humour, the Romance, the Beauty of it, — and combine the three together, make a chord of 'em, you get the Divinity. Or, to take a lower plane, the world's a stage, and life's the drama. I could never leave off watching and listening long enough to do any work."

"But do you not wish to play a part in the drama, to be one of the actors?" asked his gentle homilist. "Have you no ambition?"

"Not an atom," he easily confessed. "The part of spectator seems to me by far the pleasantest. To sit in the stalls and watch the incredible jumble-show, the reason-defying topsey-turveydom of it, the gorgeous, squalid, tearful, and mirthful pageantry, the reckless inconsequences, the flagrant impossibilities; to watch the Devil ramping up and down like a hungry lion, and to hear the young-eyed cherubins choiring from the skies: what better entertainment could the heart of man desire?"

"But are we here merely to be entertained?" she sweetly preached, while John's blue eyes somewhat mischievously laughed, and he felt it hard that he couldn't stop her rose-red mouth with kisses. "Aren't we here to be, as the old-fashioned phrase goes, of use in the world? Besides, now that you are in love, surely you will never sit down weakly, and say, 'I am too poor to marry,' and so give up your love, — like your friend Winthorpe indeed, but for ignoble instead of noble motives. Surely you will set to work with determination, and earn money, and make it possible to marry. Or else your love must be a very poor affair." And her adorable little hands, as they lay ("like white lilies," thought John) upon the pale-green fabric of her gown, unclasped themselves, opened wide for an instant, showing the faint pink of their palms, then lightly again interlaced their fingers.

He laughed. "You are delicious," he said to her fervently, in silence. "My love is all right," he said aloud. "I love her as much as it is humanly possible to love. I love her with passion, with tenderness; with worship, with longing; I love her with wonder; I love her with sighs, with laughter. I love her with all I have and with all I am. And I owe one to Winthorpe for having unwittingly opened my eyes to my condition. But earning money? I've a notion it's difficult. What could I do?"

"Have you no profession?" she asked.

"Not the ghost of one," said he, with nonchalance.

"But is there no profession that appeals to you — for which you feel that you might have a taste?" Her dark eyes were very earnest.

"Not the ghost of one," said he, dissembling his amusement. "Professions — don't they all more or less involve sitting shut up in stuffy offices, among pigeon-holes full of dusty and futile papers, doing tiresome tasks for the greater glory of other people, like a slave in the hold of a galley? No, if I'm to work, I must work at something that will keep me above decks — something that will keep me out of doors, in touch with the air and the earth. I might become an agricultural labourer, — but that's not very munificently paid; or a farmer, — but that would require perhaps more capital than I could command, and anyhow the profits are uncertain. I've an uncle who's a bit of a farmer, and year in, year out, I believe he makes a loss. Well, what's left? . . . Ah, a gardener. I don't think I should half mind being a gardener."

Maria Dolores looked as if she weren't sure whether or not to take him seriously.

"A gardener? That's not very munificently paid either, is it?" she suggested, trying her ground.

"Alas, I fear not," sighed John. Then he made a grave face. "But would you have me entirely mercenary? Money isn't everything here below."

Maria Dolores smiled. She saw that for the moment at least he was not to be taken seriously.

"True," she agreed, "though it ran in my mind that to earn money, so that you might marry, was your only motive for going to work at all."

"I had forgotten that," said the light-minded fellow. "I was thinking of occupations that would keep one in touch with the earth. A gardener's occupation keeps him constantly in the charmingest possible sort of touch with her, and the most intimate."

"Do they call the earth *her* in English?" asked Maria Dolores. "I thought they said *it*."

"I'm afraid, for the greater part, they do," answered John. "But it's barbarous of them, it's unfilial. Our brown old mother, fancy begrudging her the credit of her sex. Our brown and green old mother; our kindly, bounteous mother; our radiant, our queenly mother, old, and yet perennially, radiantly young. Look at her now," he cried, circling the garden with his arm, and pointing to the farther landscape, "look at her, shining in her robes of pearl and gold, shining and smiling, — one would say a bride arrayed for the altar. Such is her infinite variety. Her infinite variety, her infinite abundance, the fragrance and the sweetness of her, — oh, I could fall upon my face and worship her, like a Pagan of Old. The earth and all that grows and lives upon her, the blossoming tree, the singing bird, — I could build temples to her."

"And the crawling snake?" put in Maria Dolores, a gleam at the bottom of her eyes.

"The crawling snake," quickly retorted John, "serves a most useful purpose. He establishes the *raison d'être* of man. Man and his heel are here to crush the serpent's head."

Maria Dolores leaned back, softly laughing.

"Your infatuation for the earth is so great," she said, "mightn't your ladylove, if she suspected it, be jealous."

"No," said John, "it is the earth that might be jealous, for, until I saw my ladylove, she was the undivided mistress of my heart. For the rest, my ladylove enjoys, upon this point, my entire confidence. I have kept nothing from her."

"That is well," approved Maria Dolores. "And the sky and the sea," still softly laughing, she asked, "have they no place in your affections?"

"The sky is her tiring-maiden, and I love the sky for that," said John. "'Tis the sky that clothes her in her many-coloured raiment, and holds the light whereby her beauty is made manifest. And the sea is a jewel that she bears upon her bosom, — a magical jewel, whence, with the sky's aid, she draws the soft rain that is her scent and her cosmetic. 'Fragrant the fertile earth after soft showers.' Do you know, I could almost forgive the dour and detestable Milton everything for the sake of those seven words. They show that in the sense of smell he had at least one attribute of humanity."

Maria Dolores' dark eyes were quizzical.

"The dour and detestable Milton?" she exclaimed. "Poor Milton! What has he done to merit such anathema?"

"It isn't what he has done, but what he *was*," said John. "That he was dour nobody will deny, dour and sour and inhuman. Ask those unfortunate, long-suffering daughters of his, if you doubt it. *They* could tell you stories. But he was worse. He was a scribe and a pharisee, a pragmatical, self-righteous, canting old scribe and pharisee. And he was worse still, and still worse yet. He was — what seems to me to-day the worstest thing unhung — he was a Puritan. Like Winthorpe's, his blood was black and icy and vinegarish. Like Winthorpe — But there. I mustn't abuse Winthorpe any more, and I must try to forgive Milton. Milton wrote seven good words, and Winthorpe unwittingly opened a lover's eyes to his condition."

He paused, and smiled down upon her, and his newly opened (and very blue) blue eyes said much. Her eyes were dreaming on the landscape, where it shone in pearl and gold. However, as she gave no sign of finding his conversation wearisome, he took heart, and continued.

"For when he told me how he had put his love away, never again to see her, and how at that moment she would be scrubbing floors (or taking the discipline, perhaps?) in a convent of Ursulines, suddenly, and without any action of the will on my part, there rose before me the vision of a certain woman; — a woman I knew a little, admired immensely, very much liked, but didn't for an instant suppose I was seriously in love with. And involuntarily, with the vision of her before me, I asked myself whether, *mutatis mutandis*, I could have done as he had, and in a flash I saw that I could not, — that not for the wealth of Ormus and of Ind could I or would I give her up, if once I had her. So, by that token, and by the uncommon wrath with which his tale inflamed me," John, with a rhetorical flourish, perorated, "I discovered that I loved." And again his eyes said much.

Hers were still on the prospect.

"Yet if you only know her a little, how can you love her?" she asked, in a musing voice.

"Did I say I only knew her a little?" asked John. "I know her a great deal. I know her through and through. I know that she is pure gold, pure crystal; that she is made of all music, all light, all sweetness, and of all shadow and silence and mystery too, as women should be. I know that earth holds naught above her. I do not care to employ superlatives, so, to put it in the form of an understatement, I know that she is simply and absolutely perfect. If you could see her! If you could see her eyes, her deep-glowing, witty, humorous, mischievous, innocent eyes, with the soul that burns in them, the passion that sleeps. If you could see the black soft masses of her hair, and her white brow, and the pale-rose of her cheeks, and the red-rose of her lovely smiling mouth. If you could see her figure, slender and strong, and the grace and pride of her carriage, — the carriage of an imperial princess. If you could see her hands, — they lie in her lap like languid lilies; and her voice, — 'tis the colour of her mouth and the glow of her eyes made audible. And if you could whisper to yourself her melodious and thrice adorable name. I know her a great deal. When I said that I only knew her a little, I meant it in the sense that she only knows me a little, — which after all, alas, for practical purposes comes to the same thing."

He had spoken with emphasis, with fervour, his pink face animated and full of intention. Maria Dolores kept her soft-glowing eyes resolutely away from him, but I think the soul that burned in them (if not the passion that slept) was vaguely troubled. *Qui parle d'amour* — how does the French proverb run? Did she vaguely feel perhaps that the seas they were sailing were perilous? Anyhow, as John saw with a sinking heart, she was at the point of putting an end to their present conjunction, — she was preparing to rise. He would have given worlds to offer a helping hand, but (however rich in worlds) he was, for the occasion, poor in courage. When love comes in at the door, assurance as like as not will fly out of the window. So she rose unaided.

"Let us hope," she said, giving him a glance in which he perceived an undergleam as of not unfriendly mockery, "that she will soon come to know you better."

"Heaven forbid," cried he, with a fine simulation of alarm. "It is upon her ignorance of my true character that I base such faint hopes as I possess of some day winning her esteem."

Maria Dolores laughed, nodded, and lightly moved away.

"My son," said John to himself, "you steered precious close to the wind. You had best be careful."

And then he was conscious of a sudden change in things. The garden smiled about him, the valley below laughed in the breeze, the blackcaps sang, the many windows of the Castle glistened in the sun; but their beauty and their pleasantness had departed, had retired with her into the long, low, white-walled, red-roofed pavilion. He was conscious of a sudden change in things and of a sudden acute and bitter depression within himself.

"These are great larks," he said; "great larks while they last, — but what's the good of them in the end? What do they lead to? What's the good of dallying with blisses that can't be yours?" And he breathed a prodigious sigh. "When shall I see her again?" he asked, and thereupon was seized by his old terror — his terror of yesterday, though it seemed to him a terror he had known all his life — lest he should never see her again. "She's only a visitor. What's to prevent her leaving this very night?"

The imagination was intolerable. He entered the Castle court, and climbed the staircase of honour, and rambled through the long suites of great empty rooms, empty of everything save the memory of the past and the portraits of the dead, there, if he might, for a time at least, to lose himself and to forget her.

V

"Who is the young man you have been talking with so long?" asked Frau Brandt, as Maria Dolores came into her sitting-room, a vast, square, bare room, with a marble floor and a painted ceiling, with Venetian blinds to shelter it from the sun, and a bitter-sweet smell, as of rosemary or I know not what other aromatic herb, upon its cool air.

"Oh! You saw us?" said Maria Dolores, answering question with question.

"Him I have seen many times — every day for a month at least," said Frau Brandt. "But I never before saw you talking with him. Who is he?" She was a small, brown, square-built, black-haired, homely-featured old woman, in a big, round starched white cap and a flowing black silk gown. She sat in an uncushioned oaken arm-chair by the window, with some white knitting in her bony, blunt-fingered brown hands, and tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles on her nose. But the spectacles couldn't hide the goodness or the soundness or the sweetness that looked forth from her motherly old honest brown eyes.

"He is a young man who lives *en pension* at the presbytery," said Maria Dolores, "a young Englishman."

"So?" said Frau Brandt. "What is his name?"

"I don't know," said Maria Dolores, with disengagement real or feigned. "His Christian name, I believe, is John."

"But his family name?" persisted Frau Brandt.

"It is probably Brown, Jones, or Robinson," said Maria Dolores. "Or it may even be Black, Smith, or Johnson. Most Englishmen are named one or the other."

"So?" said Frau Brandt. "But is it prudent or seemly for you to talk familiarly with a young man whose name is unknown to you?"

"Why not?" asked Maria Dolores, raising her eyebrows, as if surprised. "He seems a very harmless young man. I don't think he will eat me. And he is English, — and I like English people. And he is intelligent, — his conversation amuses me. And he has nice easy, impetuous manners, — so different from the formality and restraint of Austrian young men. What can his name matter?"

"But" — Frau Brandt looked up impressively over her spectacles, and her voice was charged with gravity, for she was about to ask a question to the Teutonic mind of quite supreme importance — "but is he noble?" It was to her what — nay, more than what — the question, "Is he respectable?" would have been to an Englishwoman.

Maria Dolores laughed.

"Oh, no," she said. "At least I have every reason to believe not, and I devoutly hope not. He belongs I expect to what they call in England the middle class. He has an uncle who is a farmer.

Frau Brandt's good old brown eyes showed her profoundly shocked, and expressed profound reprehension.

"But you were speaking with him familiarly — you were speaking with him almost as an equal," she pronounced in bated accents, in accents of consternation.

Again Maria Dolores laughed.

"True," she assented gaily, "and that is exactly what I couldn't do if he *were* noble. Then I should have to remember our respective positions. But where the difference of rank is so great, one can talk familiarly without fear. *Ca n'engage à rien.*"

Frau Brandt nodded her head, for full half a minute, with many meanings; she nodded it now up and down, and now shook it sidewise.

"I do not like it," she said, at last. "Your brother would not like it. It is not becoming. Well, thanks be to Heaven, he is only English."

"Oh, of course," agreed Maria Dolores, "if he were Austrian, it would be entirely different."

"But is it fair to the young man himself?" pursued Frau Brandt. "Is he aware that he is hobanobbing with a Serene Highness? You treat him as an equal. What if he should fall in love with you?"

"What indeed! But he won't," laughed Maria Dolores, possibly with a mental reservation.

"Who can tell?" said Frau Brandt. "His eyes, when he looked at you, had an expression. But there is a greater danger

still. You are both at the dangerous age. He is good-looking. What if your heart should become interested in him?"

"Oh, in that case," answered Maria Dolores, lightly, her chin a little in the air, "I should marry him — if he asked me."

"What!" cried Frau Brandt, half rising from her chair.

"Yes," said Maria Dolores, cheerfully unexcited. "He is a man of breeding and education, even if he isn't noble. If I loved a man, I shouldn't give one thought to his birth. I'm tired of all our Austrian insistence upon birth, upon birth and quarterings and precedencies. If ever I love, I shall love someone just for what he is, for what God has made him, and for nothing else. It wouldn't matter if his father were a cobbler — if I loved him, I'd marry him." Her chin higher in the air, she had every appearance of meaning what she said.

Frau Brandt had sunken back in her chair, and was nodding her white-capped old head again.

"Oh, my child, my child," she grieved. "Will you never rid your fancy of these high-flown, unpractical, romantic whimsies? It all comes of reading poetry." She herself, good woman, read little but her prayers.

"Oh, my dear true Heart," responded Maria Dolores, laughing. She crossed the room, and placed her hand affectionately upon Frau Brandt's shoulder. "My dearest old Nurse! Do not distress yourself. This is not yet a question of actuality. Let us not cry before we are hurt." And she stooped, and kissed her nurse's brown old brow.

But afterwards she stood looking with great pensiveness out of the window, stood so for a long while; and I fancy there was a softer glow than ever in her soft-glowing eyes, and perhaps a livelier rose in her pale-rose cheeks.

"What are you thinking so deeply about?" Frau Brandt asked by-and-bye.

Maria Dolores woke with a little start, and turned from the window, and laughed again.

"Oh, thinking about my cobbler's son, of course," she said.

VI

Annunziata, seeking him to announce that supper was ready, found John, seated in his chamber of dead ladies, his arms folded, his legs crossed, his eyes fixed, a frown upon his prone brow; his spirit apparently rapt in a brown study.

"Eh! Prospero!" she called.

Whereat he came to himself, glanced up, glanced round, changed his posture, and finally, rising, blew his preoccupations from him in a deep, deep sigh.

"Oh, what a sigh!" marvelled Annunziata, making big eyes. "What are you sighing so hard for?"

John looked at her, and smiled.

"Sighing for my miller's daughter, my dear," he said.

(To be continued)

TO-DAY

BY VENITA SEIBERT

O THOU, close-wrapped, a goddess in disguise!
It needs but one determined, fearless stroke
To tear aside thy gray and homely cloak,
When lo! like splendid lamps shine thy deep eyes
On him who has the gift to recognize.
To-morrow's beauty pales beside thy face
And Yesterday sinks to her rightful place,
Forgotten stars that fade at thy sunrise!

To-morrow is a dream, she is not mine,
And Yesterday is dead and tearwet clay,—
But thou, born new each morn, deathless, divine,
Thou rulest life and fate, O great To-day!
For to the door of Opportunity
Thou and thou only boldest forth the key.

THE DAY OF THE DOG

BY

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

AUTHOR OF "GRAUSTARK" AND "CASTLE CRANEYCROW"

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

PART II

SUDDENLY Crosby paused as if checked in his progress by some insurmountable obstacle. The dog was at the foot of the ladder, snarling with joy over the prospective end of his long vigil. Above, Mrs. Delancy was moaning and imploring him to come back to her side, even threatening to spring from the beam to the floor before he could reach the bottom.

"By George!" he exclaimed, and then climbed up three or four rounds of the ladder, greatly to the annoyance of the dog.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Delancy, recovering her balance on the beam.

"Let me think for a minute," he answered, deliberately resting his elbow on an upper round.

"It is about time you were doing a little thinking," she said, relief and asperity in her voice. "In another second I should have jumped into that dog's jaws."

"I believe it can be done," he went on, excited enthusiasm growing in his voice. "That's what bulldogs are famous for, isn't it?"

"I don't know what you are talking about, but I do know that whenever they take hold of anything they have to be treated for lockjaw before they will let go. If you don't come up here beside me I'll have a fit, Mr. Crosby."

"That's it—that's what I mean," he cried eagerly. "If they close those jaws upon anything they won't let go until death them doth part. Gad, I believe I see a way out of this pickle."

"I don't see how that can help us. The dog's jaws are the one and only obstacle, and it is usually the other fellow's death that parts them. Oh," she went on, plaintively, "if we could only pull his teeth. Good heaven, Mr. Crosby," sitting up very abruptly, "you are not thinking of undertaking it, are you?"

"No, but I've got a scheme that will make Swallow ashamed of himself to the end of his days. I can't help laughing over it." He leaned back and laughed heartily. "Hold my coat, please." He removed his coat quickly and passed it up to her.

"I insist on knowing what you intend doing," she exclaimed.

"Just wait and see me show Mr. Swallow a new trick or two." He had already taken his watch and chain, his fountain pen, and other effects from his vest, jamming them into his trousers pockets. Mrs. Delancy, in the growing darkness, looked on, puzzled and anxious.

"You might tell me," she argued resentfully. "Are you going to try to swim out?"

Folding the vest lengthwise, he took a firm grip on the collar, and cautiously descended the ladder.

"I'll not come to the hospital," she cried warningly. "Don't! he'll bite your leg off!"

"I'm merely teasing him, Mrs. Delancy. He sha'n't harm my legs, don't fear. Now watch for developments." Pausing just beyond reach of the dog's mightiest leaps, he took a firm hold on the ladder and swung down with the vest until it almost slapped the head of the angry animal. It was like casting a fly directly at the head of a hungry pickerel. Swallow's eager jaws closed down upon the cloth and the teeth met like a vise. The heavy body of the brute almost jerked Crosby's arm from the socket, but

he braced himself, recovered his poise, and clung gaily to the ladder, with the growling, squirming dog dangling free of the floor. Mrs. Delancy gave a little shriek of terror.

"Are you—going to bring him up here?" she gasped.

"Heaven knows where he'll end."

"But he will ruin your vest."

"I'll charge it up to your account. Item: one vest, fifteen dollars."

By this time he was swinging Swallow slowly back and forth, and he afterwards said that it required no little straining of his muscles.

"You extravagant thing!" she cried, but did not tell whether she meant his profligacy in purchasing or his wantonness in destroying. "And now, pray enlighten me. Are you swinging him just for fun or are you crazy?"

"Everything depends on his jaws and my strong right arm," he said, and he was beginning to pant from the exertion. Swallow was swinging higher and higher.

"Well, it is the most aimless proceeding I ever saw."

"I hope not. On second thought, everything depends on my aim."

"And what is your aim, Mr. Hercules?"

"See that opening above the box-stall over there?"

"Dimly."

"That's my aim. Heavens, he's a heavy brute."

"Oh, I see!" she cried ecstatically, clapping her hands. "Delicious! Lovely! Oh, Mr. Crosby, you are so clever."

"Don't fall off that beam, please," he panted. "It might rattle me."

"I can't help being excited. It is the grandest thing I ever heard of. He can't get out of there, can he? Dear me, the sides of that stall are more than eight feet high."

"He can't—get—out—of it if—I get him—in," gasped Crosby.

Not ten feet away to the left and some four feet above the floor level there was a wide opening into a box-stall, the home of Mr. Austin's prize stallion. As the big horse was inside munching his hay, Crosby was reasonably sure that the stall with its tall sides was securely closed and bolted.

Suddenly there was a mighty creak of the ladder, the swish of a heavy body through the air, an interrupted growl, and then a ripping thud. Swallow's chubby body shot squarely through the opening, accompanied by a trusty though somewhat sadly stretched vest, and the deed was done. A cry of delight came from the beam, a shout of pride and relief from the ladder, and sounds of a terrific scramble from the stall. First there was a sickening grunt, then a surprised howl, then the banging of horse-hoofs, and at last a combination of growls and howls that proved Swallow's invasion of a hornet's nest.

"Thunderation!" came in sharp, agonized tones from the ladder.

"What is the matter?" she cried, detecting disaster in the exclamation.

"'I INSIST ON KNOWING WHAT YOU INTEND DOING'"

"I am a—a—blooming idiot," he groaned. "I forgot to remove a roll of bills from an upper pocket in that vest!"

"Oh, is that all?" she cried, in great relief, starting down the ladder.

"All? There were at least fifty dollars in that roll," he said, from the floor, not forgetting to assist her gallantly to the bottom.

"You can add it to my bill, you know," she said sweetly.

"But it leaves me dead broke."

"You forget that I have money, Mr. Crosby. What is mine to-night is also yours. I think we should shake hands and

"'ITEM: ONE VEST, FIFTEEN DOLLARS'"

congratulate one another." Crosby's sunny nature lost its cloud in an instant, and the two clasped hands at the bottom of the ladder.

"I think it is time to cut and run," he said. "It's getting so beastly dark we won't be able to find the road."

"And there is no moon until midnight. But come; we are free. Let us fly the hated spot, as they say in the real novels. How good the air feels!"

She was soon leading the way swiftly toward the gate. Night had fallen so quickly that they were in utter darkness. There were lights in the windows of the house on the hill, and the escaped prisoners, with one impulse, shook their clenched hands toward them.

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Crosby, that you have endured so much hardship in coming to see me," she went on. "I hope you haven't many such clients as I."

"One is enough, I assure you," he responded, and somehow she took it as a compliment.

"I suppose our next step is to get to the railway station," she said.

"Unless you will condescend to lead me through this assortment of plows, woodpiles, and farm-wagons, I'm inclined to think my next step will be my last. Was ever night so dark?" Her warm, strong fingers clutched his arm and then dropped to his hand. In this fashion she led him swiftly through the night, down a short embankment, and into the gravel highway. "The way looks dark and grewsome ahead of us, Mrs. Delancy. As your lawyer, I'd advise you to turn back and find safe lodging with the enemy. It is going to storm, I'm sure."

"That is your advice as a laywer, Mr. Crosby. Will you now give me your advice as a friend?" she said lightly. Although the time had passed when her guiding hand was necessary, he still held the member in his own.

"I couldn't be so selfish," he protested, and without another word they started off down the road toward town.

"Do you suppose they are delaying the opera in Chicago until you come?" she asked.

"Poor Graves! he said he'd kill me if I didn't come," said Crosby, laughing.

"How dreadful!"

"But I'm not regretting the opera. Quivé does not sing until to-morrow night."

"I adore Quivé."

"You can't possibly have an engagement for to-morrow night either," he said reflectively.

"I don't see how I could. I expected to be on a Pullman sleeper."

"I'll come for you at 8:15 then."

"You are very good, Mr. Crosby, but I have another plan."

"I beg your pardon for presuming to —" he began, and a hot flush mounted to his brow.

"You are to come at seven for dinner," she supplemented delightedly.

"What a nice place the seventh heaven is!" he cried warmly.

"Sh!" she whispered suddenly, and both stopped stock-still. "There is a man with a lantern at the lower gate. See? Over yonder."

"What of it? Who's afraid of a lantern?"

"But it is rather odd that the man should be there. Just see what he is doing with the lantern," she expostulated.

"He's putting it on the top of the gatepost, that's all."

"Well, there must be an object in that."

"I'll ask the man."

"It is foolish of me to be alarmed, Mr. Crosby, but I feel in my bones that something is going to happen."

"I agree with you, only I don't feel it in my bones. It affects my stomach. Why should we stand here and discuss a man with a lantern when both of us are starving to death by yards? We have a mile and a half walk ahead of us——"

"Look! A buggy is stopping at the gate — and there is another. What does it mean?"

Two vehicles, dimly outlined against the darkness, had drawn up at the gate, and the man with the lantern advanced to converse with the occupants.

"That you, Mr. Austin?" called a voice from the first buggy, as the lantern advanced.

"Yes. How many men have you with you?"

"Robert Austin!" gasped the fair watcher, clutching Crosby's arm.

"There are five of us, Mr. Austin. I guess we can take him all right."

Crosby started violently.

"They're after me, Mrs. Delancy," he whispered. A moment later they were off the road and in the dense shadow of the hedge.

"Is he still in the barn, Mr. Austin?" demanded the man in the buggy.

"I am positive he is. No human being could get away from that dog of mine." Crosby chuckled audibly, and Mrs. Delancy with difficulty suppressed a proud giggle.

"Well, we might as well go up and get him then. Do you think he's a desperate character?"

"I don't know anything about him, Davis. He says he is a lawyer, but his actions were so strange that I thought you'd best look into his case. A night in the jail won't hurt him, and if he can prove that he is what he says he is, let him go tomorrow. On the other hand, he may turn out to be a very important capture."

"Oh, this is rich!" whispered Crosby excitedly. "Austin is certainly doing the job up brown. But wait till he consults Swallow, the infallible; he won't be so positive." For a few minutes the party of men at the gate conversed in low tones, the listeners being able to catch but few of the words uttered.

"Please let go of my arm, Mrs. Delancy," said Crosby suddenly.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to tell Austin what I think of him. You don't expect me to stand by and allow a pack of jays to hunt me down as if I were Jesse James or some other desperado, do you?"

"Do you suppose they would credit your story? They will throw you into jail and there you'd stay until some one came down from Chicago to identify you."

"But a word from you would clear me," he said in surprise.

"If they pinned me down to the truth, I could only say I had never seen you until this afternoon."

"Great Scott! You know I am Crosby, don't you?"

"I am positive you are, but what would you, as a lawyer, say to me if you were cross-examining me on the witness stand? You'd ask some very embarrassing questions, and I could only say in the end that the suspected horse thief told me his name and I was goose enough to believe him.

"'THEY'RE AFTER ME, MRS. DELANCY'"

No, my dear friend, I think the safest plan is to take advantage of the few minutes' start we have and escape the law."

"You mean that I must run from these fellows as if I were really a thief?"

"Only a suspected thief, you know."

"I'd rather be arrested a dozen times than to desert you at this time."

"Oh, but I'm going with you," she said positively.

"Like a thief, too? I could not permit that, you know. Just stop and think how awkward for you it would be if we were caught flying together."

"Birds of a feather. It might have been worse if you had not disposed of Swallow."

"SPLASHING THROUGH THE SHALLOW BROOK"

"I must tell you what a genuine brick you are. If they overtake us it will give me the greatest delight in the world to fight the whole posse for your sake."

"After that, do you wonder I want to go with you?" she whispered, and Crosby would have fought a hundred men for her.

The marshal and his men were now following Mr. Austin and the lantern toward the barn, and the road was quite deserted. Mrs. Delancy and Crosby started off rapidly in the direction of the town. The low rumble of distant thunder came to their ears, and ever and anon the western blackness was faintly illumined by flashes of lightning. Neither of the fugitives uttered a word until they were far past the gate.

"By George, Mrs. Delancy, we are forgetting one important thing," said Crosby. They were striding along swiftly arm in arm. "They'll discover our flight, and the railway station will be just where they'll expect to find us."

"Oh, confusion! We can't go to the station, can we?"

"We can, but we'll be captured with humiliating ease."

"I know what we can do. Scott Higgins is the tenant on my farm, and he lives half a mile farther from town than Austin. We can turn back to his place, but we will have to cut across one of Mr. Austin's fields."

"Charming. We can have the satisfaction of trampling on some of Mr. Austin's early wheat crop. Right about, face! But, incidentally, what are we to do after we get to Mr. Higgins's?" They were now scurrying back over the ground they had just traversed.

"Oh, dear me, why should we think about troubles until we come to them?"

"I wasn't thinking about troubles. I'm thinking about something to eat."

"You are intensely unromantic. But Mrs. Higgins is awfully good. She will give us eggs and cakes and milk and coffee and — everything. Won't it be jolly?"

Five minutes later they were plunging through a field of partly grown wheat, in what she averred to be the direction of the Higgins home. It was not good walking, but they were young and strong and very much interested in one another and the adventure.

"Hello, what's this? A river?" he cried, as the swish of running waters came to his ears.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful? I forgot this creek was here, and there is no bridge nearer than a mile. What shall we do? See, there is a light in Higgins's house over there. Isn't it disgusting? I could sit down and cry," she wailed. In the distance a dog was heard barking fiercely, but they did not recognize the voice of Swallow. A new trouble confronted them.

"Don't do that," he said resignedly. "Remember how Eliza crossed the ice with the bloodhounds in full trail. Do you know how deep and wide the creek is?"

"It's a tiny bit of a thing, but it's wet," she said ruefully.

"I'll carry you over." And a moment later he was splashing through the shallow

brook, holding the lithe, warm figure of his client high above the water. As he set her down upon the opposite bank she gave a pretty sigh of satisfaction, and naïvely told him that he was very strong for a man in the last stages of starvation.

Two or three noisy dogs gave them the first welcome, and Crosby sagely looked aloft for refuge. His companion quieted the dogs, however, and the advance on the squat farmhouse was made without resistance. The visitors were not long in acquainting the good-natured and astonished young farmer with the situation. Mrs. Higgins was called from her bed and in a jiffy was bustling about the kitchen, from which soon floated odors so tantalizing that the refugees could scarcely suppress the desire to rush forth and storm the good cook in her castle.

"It's mighty lucky you got here when you did, Mrs. Delancy," said Higgins, peering from the window. "Looks 's if it might rain before long. We ain't got much of a place here, but, if you'll put up with it, I guess we can take keer of you over night."

"Oh, but we couldn't think of it," she protested. "After we have had something to eat we must hurry off to the station."

"What station?" asked Crosby sententiously.

"I don't know, but it wouldn't be a bit nice to spoil the adventure by stopping now."

"But we can't walk all over the State of Illinois," he cried.

"For shame! You are ready to give up the instant something to eat comes in sight. Mr. Higgins may be able to suggest something. What is the nearest——"

"I have it," interrupted Crosby. "The Wabash road runs through this neighborhood, doesn't it? Well, where is its nearest station?"

"Lonesomeville — about four miles south," said Higgins.

"Do the night trains stop there?"

"I guess you can flag 'em."

"There's an east-bound train from St. Louis about midnight, I'm quite sure."

While the fugitives were enjoying Mrs. Higgins's hastily but adorably prepared meal, the details of the second stage of the flight were perfected. Mr. Higgins gladly consented to hitch up his high-boarded farm wagon and drive them to the station on the Wabash line, and half an hour later Higgins's wagon clattered away in the night. To all appearances he was the only passenger. But seated on a soft pile of grain sacks in the rear of the wagon, completely hidden from view by the tall "side-beds," were the refugees. Mrs. Delancy insisted upon this mode of travel as a precaution against the prying eyes of persistent marshal's men. Hidden in the wagon-bed they might reasonably escape detection, she argued, and Crosby humored her for more reasons than one. Higgins threw a huge grain tarpaulin over the wagon-bed, and they were sure to be dry in case the rain-storm came as expected. It was so dark that neither could see the face of the other. He had a longing desire to take her hand into his, but there was something in the atmosphere that warned him against such a delightful but unnecessary proceeding. Naturally, they were sitting quite close to each other; even the severe jolting of the springless wagon could not disturb the feeling of happy contentment.

"I hope it won't storm," she said nervously, as a little shudder ran through her body. The wind was now blowing quite fiercely, and those long-distant rolls of thunder were taking on the sinister sound of near-by crashes. "I don't mind thunder when I'm in the house."

"And under the bed, I suppose," he laughed.

"Well, you know, lightning *could* strike this wagon," she persisted. "Oh, goodness, that was awfully close!" she cried, as a particularly loud crash came to their ears.

The wagon came to an abrupt stop, and Crosby was about to crawl forth to demand the reason when the sound of a man's voice came through the rushing wind.

"What is it?" whispered Mrs. Delancy, clutching his arm.

"Sh!" he replied. "We're held up by highwaymen, I think!"

"Oh, how lovely!" she whispered rapturously.

"How far are you goin'?" came the strange voice from the night.

"Oh, 's far ag'in as half," responded Higgins warily.

"That you, Scott?" demanded the other.

"Yep."

"Say, Scott, gimme a ride, will you? Goin' as far as Lonesomeville?"

"What you doin' out this time o' night?" demanded Higgins.

"Lookin' for a feller that tried to steal Mr. Austin's horses. We thought we had him cornered up to the place, but he got away somehow. But we'll get him. Davis has got fifty men scouring the country, I bet. I been sent on to Lonesomeville to head him off if he tries to take a train. He's a purty desperate character, they say, too, Scott. Say, gimme a lift as far as you're agoin', won't you?"

"I—I—well, I reckon so," floundered the helpless Higgins.

"Really, this is getting a bit serious," whispered Crosby to his breathless companion.

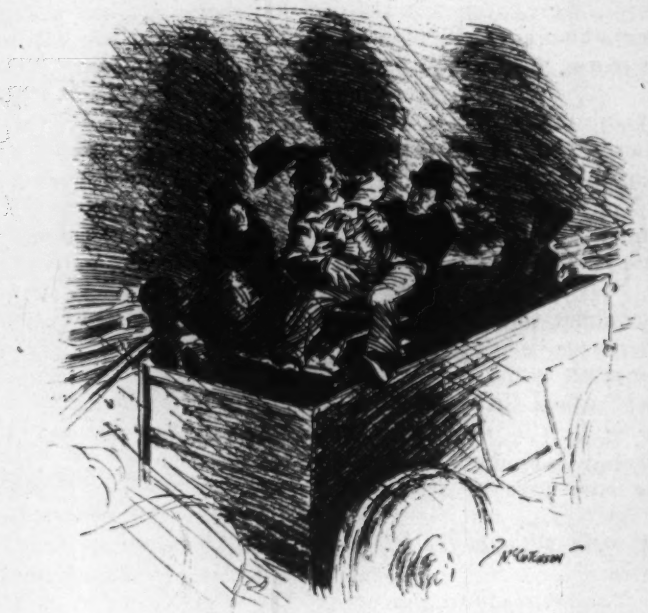
"No; jest bacon," answered Scott, and his two hearers in the wagon-bed laughed silently.

"Not many people out a night like this," volunteered the deputy.

"Nope."

"That a tarpaulin you got in the back of the bed? Jest saw it by the lightnin'."

"Got the bacon kivered to keep it from gittin' wet 'n case it rains," hastily interposed Scott. He was discussing within himself the advisability of knocking the deputy from the seat and whipping the team into a gallop, leaving him behind.



"GRASPED HIS NECK FROM BEHIND"

The deputy was now on the seat with Higgins, and the latter, bewildered and dismayed beyond expression, was urging his horses into their fastest trot.

"How far is it to Lonesomeville?" asked the deputy.

"'Bout two mile."

"It'll rain before we git there," said the other significantly.

"I'm not afeared of rain," said Higgins.

"What are you goin' over there this time o' night for?" asked the other. "You ain't got much of a load."

"I'm—I'm takin' some meat over to Mr. Talbert."

"Hams?"

"You don't mind my crawlin' under the tarpaulin if it rains, do you, Scott?"

"There ain't no—no room under it, Harry, an' I won't allow that bacon to git wet under no consideration."

A generous though nerve-racking crash of thunder changed the current of conversation. It drifted from the weather immediately, however, to a one-sided discussion of the escaped horse thief.

"I guess he's a purty slick one," they heard the deputy say. "Austin said he had him dead to rights in his barn! That big bulldog of his had him treed on a beam, but when we got there, just after dark, the darned cuss was gone, an' the dog was

trapped up in a box-stall. By thunder, it showed how desperate the feller is. He evidently come down from that beam an' jest naturally picked that turrible bulldog up by the neck an' throwed him over into the stall."

"Have you got a revolver?" asked Higgins loudly.

"Sure! You don't s'pose I'd go up against that kind of a man without a gun, do you?"

"Oh, goodness!" some one whispered in Crosby's ear.

"But he ain't armed," argued Higgins. "If he'd had a gun don't you s'pose he'd shot that dog an' got away long before he did?"

"That shows how much you know about these crooks, Higgins," said the other loftily. "He had a mighty good reason for not shooting the dog."

"What was the reason?"

"I don't know jest what it was, but any darned fool ought to see that he had a reason. Else why didn't he shoot? Course he had a reason. But the funny part of the whole thing is what has become of the woman."

"What woman?"

"That widder," responded the other, and Crosby felt her arm harden. "I never thought much o' that woman. You'd think she owned the whole town of Dexter to see her paradin' around the streets, showin' off her city clothes, an' all such stuff. They do say she led George Delancy a devil of a life, an' it's no wonder he died."

"The wretch!" came from the rear of the wagon.

"Well, she's up an' skipped out with the horse thief. Austin says she tried to protect him, and I guess they had a regular family row over the affair. She's gone an' the man's gone, an' it looks darned suspicious. He was a good-lookin' feller, Austin says, an' she's dead crazy to git another man, I've heard. Dang me, it's jest as I said to Davis: I wouldn't put it above her to take up with this good-lookin' thief an' skip off with him. Her husband's been dead more'n two year, an' she's too darned purty to stay in strict mournin' longer'n she has to ——"

But just then something strong, firm, and resistless grasped his neck from behind, and, even as he opened his mouth to gasp out his surprise and alarm, a vise-like grip shut down on his thigh, and then, he was jerked backward, lifted upward, tossed outward, falling downward. The wagon clattered off in the night, and a tall man and a woman looked over the side of the wagon-bed and waited for the next flash of lightning to show them where the official gossiper had fallen. The long, blinding flash came, and Crosby saw the man as he picked himself from the ditch at the roadside.

"Whip up, Higgins, and we'll leave him so far behind he'll never catch us," cried Crosby eagerly. The first drops of rain began to fall and Mrs. Delancy hurriedly crawled beneath the tarpaulin, urging him to follow at once. Another flash of lightning revealed the deputy, far back in the road, waving his hands frantically.

"I'm glad his neck isn't broken. Hurry on, Mr. Higgins; it is now more urgent than ever that you save your bacon."

"'Tain't very comfortable ridin' for Mrs. Delancy," apologized Higgins, his horses in a lope.

"If the marshal asks you why you didn't stop and help his deputy, just tell him that the desperado held a pistol at your head and commanded you to drive like the devil. Holy mackerel, here comes the deluge!" An instant later he was under the tarpaulin, crouching beside his fellow fugitive. Conversation was impossible, so great was the noise of the rain-storm and the rattle of the wagon over the hard pike. He did his best to protect her from the jars and bumps incident to the leaping and jolting of the wagon, and both were filled with rejoicing when Higgins shouted "Whoa!" to the horses and brought the wild ride to an end.

"Where are we?" cried Crosby, sticking his head from beneath the tarpaulin.

"We're in the dump-shed of the grain elevator, just across the track from the depot."

"And the ride is over?"

"Yep. Did you get bumped much?"

"It was worse, a thousand times, than sitting on the beam," bemoaned a sweet, tired voice, and a moment later the two refugees stood erect in the wagon, neither quite sure that legs so tired and stiff could serve as support.

"It was awful; wasn't it?" Crosby said, stretching himself painfully.

"Are you not drenched to the skin, Mr. Higgins?" cried Mrs. Delancy anxiously. "How selfish of us not to have thought of you before!"

"Oh, that's all right. This gum coat kept me purty dry."

He and Crosby assisted her from the wagon, and, while the former gave his attention to the wet and shivering horses, the latter took her arm and walked up and down the dark shed with her.

"I think you are regretting the impulse that urged you into this folly," he was saying.

"If you persist in accusing me of faintheartedness, Mr. Crosby, I'll never speak to you again," she said. "I cast my lot with a desperado, as the deputy insinuated,

"'ARE YOU AFRAID TO BE ALONE IN THE DARK?'"

and I am sure you have not heard me bewail my fate. Isn't it worth something to have one day and night of real adventure? My gown must be a sight, and I know my hair is just dreadful, but my heart is gayer and brighter to-night than it has been in years."

"And you don't regret anything that has happened?" he asked, pressing her arm ever so slightly.

"My only regret is that you heard what the deputy said about me. You don't believe I am like that, do you?" There was sweet womanly concern in her voice.

"I wish it were light enough to see your face," he answered, his lips close to her ear. "I know you are blushing, and you must be more beautiful— Oh, no, of course I don't think you are at all as he painted you," he concluded, suddenly checking himself and answering the plaintive question he had almost ignored.

"Thank you, kind sir," she said lightly, but he failed not to observe the tinge of confusion in the laugh that followed.

"If you'll watch the team, Mr. Crosby," the voice of Higgins broke in at this timely juncture, "I'll run acrost to the depot an' ast about the train."

"Much obliged, old man; much obliged," returned Crosby affably. "Are you afraid to be alone in the dark?" he asked, as Higgins rushed out into the rain. The storm had abated by this time and there was but the faintest suggestion of distant thunder and lightning, the after-fall of rain being little more than a drizzle.

"Awfully," she confessed, "but it's safer here than on the beam," she added, and his heart grew very tender as he detected the fatigue in her voice. "Anyhow, we have the papers safely signed."

"Mrs. Delancy, I—I swear that you shall never regret this day and night," he said, stopping in his walk and placing his hands on her shoulders. She caught her breath quickly. "Do you know what I mean?"

"I—I think—I'm not quite sure," she stammered.

"You will know some day," he said huskily.

When Mr. Higgins appeared at the end of the shed, carrying a lighted lantern, he saw a tall young man and a tall young woman standing side by side, awaiting his approach with the unconcern of persons who have no interest in common.

"Ah, a lantern," cried Crosby. "Now we can see what we look like and—and who we are."

"Mr. Crosby has watched your horses very closely, Mr. Higgins," said she with rare tact.

"Yes, they are still here," added Crosby, looking quickly to see that they had not strayed away.

"Were they hard to watch?" asked Higgins, going to the dripping horses.

"Pretty hard, I assure you. It was most too dark to do really good watching, you know. How about the train?"

Higgins informed them that an east-bound passenger train went through in twenty minutes, stopping on the side track to allow

west-bound No. 7 to pass. This train also took water near the bridge which crossed the river just west of the depot. The west-bound train was on time, the other about five minutes late. He brought the welcome news that the rain was over and that a few stars were peeping through the western sky. There was unwelcome news, however, in the statement that the mud was ankle deep from the elevator to the station platform and that the washing out of a street culvert would prevent him from using the wagon.

"I don't mind the mud," said Mrs. Delancy, very bravely indeed.

"My dear Mrs. Delancy, I can and will carry you a mile or more rather than have one atom of Lonesomeville mud bespatter those charming boots of yours," said Crosby cheerfully, and her protestations were useless against the argument of both men.

The distance was not great from the sheds to the station and was soon covered. Crosby was muddy to his knees, but his fair passenger was as dry as toast when he lowered her to the platform.

"You are every bit as strong as the hero in the modern novel," she said gaily. "After this, I'll believe every word the author says about his stalwart, indomitable hero."

To say that Higgins was glad to be homeward bound would be putting it too mildly. The sigh of relief that came from him as he drove out of town a few minutes later was so audible that he heard it himself and smiled contentedly. If he expected to meet the unlamented Harry Brown on the home trip, he was to be agreeably disappointed. Mr. Brown was not on the roadway. He was, instead, on the depot platform at Lonesomeville, and when the west-bound express train whistled for the station he was standing grimly in front of two dumfounded young people who sat sleepily and unwarily on a baggage truck.

The feeble-eyed lantern sat on the platform near Crosby's swinging feet, and the picture that it looked upon was one suggestive of the cheap, sensational, and blood-curdling border drama. A mud-covered man stood before the trapped fugitives, a huge revolver in his hand, the muzzle of which, even though it wobbled painfully, was uncomfortably close to Mr. Crosby's nose.

"Throw up your hands!" said Brown, his hoarse voice shaking perceptibly. Crosby's hands went up instantly, for he was a man and a diplomat.

"Point it the other way!" cried the lady, with true feminine tact. "How dare you! —Oh, will it go off? Please, please put it away! We won't try to escape!"

"I'm takin' no chances on this feller," said Brown grimly. "It won't go off, ma'am, unless he makes a move to git away."

"What do you want?" demanded Crosby indignantly. "My money? Take it, if you like, but don't be long about it."

"I'm no robber, darn you."

"Well, what in thunder do you mean then by holding me up at the point of a revolver?"

"'THROW UP YOUR HANDS!'"

"I'm an officer of the law an' I arrest you. That's what I'm here for," said Brown.

"Arrest me?" exclaimed Crosby in great amazement. "What have I done?"

"No back talk now, young feller. You're the man we're after, an' it won't do you any good to chew the rag about it."

"If you don't turn that horrid pistol away, I'll faint," cried femininity in collapse. Crosby's arm went about her waist and she hid her terror-stricken eyes on his shoulder.

"Keep that hand up!" cried Brown threateningly.

"Don't be mean about it, old man. Can't you see that my arm is not at all dangerous?"

"I've got to search you."

"'GET ABOARD AND DON'T ARGUE'"

"Search me? Well, I guess not. Where is your authority?"

"I'm a deputy marshal from Dexter."

"Have you been sworn in, sir?"

"Aw, that's all right now. No more rag chewin' out of you. That'll do *you!* Keep your hands up!"

"What am I charged with?"

"Attempted horse stealin', an' you know it."

"Have you a warrant? What is my name?"

"That'll do you now; that'll do you."

"See here, my fine friend, you've made a sad mistake. I'm not the man you want. I'm ready to go to jail, if you insist, but it will cost you every dollar you have in the world. I'll make you pay dearly for calling an honest man a thief, sir." Crosby's indignation was beautifully assumed and it took effect.

"Mr. Austin is the man who ordered your arrest," he explained. "I know Mrs. Delancy here all right, an' she left Austin's with you."

"What are you talking about, man? She is my cousin and drove over here this evening to see me between trains. I think you'd better lower your gun, my friend. This will go mighty hard with you."

"But——"

"He has you confused with that horse thief who said his name was Crosby, Tom," said she, pinching his arm delightedly. "He was the worst looking brute I ever saw. I thought Mr. Austin had him so secure with the bulldog as guardian. Did he escape?"

"Yes, an' you went with him," exclaimed Brown, making a final stand. "An' I know all about how you come over here in Scott Higgins's wagon too."

"The man is crazy!" exclaimed Mrs. Delancy.

"He may have escaped from the asylum up north of here," whispered Crosby, loud enough for the deputy to hear.

"Here comes the train," cried she. "Now we can ask the train men to disarm him and send him back to the asylum. Isn't it awful that such dangerous people can be at large?"

Brown lowered his pistol as the engine thundered past. The pilot was almost in the long bridge at the end of the depot when the train stopped to wait for the eastbound express to pass. The instant that Brown's revolver arm was lowered and his head turned with uncertainty to look at the train, Crosby's hand went to his coat pocket, and when the deputy turned toward him again he found himself looking into the shiny, glittering barrel of a pistol.

"Throw that gun away, my friend," said Crosby in a low tone, "or I'll blow your brains out."

"Great Scott!" gasped Brown.

"Throw it away!"

"Don't kill him," pleaded Mrs. Delancy. Brown's knees were shaking like leaves and his teeth chattered. His revolver sailed through the air and clattered on the brick pavement beyond the end of the platform.

"Don't shoot," he pleaded, ready to drop to his knees.

"I won't if you are good and kind and obliging," said Crosby sternly. "Turn around—face the engine. That's right. Now listen to me. I've got this pistol jammed squarely against your back, and if you make a false move—well, you won't have time to regret it. Answer my questions too. How long is that bridge?"

"I—I do—don't kno—ow."

"It's rather long, isn't it?"

"With the fill an' trestle it's nearly half a mile."

"What is the next stop west of here for this train?"

"Hopville, forty mile west."

"Where does the east-bound train stop next after leaving here?"

"It don't stop till it gits over in Indiana, thirty mile or more."

"I'm much obliged to you. Now walk straight ahead until you come to the blind end of the mail car."

At the front end of the mail car Crosby and his prisoner halted. Every one knows that the head end of the coach just back of the engine tender is "blind." That is, there is no door leading to the interior, and one must stand outside on the narrow platform if, perchance, he is there when the train starts. As the east-bound train pulled in from the bridge, coming to a stop on the track beyond the west-bound train, Crosby commanded his erstwhile captor to climb aboard the blind end of the mail coach.

"Geewhillikers, don't make me do that," groaned the unhappy Brown.

"Get aboard and don't argue. You can come back to-morrow, you know, and you're perfectly safe if you stay awake and don't roll off. Hurry up! If you try to jump off before you reach the bridge I'll shoot."

A moment later the train pulled into the bridge and Crosby hurried back to his anxious companion. Brown was on his way to a station forty miles west, and he did not dare risk jumping off. By the time the train reached the far end of the bridge it was running forty miles an hour.

"Where is he?" she cried in alarm as he rushed with her across the intervening space to the coveted "east-bound."

"I'll tell you all about it when we get inside this train," he answered. "I think Brown is where he can't telegraph to head us off any place along the line, and if we once get into Indiana we are comparatively safe. Up you go!" and he lifted her up the car steps.

"Safe," she sighed, as they dropped into a seat in a coach.

"I'm ashamed to mention it, my dear accomplice, but are you quite sure you have your purse with you? With the usual luck of a common thief, I am penniless."

"Penniless because you gave your fortune to the cause of freedom," she supplemented, fumbling in her chatelaine bag for her purse. "Here it is. The contents are yours until the end of our romance."

The conductor took fare from him to Lafayette and informed the mud-covered gentleman that he could get a train from that city to Chicago at 2:30 o'clock in the morning.

"We're all right now," said Crosby after the conductor had passed on. "You are tired, little woman. Lie back and go to sleep. The rough part of the adventure is almost over." He secured a pillow for her, and she was soon resting as comfortably as it was possible in the day coach of a passenger train.

For many minutes he sat beside her, his eyes resting on the beautiful tired face with its closed eyes, long lashes, pensive mouth, and its frame of dark hair, disarranged and wild.

"It's strange," he thought, almost aloud, "how suddenly it comes to a fellow. Twelve hours ago I was as free as a bird in the air, and now——"

Just then her eyes opened widely with a start, as if she had suddenly come from a rather terrifying dream. They looked squarely into his, and he felt so abashed that he was about to turn away when, with a little catch in her voice, she exclaimed:

"Good heavens!"

"What is it?" he cried.

"You are not married, are you?"

"NO!!!"

Like a culprit caught she blushed furiously, and her eyes wavered as the lids fell, shutting from his eager, surprised gaze the prettiest confusion in the world.

"'WE'RE ALL RIGHT NOW'"

"I—it just occurred to me to ask," she murmured.

Crosby's exhilaration was so great that, after a long, hungry look at the peaceful face, he jumped up and went out into the vestibule, where he whistled with all the ardor of a school-boy. When he returned to his seat beside her she was awake, and the little look of distress left her face when he appeared, a happy smile succeeding.

"I thought you had deserted me," she said.

"Perish the thought."

"Mr. Crosby, if you had a pistol all the time we were in the barn, why did you not shoot the dog and free us hours before you did?" she asked sternly.

"I had no pistol," he grinned. From his pocket he drew a nickel-plated menthol inhaler and calmly leveled it at her head. "It looked very much like a pistol in the darkness," he said, "and it deserves a place among the cherished relics descending from our romance."

The next night two happy, contented persons sat in a brilliant Chicago theatre, and there was nothing in their appearance to indicate that the day and night before had been the most strenuous in their lives.

"This is more comfortable than a cross beam in a barn," she smiled.

"But it is more public," he responded.

Three months later—but Crosby won both suits.

THE END

THE STRENGTH OF MEN

BY

NORMAN DUNCAN

AUTHOR OF "THE WAY OF THE SEA"

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLOTTE WEBER

IT may be that there comes a time in the life of the Newfoundlander—never, to be sure, in the course of the pallid days of the city men, but to the brawny, dogged men of the coast, to whom cod and salmon and seal-fat are the spoils of grim battles—there comes a time in the life of the Newfoundlander, it may be, when chance flings him into the very vortex of the unleashed, swirling passions of wind, night, and the sea. In that hour, it is to be said, being of a sudden torn from the marvelous contrivance of hewn wood and iron and rope and canvas, called a boat, with which the ingenuity of all past generations has equipped him, he pits his naked strength against the sea: and that fight comes, to most men, at the end of life, for few survive it. Most men, too, have to face this supreme trial of brute strength in the season when they go to hunt the hair seal which drift out of the north with the ice to whelp—but that is an empty phrase; rather, let it be said that it may be set down in significant terms, when, each with the lust of sixty dollars in his heart, they put forth into the heaving, wind-lashed waste of ice and dusk and black, cold seas, where all the hungry forces of the north are loosed as for ravage. It came upon Saul Nash of Ragged Harbor, this fight did, when in temperate places mellow winds were teasing the first shy blossoms in the woods and peopled places were all yellow and a-tinkle and lazy.

At break of day—a sullen dawn which the sky's weight of waving black cloud had balked for an hour—the schooner was still fast in the grip of the floe and driving sou'-west with the gale. Then the thin light, flowing through a rent at the horizon, spread over a sea all dull-white and heaving—an expanse of ice, shattered and ground to bits, fragments of immeasurable fields, close packed, which rose and fell with the laboring waves. There was a confusion of

savage noises, each proceeding from the fury and dire stress of combat: for, aloft, where every shivering rope and spar opposed the will of the wind, the gale howled its wrath as it split and swept on, and, below decks, the timbers, though thrice braced for the voyage, cried out under the pressure and cruel grinding of the ice; but these were as a whimper to a full-lunged scream in the sum of uproar — it was the rending and crashing and crunching of the wind-driven floe which filled all the vast world with noise. The light increased; it disclosed the faces of men to men — frozen cheeks, steaming mouths, beards weighted with icicles, eyes flaring in black pits. It disclosed the decks, where a litter of gaffs and clubs and ropes'-ends lay frozen in the blood and fat of slain seal, and the grimy deck-house and galley, the wrecked bowsprit, the abandoned wheel, the rigging and spars all sheathed with ice — and, beyond, as it pushed its way into the uttermost shadows, the solid shape of Deadly Rock and the Blueblack Shoal lying in the path of the wind.

"Does you see un, men?" said the skipper.

They were seven old hands who had gathered with the skipper by the windlass to wait for the morning, and they had been on the watch the night long — big, thick-chested fellows, heavy with muscles and bone — most with forbidding, leathery faces, which were not unused, however, at other times, to the play of a fine simplicity — men of knotty oak, with that look of strength, from the ground up, which some gnarled old tree has; and they were all clothed in skin boots and caps, and some coarse home-made stuff, the last in a way so thick and bulgy that it made giants of them.

"Does you see un — the Blueblack — dead ahead?" the skipper bawled, for the confusion of ice and wind had overwhelmed his voice.

They followed the direction of his arm, from the tip of his frozen mit to the nearing shoal, dead ahead, where the sea was grinding the ice to slush. Death, to be died in that place, it might be, confronted them: but they said nothing. Yet they were not callous — every man loved his life; each had a fine regard for its duties and delights. But the schooner was in the grip of the pack, which the wind, not their will, controlled. There was nothing to be done — no call upon strength or understanding. Why talk? So they waited to see what the wind would do with the pack.

"Well, men," the skipper drawled at last, "she'll wreck. Seems that way t' me — it do."

"Eh, b'y?" ol' Bill Anderson shouted, putting one hand to his ear and taking a new grip with the other to keep his old hulk upright against the wind.

"She'll wreck," the skipper shouted.

"Iss," said ol' Bill, "she'll wreck." A pitch of the ship staggered him. When he had recovered his balance, he added, in a hoarse roar: "She'll strike well inside the easter' edge o' the shoal."

Thereupon there was a flash of discussion. The precise point — that was a problem having to do with the things of their calling — it was interesting.

"Noa, noa, b'y," said a young man who had lurched up. "She'll strike handy t' the big rock west o' that by a good bit."

"Is you sure?" retorted ol' Bill with a curl of the lip so quick that the pendant icicles rattled. "Ben't it Ezra North I hears a-talkin' agin?"

"Iss, 'tis he," North growled.

"Tell me, b'y," Anderson shouted, "has you ever been wrecked at the ice?"

"I 'low I were wrecked twice in White Bay in the fall gales, an' 'tis so bad —" A blast of wind swept the rest of the sentence out of hearing.

"At the ice, b'y, I says?" ol' Bill cried. "Has you ever been wrecked *here?*"

Some fathoms off the starboard bow a great pan of ice lifted itself out of the pack, as though seeking to relieve itself of a pressure no longer to be endured. It broke, fell with a crash, and crumbled. North's sulky negative was lost in the clap and rumble of its breaking.

"Has you ever been caught in the pack afore?" ol' Bill pursued.

"You knows I hasn't," North snapped in a lull of the gale.

"Huh!" ol' Bill snorted. "You'll know moare about packs nex' spring, me b'y. I — *me*, b'y — *I* been swilin' (sealing) in these seas every spring for fifty-seven year. An' I say she'll strike inside the easter' edge o' the shoal a bit. Now, what says you?"

North said nothing: but he looked for support to Saul Nash, who was braced against the foremast — a hairy man of some

forty-odd years, with great jaws, deep-set eyes, and drawn, shaggy brows; mighty in frame and brawn, true enough, but somewhat less than any there in stature.

"Maybe she will," said he, "an' maybe she woan't. 'Tis like us'll find out for sure."

"'Twill prove me right when us do," said young North.

"'Tis not so sure," Nash returned. "'Tis like she'll strike where you says she will, an' 'tis like she woan't, but 'tis moare like she woan't. But wait, b'y — bide easy. 'Twill not be long afore us knows."

"Oh, *I* knows where," said North.

But in half an hour he slunk aft, ashamed: for it was beyond dispute that she would strike where the old sealer had said. The shoal lay dead ahead in the path of the schooner's drift. In every part of it waves shook themselves free of ice and leaped high into the wind — all white and frothy against the sky, which was of the drear color of lead. Its tons were lifted and cast down — smashed — crunched: great pans were turned to finest fragments with crashing and groaning and hissing. The rocks stuck out of the sea like iron teeth. They were as nothing before the momentum of the pack — no hindrance to its slow, heavy onrush. The ice scraped over and between them, and, with the help of the waves, they ground it up in the passage. The shoal was like some gigantic machine. It was fed by the wind, which drove the pack: it was big as the wind is big. Massive chunks came through in slush. The schooner may be likened to an egg-shell thrown by chance into the feeding shute of a crusher. The strength of the shoal was infinitely greater than her strength. Here, then, as it appeared, was a brutal tragedy — a dull, unprofitable, sickening thing; the impending dénouement inevitable and all obvious. The seal hunters of Ragged Harbor, mere sentient motes, hither driven by the wind of need, were caught in the swirl of the sea's forces, which are insensate and uncontrolled. For the moment, it was past the time when sinew and courage were factors in the situation.

"Sure, men," said the skipper, "'tis barb'rous hard t' lose the schooner — *barb'rous hard t' lose her*," he bawled, with a glance about and a shake of the head.

He looked her over from stem to stern — along her shapely rail, and aloft, over the detail of her rigging. His glance lingered here and there — lingered wistfully. She was his life's achievement: he had builded her.

"Iss, skipper, sir — sure 'tis," said Saul Nash. He lurched to the skipper's side and put a hand on his shoulder.

"'Twere a good v'yge, skipper," ol' Bill Anderson said, lifting his voice above the noise of the pack.

"'Twere a gran' haul off the Grey Islands — now 'twere," said the skipper.

"'Twere so good as ever I knowed from a schooner," said Anderson.

"I hates t' lose them pelts," said the skipper. "I *do* hate t' lose them pelts."

"Never yet were I wrecked with bloody decks,"* said Anderson, "that I didn't say 'twas a pity t' lose the cargo. Never, b'y — never! I says every time, says I, 'twas a pity t' lose the pelts."

Just then Saul's young brother John approached the group and stood to listen. He was a slight, brown-eyed boy, having the flush of health, true, and a conspicuous grace, but dark eyes instead of blue ones, and small measure of the bone and hard flesh of his mates. Saul moved under the foremast shrouds and beckoned him over.

"John, b'y," the man said in a tender whisper, leaning over, "keep alongside o' me when — when — Come," bursting into forced heartiness, "there's a good lad, now! Keep alongside o' me."

John caught his breath. "Iss, Saul," he whispered. Then he had to moisten his lips. "Iss, I will," he added, quite steadily.

"John!" in a low, inspiring cry.

"Saul!"

The swift, upward glance — the quivering glance, darting from the depths, which touched Saul's bold blue eyes for a flash and shifted to the dull sky — betrayed the boy again. He was one of those poor dreamful folk who feared the sea. It may be that Saul loved him for that — for that strange difference.

"Close alongside, John, b'y," Saul mumbled, touching the lad on the shoulder, but not daring to look in his face. "*Close* — close alongside o' *me!*"

"Iss, Saul."

It began to snow: not in feathery flakes, silent and soft, but the whizzing dust of flakes, which eddied and ran with the wind in blasts that stung. The snow came sweeping from the northeast in a thick gray

* Signifying a profitable hunt.

cloud. It engulfed the ship. The writhing ice roundabout and the shoal ahead were soon covered up and hidden. Eyes were no longer of any use in the watching; but the skipper's ears told him, from moment to moment, that the shoal was nearer than it had been. Most of the crew went below to get warm while there was yet time — that they might *be* warm, warm and supple, in the crisis. Also, they ate their fill of pork and biscuit, and drank their fill of water: being wise in the ways of the ice, each stuffed his stomach, which they call at such times, with grim humor, the "long pocket." Some took off their jackets to give their arms freer play in the coming fight, some tightened their belts, some filled their pockets with the things they loved most: all made ready. Then they sat down to wait: and the waiting, in that sweltering, pitching hole, with its shadows and flickering light, was voiceless and fidgety. It was the brewing time of panic. In the words of the Newfoundlander, it would soon be every man for his life — that dread hour when, by the accepted creed of that coast, earth is in mercy curtained from heaven and the impassive angel's book is closed: when escape is to the strong, and the fainting weak claim nothing of their brothers, but take their blows, nor find a hand stretched out. Compassion and all the other kin of love, being overborne in the tumult, flee the hearts of men: there remains but the brute greed of life — *more life*. Every man for his own life — for his *life!* Each watched the other as though that other sought to wrest some advantage from him. Such was the temper of the men, then, that when the skipper roared for all hands there was a rush for the ladder, and a scuffle for place at the foot of it.

"Men," the skipper bawled, when the crew had huddled amidships, cowering from the wind, "the ship 'll strike the Blueblack inside o' thirty minutes. 'Tis every man for his life."

The old man was up on the port rail with the snow curling about him. He had a grip of the mainmast shrouds to stay himself against the wind and the lunging of the ship. The thud and swish of waves falling back and the din of grinding ice broke from the depths of the snow over the bow — from some place near, and hidden: and the gale was roaring past. The men crowded closer to hear him.

"'Tis time t' take t' the ice," he cried.

"Iss, skipper!"

"Sure, sir!"

Young John Nash was in the shelter of Saul's great body: he was touching the skirt of the man's greatcoat — like a child in a crowd. He looked from the skipper's face, which was hard set, and from the deck, which was known to him, to the waste of pitching ice and to the cloudy wall of snow which shut it in. Then he laid hold of a fold in the coat, which he had but touched before; and he crept a little closer.

"Is you all here?" the skipper went on. He ran his eye over them to count them. No man looked around for his friends. "Thirty-three. All right! Men, you'll follow Saul Nash. When you gets a hundred yards off the ship you'll drift clear o' the shoal. Now, over the side, all hands!" In a lull of the wind the shoal seemed suddenly very near. "Lively, men! *Lively!*"

The schooner was low with her weight of seal-fat. It was but a short leap to the pack in which she was caught — at most, but a swinging drop from the rail. That was all: even so, as the crew went over the side the shadow of the great terror fell — fell as from a cloud approaching. There was a rush to be clear of this doomed thing of wood — to be first in the way of escape, though the end of the untraveled path was a shadow; so there was a crowding at the rail, an outcry, a snarl, and the sound of a blow. The note of human frenzy was struck — a clangorous note, breaking harshly even into the mighty rage of things overhead and roundabout; and it clanged again, in a threat and a death cry, as the men gained footing on the pack and pushed out from the schooner in the wake of Saul Nash.

The ice, as I have said, was no more than a crust of incohesive fragments, which the wind kept herded close, and it rose and fell with the low, long heave of the waves: the very compactness of these separate particles depended, from moment to moment, upon the caprice of the wind, and the influences at work within the body of the pack and in the waters beneath, which cannot be accounted for. Save upon the scattered pans, which had resisted the grinding of the pack, but were even then lifting themselves out of the press and falling back in pieces — save upon these few pans, there was no place where a man could

rest his foot: for where he set it down there it sank. He must leap — leap — leap from one sinking fragment to another, choosing in a flash where next to alight — chancing his weight where it might be sustained for the moment of gathering to leap again — he must leap without pause — he must leap or the pack would let him through and close over his head. Moreover, the wind swept the pack with full force and a stinging touch, and it was filled with the dust of snow: a wind which froze, and choked, and blinded where it could. But in the lead of Saul Nash, who was like a swaying shadow in the snow ahead, thirty men made the hundred yards and dispersed to the pans to wait — thirty of thirty-three, not counting the skipper, who had lingered far back to see the last of the work of his hands.

"Leave us — wait — here," said Saul, between convulsive pants, when, with John and ol' Bill Anderson, he had come to rest on a small pan. He turned his back to the wind to catch his breath. "Us 'll clear — the shoal — here," he added.

Ol' Bill fell exhausted. He shielded his mouth with his arm. "'Tis so good as any place," he gasped.

"'Tis big enough for seven men," said John.

Bill was an old hand — an old hand: and he had been in the thick of the pitiless slaughter of seals for five days. "Us 'll let noa moare aboard, b'y!" he cried. He started to his elbow, and looked around; but he saw no one making for the pan: so he said to Saul, "'Tis too small for three. Leave the young fellow look out for hisself some other ——"

"Bill," said Saul sharply, "the lad bides here."

Bill was an old hand. He laughed in scorn. "Maybe," said he, "if the sea gets at this pan — to-morrow, or nex' day, Saul — if the sea gets at un, an' wears un down, 'tis yourself 'll be the first t' push the lad off, an' not ——"

"Does you hear me, Bill? I says the lad ——"

John plucked Saul's sleeve. "'Tis goain' abroad," he said, sweeping his hand over the pack.

Then a hush fell upon the ice — a hush that deepened and spread, and, soon, the noise of the pack fell away altogether from the swish of the gale and the muffled roar of the shoal. The quiet came creeping from the west like a sigh of relief. The driving force of the wind had somewhere been mysteriously counteracted. The pressure was withdrawn. The pack was free. It would disperse into its separate parts. A veering of the wind — the impact of some vagrant field — a current or a tide — a far-off rock: who knows what influence? The direction of the pack was changed. It would swerve outward from the Blueblack Shoal.

"Back, men! She'll goa clear o' the shoal!"

That was the skipper. They could see him standing with his back to the gale and his hands to his mouth. Beyond, in the mist of snow, the schooner lay tossing: her ropes and spars were a web and her hull was a shadow.

"Back! Back!"

There was a zigzag, plunging race for the schooner — for *more life;* for the hearth fires of Ragged Harbor and the lips of wives and the clinging fingers of babies, which swam, as in a golden cloud, in the snow the wind was driving over the deck. The ice went abroad. The pack thinned and fell away into its fragments, which then floated free in widening gaps of sea. The way back was vanishing — even the sinking way over which they had come. Old James Moth, the father of eight, mischose the path: when he came to the end of it he tottered, for a space, on two small cakes, neither of which would bear him, and when his feet had forced them wide he fell back and was drowned. Ezra Bull — he who married pretty Mary o' Burnt Cove that winter — missed his leap and fell between two pans which swung together with crushing force in the trough of the lop: he sank without a cry when they went abroad. It was then perceived that the schooner had gathered way and was drifting faster than the pack through which she was pushing. As the ice fell away before her, her speed increased. The crew swerved to head her off. It was now a race without mercy or reproach. As the men converged upon the schooner's side their paths merged into one — a narrow, shifting way to the ice in her lee: and it was in the encounters of that place that three men lost their lives. Two tumbled to their death locked in each other's arms, and one was bested and flung down. When Saul and John, the last of all, came to that one patch of loose ice where the rail was within reach, a crowd of seven was congested there: and, with brute

unreason, they were fighting for the first grip; so fast was the schooner slipping away, there was time left for but four, at most, to clamber aboard. They had no firm foothold. No single bit of ice would hold a man up. It was like a fight upon quicksand. Men clawed the backs of men to save themselves from sinking — blows were struck — screams ended in coughs — throats were thick — oaths poured from mouths that were used to prayers. . . .

In a moment they were under the forward quarter — standing firm on a narrow pan of ice, waiting for the drift of the schooner to bring the rail within reach. When that time came, Saul caught the lad up and lifted him high. But she was dragging the men who clung to her. They were now within arm's reach of John. Even as he drew himself up a hand was raised to catch his foot. Saul struck at the arm. Then he felt a clutch at his own ankle — a grip that

"A SEAT IN THE CORNER AND THE SOUND OF VOICES DRIFTING IN"

"Saul! Saul! She'll slip away from we."

She was drifting faster. The loosened pack divided before her prows. She was scraping through the ice — leaving it behind her, faster and faster yet. The blind crowd amidships plunged along with her — all the while losing something of their position.

"Steady, John, b'y," said Saul. "For'-rard there — under the quarter."

"Iss, Saul. Oh, make haste!"

tightened. He looked down. His foot was released. He saw a hand stretched up, and stooped to grasp it. It was suddenly withdrawn. The face of a man wavered in the black water and disappeared. Saul knew that a touch of his hand was as near as ol' Bill Anderson had come to salvation. Then the fight was upon him. A man clambered on his back. He felt his foothold sinking — tipping — sinking. But he wriggled away, turned in a rush of terror to

defend himself, and grappled with this man. They fell to the ice, each trying to free himself from the other: their weight was distributed over a wider surface of fragments, so they were borne up while they fought. The rest trampled over them. Before they could recover and make good their footing, the ship had drifted past. They were cut off from her by the open water in her wake. She slipped away like a shadow — vaguer grew — and vanished in the swirling snow. But a picture remained with Saul: that of a lad, in a cloud of snow, leaning over the rail, which was a shadow, with his mouth wide open in a cry, which was lost in the tumult of wind and hoarse voices, and with his hand stretched out; and he knew that John was aboard, and would come safe to Ragged Harbor. They would count the lost, he thought, as he leaped instinctively from cake to cake to keep himself out of the water — they would count the lost, he thought, when they had cleared the pack and were riding out the gale under bare poles.

"For'rard, there — stand by, some o' you!"

It was the skipper's voice — ringing in the white night beyond. There was an answering trample — like the sound of footfalls departing.

"Show a bit o' that jib!"

The words were now blurred by the greater distance. Saul listened for the creak and rattle of the sail running up the stays — but heard nothing.

"Sau-au-l-l!"

The long cry came as from far off — beating its way against the wind — muffled by the snow between.

That was the last.

Now, the man was stripped to his strength — to his naked strength: to his present store of vigor and heat and nutriment, plenteous or depleted, as might be; nor could he replenish it, for a mischance of the life-long fight had at last flung him into the very swirl of the sea's forces, and he was cut off and illimitably compassed about by the five enemies. Gray shades, gathering in the snow to the east, vast and forbidding, betrayed the advance of the Night. The Wind, renewing its force, ran over the sea in whirling blasts: and to the wind the Snow added its three-fold bitterness. The open water, which widened as the pack fell away, fretted and fumed under the whip of the wind — little Waves hissed viciously, and flung spume to leeward; foreboding the combing swells to come. The Cold pressed in — encroaching stealthfully: touching a finger here, and twining a tentacle there; sucking out warmth all the while. He was cut off, as I have said, and compassed about by the five enemies. He was stripped of rudder and sail. It was a barehanded fight — strength to strength. Escape was by endurance — by beating back the wind and the waves and the cold until such a time as the sea's passion wasted itself and she fell into that rippling, sunny mood in which she gathers strength for new assault. Even now it was as though the fragments of ice over which he was aimlessly leaping tried to elude him — to throw him off. So he cast about for better position — for place on some pan: which would be like a wall to the back of an outnumbered man. After a time, he found a pan, to which three men had already fled. He had to swim part way; but they helped him up, for the pan was thirty feet square, and there was room for him.

"Be it you, Samuel?" said Saul.

"Iss, 'tis I — an' Matthew Weather, an' Andrew Butts."

Saul took off his jacket to wring it out. "Were it you, Matthew, b'y," he said, making ready to put it on again, "were it you jumped on me back — out there?"

"Sure, an' I doan't know, Saul. Maybe 'twere. I forgets. 'Twere terrible — out there."

"Iss, 'twere, b'y. I were just a-wonderin'."

They sat down — huddled in the middle of the pan: the snow eddied over and about them, and left drifts behind. Soon the pack vanished over the short circumference of sight. Then small waves began to break over the pan to windward. The water rolled to Saul's shoes and lapped them.

"How many does you leave t' hoame, Matthew?" said Saul.

"Nine, Saul."

"Sure, b'y," Matthew's brother, Samuel, cried impatiently, "you forgets the baby. 'Tis ten, b'y, countin' the baby."

"Oh, iss — 'tis true," said Matthew. "Countin' the last baby an' little Billy Tuft, 'tis ten. I were a foster father t' little Billy. Iss — 'tis ten I left. 'Tis quare I forgot the baby."

It *was* queer, for he loved them all, and he had had a doctor from Tilt Cove for the last baby: maybe the cold was to blame for that forgetfulness.

"You leaves moare 'n me, Matthew," said Saul. "I leaves oan'y one."

The snow cloud darkened. Night had crept near. The shadow overhung the pan. More: the wind had a sweep over open water, for the pack was now widely distributed. Larger waves ran at the pan — momentarily increasing in number and height. One swept it — a thin sheet of water, curling from end to end. Then another: then three in quick succession, each rising higher.

"Iss — a lass, ben't she?" said Matthew, taking up the talk again.

"A girl, Matthew," said Saul. "A girl," he repeated, after a moment's silence, "just a wee bit of a girl. 'Tis like John 'll look after she."

"Oh, sure, b'y — sure! 'Tis like John will."

"Does you think he'll see to her schoolin', b'y?" said Saul. "She *do* be a bright one, that lass — that wee girlie." He smiled a tender, wistful smile: like a man who looks back, far back, upon some happiness. "'Twould be a pity," he went on softly, "t' leave her goa without her schoolin'."

The wind was at the sea. It gathered the waves — drove them along in combing swells. It tore off their crests and swept spume with the snow. Great waves broke on every side — near at hand with a heavy

"'SHE'LL WRECK,' THE SKIPPER SHOUTED"

swish, in the distance with a continuing roar. It was but a matter of chance, thus far, that one had not broken over the pan.

"Does you know what I thinks, Saul?" said Matthew. "Does you know what I thinks about that b'y John? He's a clever lad, that. He does well with the lobsters, now, doan't he, for a lad? Iss——"

"Iss," said Saul, "he doos that, b'y. Iss, he doos."

"He'll have a cod trap some day, that lad. They's nothin' ol' Luke Dart woan't do for un; an' they's noa better trader on these shores than Luke. He'll be rich, John will — rich! An' 'tis like he'll send that little maid o' yourn t' school t' Saint John's. That's what I thinks about it — 'tis."

"Does you?" said Saul. "Does you think that? Maybe. He've a terrible fancy for that wee girl. He brings she mussels an' lobsters, do John, an' big five-fingers an' bake apples an'——"

"Sure, he do," said Matthew. "B'y," he added impressively, "'twould surprise nobody if he'd give she music lessons t' Saint John's."

"That lass!" cried Saul. "Does you think he'll give she music lessons — that wee thing?"

"Iss, sure! An' she'll play the organ in the church t' Ragged Harbor — when they gets one. She'll be growed up then."

"Iss, maybe," said Saul.

There was a long time in which no word was spoken. A wave broke near and rose to the waists of the men. No one stirred.

"Does they l'arn you about — about — how t' goa about eatin', t' Saint John's?" said Saul. "All about — knives — an' forks?"

"Eh, b'y?" said Matthew, spurring himself to attend.

"I always thought I'd like she t' know about they things — when she grows up," said Saul.

Soon, he stood up: for the waves were rising higher. In the words of the Newfoundlander, he stood up to face the seas. The others had so far succumbed to cold and despair that they sat where they were, though the waves, which continuously ran over the pan, rose, from time to time, to their waists — even to their breasts. It was night: the man's world was then no more than a frozen shadow, pitching in a space all black and writhing; and from the depths of this darkness great waves ran at him to sweep him off — increasing in might, innumerable, extending infinitely into the night. All the concerns of life — deeds done, things loved, tears, dreams, joys: these all melted into a golden, changing vision, floating far back, which glowed, and faded, and came again, and vanished. Wave came upon the heels of wave, each, as it were, with livelier hate and a harder blow — a massive shadow, rushing forth; a blow, a lifting, a tug, and a hiss behind: but none overcame him. Then a giant wave delivered its assault: it came ponderously — lifted itself high above his head, broke above him, fell, beat him down; it swept him back, rolling him over and over, but he caught a ridge of ice with his fingers, and he held his place though the waters tugged at him mightily. He recovered his first position, and again he was beaten down; but again he rose to face the sea, and again a weight of water crushed him to his knees. Thus three more times, without pause: then a respite — in which it was made known to him that one other had survived.

"Be it you, Matthew?" said Saul.

"Noa — 'tis Andrew Butts. I be fair done out, Saul."

Saul gathered his strength to continue the fight — to meet the stress and terrors of the hours to come: for it was without quarter, this fight; there is no mercy in cold, nor is there any compassion in the great deep. Soon — it may have been two hours after the assault of the five great waves — the seas came with new venom and might; they were charged with broken ice, massed fragments of the pack, into which the wind had driven the pan, or, it may be, the slush of pans, which the Blue-black Shoal had discharged. The ice added weight and a new terror to the waves. They bruised and dazed and sorely hurt the man when they fell upon him. No wave came but carried jagged chunks of ice — some great and some small; and these they flung at the men on the pan, needing only to strike here or there to kill them. Saul shielded his head with his arms. He was struck on the legs and on the left side; and once he was struck on the breast and knocked down. After a while — it may have been an hour after the fragments first appeared in the water — he was struck fair on the forehead; his senses wavered, but his strength continued sufficiently, and

"WITH BRUTE UNREASON, THEY WERE FIGHTING FOR THE FIRST GRIP"

soon he forgot that he had so nearly been fordone. Again, after a time — it may now have been three hours before midnight — other greater waves came. They broke over his head. They cast their weight of ice upon him. There seemed to be no end to their number. Once, Saul, rising from where they had beaten him — rising doggedly to face them again — found that his right arm was powerless. He tried to lift it, but could not. He felt a bone grate over a bone in his shoulder — and a stab of pain. So he shielded his head from the ice in the next wave with his left arm — and from the ice in the next, and in the next, and the next. . . . The wave had broken his collar bone.

The folk of Neighborly Cove say that when the wind once more herded the pack and drove it inshore, Saul Nash, being alone, made his way across four miles of loose ice to the home of Abraham Coachman, in the lee of God's Warning, Sop's Arm way, where they had corn-meal for dinner; but Saul has forgotten that — this and all else that befell him after the sea struck him that brutal blow on the shoulder: the things of the whirling night, of the lagging dawn, when the snow thinned and ceased, and of the gray, frowning day, when the waves left him in peace. A crooked shoulder, which healed itself, and a broad scar, which slants from the tip of his nose far up into his hair, tell him that the fight was hard. But what matter — all this? Notwithstanding all, when next the sea baited its trap with swarming herds, he set forth with John, his brother, to the hunt: for the world which lies hidden in the wide beyond has some strange need of seal-fat, and stands ready to pay, as of course. It pays gold to the man at the counter in St. John's; and for what the world pays a dollar the outport warrior gets a pound of reeking pork. But what matter? What matter — all this toil and peril? What matter when the pork lies steaming on the table and the yellow duff is in plenty in the dish? What matter when, beholding it, the blue eyes of the lads and little maids flash merrily? What matter when the strength of a man provides so bounteously that his children may pass their plates for more? What matter — when there comes a night wherein a man may rest? What matter — in the end?

Ease is a shame; and, for truth, old age holds nothing for any man save a seat in a corner and the sound of voices drifting in.

ALESSANDRO SALVINI

FROM AN AUTOGRAPH PORTRAIT GIVEN BY HIM TO CLARA MORRIS

ALESSANDRO SALVINI

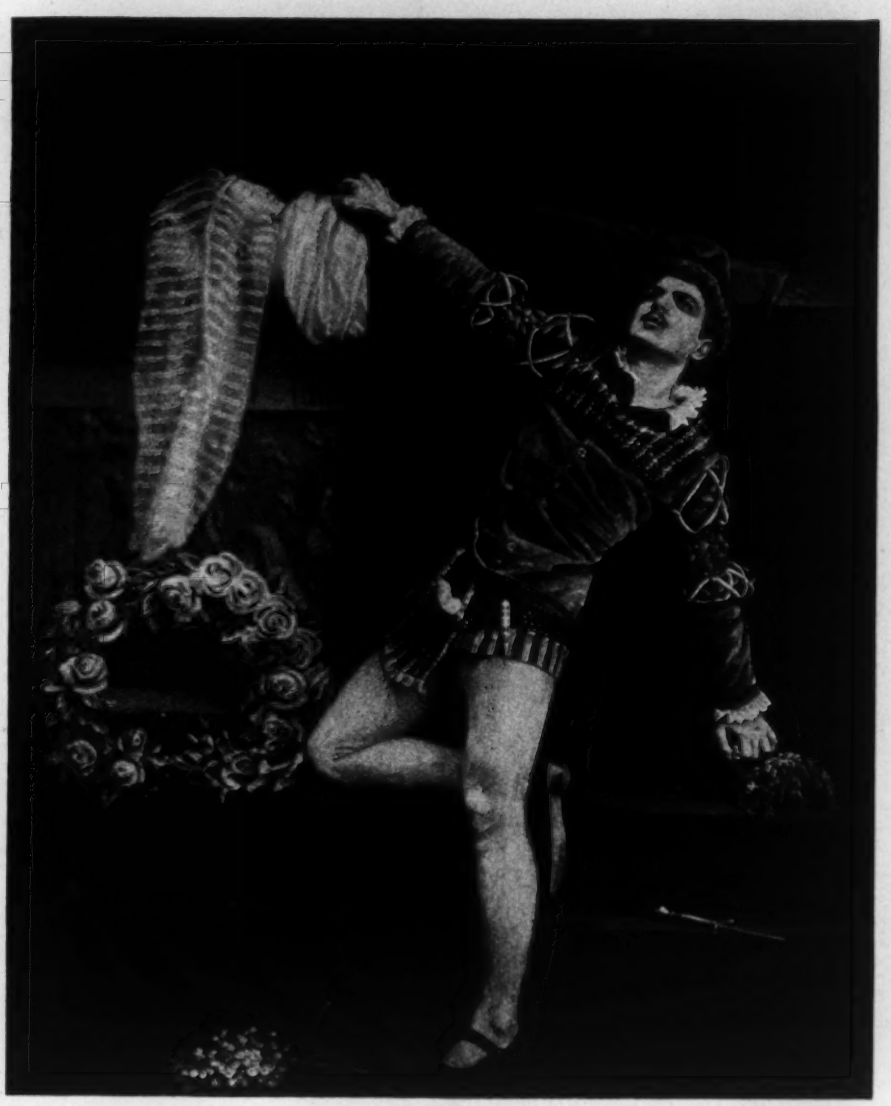
BY

CLARA MORRIS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE ON THE STAGE"

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS

CAN any one of us to-day name a young man who can enter a room, pay a woman his homage kneeling, then recover his upright position and join in the general conversation, without provoking a smile of derision, without arousing that sick pang of mortification one feels at seeing a friend make a fool of himself? No! To the lover alone is the kneeling position permissible to-day, and even he is exposed to the danger of ridicule in his rising, if he scrambles or lays hold of furniture, or — poor wight! — if he drags at his fair one's



ALESSANDRO SALVINI AS ROMEO

draperies for assistance. Yet, it was on his knee that young Alessandro Salvini first presented himself before me. In a burst of extravagant admiration he had solemnly assured my husband that it was absolutely necessary for his peace of mind that he should see me and offer his homage in person. Amused by the lad's enthusiasm Mr. Harriott brought him to me, and straightway he crossed the room, knelt, and, gravely lifting my hand to his lips, said with glowing eyes upraised: "Madame, so my father would do, were he here to see that 'death.' You have given the stage a companion piece to the 'death' in 'Morte Civile.'"

I fairly gasped at the daring presumption of the compliment. "Don't!" I cried; "only think one moment of the difference."

"The difference is, madame, just the difference between *intaglio* and *cameo*—both the scenes are gems, perfect and without flaw. I adore cameos, madame!"

"And I," I laughed, "worship intaglios!" and he was standing at my side and we were all discussing the art of gem cutting, and not a soul of us had smiled at the lad's action, so simple and natural had it seemed.

I suppose it was the influence of his Italian blood, of his actor ancestry, but always there was that touch of the romantic

about him, while a certain grave, almost somber air gave him a dignity surprising in one so young. At that first meeting, in speaking the words, "so my father would do, were he here," he sounded the key-note to his own character. His father's name was the *open sesame* to Alessandro's mind and heart, and the term "my father" was his shibboleth, while the standard by which he measured acting, honor, judgment, taste, and the general conduct of a gentleman, was also that idolized father, Tommaso Salvini.

When I first met him he had already developed a passionate longing to go upon the stage. He had been to Mr. Palmer, who had not encouraged him, principally because he knew Signor Salvini had other plans for his son, and partly because his English was still defective; and, thinking to get rid of his importunities at one fell blow, Mr. Palmer said to him one day: "Well, come in next week and recite for me Hamlet's soliloquy in English, and then we'll talk things over."

"Thank you," briefly responded the lad and retired, and Mr. Palmer with a sigh of relief went home feeling he had washed his hands of that affair. But, alas, a few days later he was informed that young Salvini awaited him in the lobby. He was vexed, but, being a man of his word, he straightway seated himself in the middle of the parquet while Alessandro, with set square jaw and knit brows, clambered up on the stage and slowly and carefully declaimed "To be or not to be." Of course it was parrot-like and soulless, so far as acting was concerned, but it was a revelation of the boy's determination and of his really remarkable quickness in acquiring English.

When he came to visit me, I soon discovered he was profoundly miserable about something, and presently he confided his trouble to me, and in a passionate outburst of sorrow and indignation he cried: "If only my father would speak one little word for me, every stage-door would fly open like magic; but no, but no! Ah, you see, Madame Clara, he is so great! my father he is afraid my efforts might injure him — but, surely, he is too secure for that. His father was an actor before him and esteemed great, but he did not break his son's heart by denying him the privilege to follow his bent and act. If I could only get a start — then I know my father would accept the situation and give me his blessing too, but" — his eyes filled, he dropped his head on the back of the chair he sat sidewise in — "but no one will give me a chance — no one at all!"

He was utterly disheartened, but in that outburst I had seen the potential actor, and, laying my hand on his thick up-curling black hair, I said: "My lad, I will give you a chance — for no man born to the name of Salvini can help acting!"

If the portals of heaven had opened before him, I do not believe his face would have been more radiant. "You must wait a little," I said, "until I can see your chance — but I'll find it, never fear," and then he paralyzed me by joyously crying: "Wait! oh, madame! will I not wait till the hell freeze over!" Then, at sight of my face, he hurried on: "Have I not got it right, then? *You* say it!" that being his constant request to people about him: "*You* say it!" But I declined on the grounds of propriety, and then, with a black frown, Salvini remarked he would pull one man's nose who taught him that.

No wonder he learned English quickly, for he was ever on the alert — no strange word escaped him, no unusual term. He would say it over and over till he met a friend, and then demand its meaning. One day he came to me with a very troubled face. "Madame," he said, "please tell me why shall a man, like me, like any man, be a 'blue-nose'?"

"A what?" I asked.

"A 'blue-nose.' So he was called in the restaurant, but he seemed not offended about it. I have looked in my books; I can't find any disease of that name."

With ill-suppressed laughter I asked: "Do you know Nova Scotia and Newfoundland?"

"I hear the laugh in your voice," he said, then added: "Yes, I know both these places."

"They are very cold and foggy and wet," I explained.

But with brightening eyes he caught up the sentence and continued: "And the people have blue noses, eh? Ha! ha! Excuse me, then, but is a 'milk-sop' a man from some State or some county too?"

It was hardly possible to meet him without having a word or a term offered thus for explanation.

Mr. Palmer thought me rather rash when I proposed to let Salvini play George

du Hamel in "l'Article 47," but, while the matter was still in the air, a small incident occurred that strengthened me in my conviction that the boy could act, and could also triumph over all linguistic obstacles. A committee of policemen from Yonkers had entreated me to do something to assist the widow of a brother officer. The case was very distressing, and I had promised to arrange a little entertainment for them. It was to take place in Yonkers, and, while my husband and I discussed the programme, he suddenly said: "Why not ask Salvini to recite something? He is warm-hearted and generous, his name would please the people, and it would give him a chance to speak English before an audience that would be kinder and less critical than the city audience would be."

The idea was good, and, acting upon it, I spoke to Salvini. He was eager to give his help to my plan, and when Mr. Harriott read "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to him, the boy could scarcely contain himself for delight. He seized the book and began on the instant to study the lines, while Mr. Harriott at once introduced his name to its first programme.

At tea some one used the word "clap-trap." "What's that?" quickly demanded the student in our midst. "'Clap-trap'—'clap' is so (he struck his hands together); 'trap' is for rats—what is then 'clap-trap'?"

"It is a vulgar or unworthy bid for applause," I explained.

"Bah!" he contemptuously exclaimed. "I know him—that cheap actor who plays at the gallery. He is then in English a 'clap-trapper,' is he not?"

The night arrived, and with it a perfect deluge of rain. I had not let the poor fellow know how much depended upon his success or failure that evening, and when I saw his white face and felt the icy touch of his fingers, I was glad of my silence. When he went over his lines before Mr. Harriott he was quite perfect, but he was well in the clutches of true stage-fright. Once, as we waited for the opening of the carriage door, he closed his eyes a moment and murmured: "Ah! I am sick with the scare!" and I answered: "That's because you're an actor born, my boy!" and he pressed the folds of my evening cloak to his lips, saying: "But you are good to say that! I won't shame you—see now!"

Mr. Harriott, Salvini, and I—all three—recited, and some ladies sang very acceptably, but all my thought was for the Italian lad fretting up and down like a captive tiger—his hands tight clasped behind him, his head bowed, and his lips moving, moving, moving. He was in evening dress, and looked well and at ease in it. He was not like his father either in feature or color. Alessandro's was the ideal Roman head; the very low, very wide brow, the up-curling thick black hair, the strong level eyebrows, the dark brown eyes, the colorless, ivory-white features, were distinctly foreign.

At last he was unleashed, and with a bound he was on the scrap of a stage, and his high, clear "For-w-a-r-d! the Light Brigade!" must surely have been heard down in Broadway. It really was a clever bit of work, a trifle too florid; but that was the result of nervousness. The instinct of the actor was twice plainly shown—once, when in making a mistake, instead of stammering or going back to correct his error, he swiftly "jumped" the faulty lines, and dashed on securely with the others; and again, when at the close he read with much feeling the words:

"Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!"

standing, as if looking into an open grave, he plucked the white flower from his coat and cast it down, a bit of business that caught the fancy of the house instantly. While the people maltreated damp umbrellas and kicked out their gum shoes in giving him a recall he was clutching his hair and wildly protesting to me: "Madame Clara, I have never meant that for a clap-trap! Never! *Never!* Just it came to me that moment to throw the flower to the dead! Think me a fool—but not—oh, please not! a clap-trapper!"

"Go on! Go on! and take your call!" I cried, pushing him before me. "No one thought of clap-trap! The business was quite artistic! *Will you go on?*"

And when all was over and Mr. Harriott heartily congratulated him, he looked fixedly a moment in his host's face, then, convinced of his sincerity, he gave a shout of joy and hugged himself, whirling around and indulging in all the antics of a schoolboy at recess, and crying: "Ah, but I am happy—happy to my very dregs!"

"Your what?" I gasped.

"My dregs!" he repeated. "Happy down to my heart's very dregs! Why, is not that right? Do I make another mistake?" he asked disappointedly. And not wishing to see a cloud over his joyous face, I answered him that his expression was only a trifle unusual, and through the pouring rain we drove gaily home, and Alessandro Salvini had made a first appearance in English, in a mere village hall, before a moist and uncomfortable audience, that was just beginning to steam beneath the warmth of the lamps, when the curtain was mercifully lowered — yet after it I could safely claim for the boy stage presence, good voice, clear delivery, much self-control, and a true artistic temperament that shrank from banalities and tricky devices. Could and did — and Mr. Palmer listened patiently enough, but with just that faint smile of disapproval that is so much more disheartening than violent opposition.

"There!" I cried at last; "I've said everything I can think of!"

"Well, I do not believe you've missed anything," he replied, with a sorrowful conviction that made me realize suddenly how much of his time I was taking, and I rose hastily to retire, when he motioned me back with the words: "We have given a great deal of thought to young Mr. Salvini; now let us give a little thought to Miss Morris. I quite agree with you that Salvini will make an admirable 'George' — if he can hold on to the language; but think of those two trying situations — think of the utter ruin and disaster he may bring upon the play." He leaned forward and touched my hand. "What would Miss Morris do if George went quite to pieces in the mad act?" he asked warningly.

"Commit murder in her heart, to begin with, and then — oh, well! go mad a bit earlier than usual, get him off the stage somehow, and play the game out with a lone hand."

I jested and never dreamed that for one laughing moment I spoke with the lips of prophecy. Mr. Palmer laughed a little, quoted "wilful woman," etc., and scribbled Alessandro Salvini's name on the cast list for "l'Article 47." To this day I am thankful that he never had reason to regret making that concession.

Rehearsals went forward. Salvini only read his part for one day; the second he was perfect in his lines, and then began his struggle with accent, intonation, and the "business" of the play, which was intricate and not easy to remember; and, alas, the current of his true love for the drama was not to run quite smoothly; an irritating obstacle appeared in the small person of Mr. Cazauran, who, for reasons known only to himself, bitterly opposed the admission of Salvini to the cast. He had absolutely no interest in the play, yet he fought desperately to keep the "foreigner," as he called him, out. Mr. Cazauran, who himself came from France, had a stinging and sarcastic tongue, and was given to sudden violent dislikes, which were very apt to be decidedly active. So, now, having loudly proclaimed the certain failure of "this son of his father," as he contemptuously termed the boy, he established a system of petty annoyances that would have angered and distressed any carefully rehearsing actor, but in the case of this stranger, nervous, sensitive, excitable, struggling with a strange language for his artistic life, it was in a fair way to rout all his faculties and realize the prophecy of failure. At first, when Mr. Cazauran ensconced himself in the chair just beneath the left box, watching and listening intently, we all supposed it was for the moment's curiosity, for the scene, possibly the act, but — but he was *always* there, always the piercing little eyes watched for some *gaucherie* in George; the eager ears strained to catch first the wrong inflection, the misplaced emphasis. The shrug that ran the gamut of amused surprise, stricken amazement, pitying horror at such hopeless blundering, kept his Gallic shoulders busy, and as the days went by Salvini found himself speaking his speeches against a running fire of sharp witticisms, cutting comments, burlesque compliments, and faint, cackling laughter that lost nothing of their power to torment through being *sotto voce*.

Why was such a thing permitted? Because Mr. Palmer was engaged elsewhere. I was directing my part of the rehearsals under his stage-manager, who was greatly lacking in that quality known in the West as *sand* and in the East as *backbone*, and who was afraid of offending Mr. Cazauran by checking him. For some time Salvini had borne it all with commendable dignity and self-control, though he had said to me once with dilating eyes: "Mon Dieu, madame!

will he do that thing at night? If—if I see him sitting in that chair there, I shall be paralyzed and just stand and wait for him to cackle and crow and shrug." Then I knew the lad's nerves were going, under the strain of study, work, and worry. The opening of the engagement was but two days off when he met me one morning, white-faced, heavy-eyed, and, throwing his hands out helplessly, said briefly: "It is all over, madame—I cannot do it—I know now!"

For one moment hot anger possessed me; then the sight of his tragic young face touched my heart, and I said: "You have worked too hard—you are unstrung. You must take a quiet drive to-day and you and I will rehearse at home afterward."

"No, madame!" he replied mournfully; "it is not overwork—my nerve strings are all right! It is not that I am coward or that I am ungrateful, but, madame, neither you nor I, nor any one else, can stand against the *evil eye!*" I did not laugh; the thing was too serious. I knew that argument, ridicule, entreaty would be vain. This man shared with thousands of his countrymen a fixed belief in the malignant power of the evil eye, and I knew well the strength of a true belief. If it be given to blind chance or luck, to omens, amulet, and charm—we call it superstition; if to the church and its divine founder we call it religion, but in either case it is faith and a power, and all I could do was to stare helplessly and say to myself over and over: "What can I do? only two days—what *can* I do?"

He broke the silence with the remorseful words: "I am so sorry for you, Madame Clara—for the trouble I give. Had I only known I would have retired at once, but you know I have try to avoid that small man. How I have try to be deaf and blind and take no notice, as you have told me to do! but when I meet his eye, full just now, I have come cold, cold like ice, right here"—he pressed his hand to his breast—"and then that creep in the hair, and I know, right away quick I understand. And he know I know, and he cackle his little laugh, and he think, oh, only two days and I have you! But, at least, he shall not have me before the public. But now I am quite ruin! for no theater in America will ever open for me after this!"

And still I stood there thinking: "What can I do? only two days—what can I do?"

A dull red came into the lad's troubled face. "Madame thinks I am coward—am too scare—that I—I make a back down?" His eyes gave a flash. "Madame does not believe that the evil eye exist?"

"Oh, y—yes," I answered slowly, "I believe it exists—even one of the blood royal of Italy is said to be so afflicted; though in his case the evil influence is exerted unwillingly, unconsciously."

"Y—yes! yes! madame, one of our royal dukes—ah! you do understand!" and his eyes brightened, his eager, alert manner returned to him, and I caught my cue. Since I could not oppose him, why not humor him? And right there a remembrance flashed into my mind of the Neapolitan coral charm, worn for protection against the evil eye. Could I deceive him into acting? It was not an agreeable thing to do, but it was for his own good as well as mine. For the only time in my life I subscribed to the belief that the end justified the means, and, assuming a rather doubting expression, I asked: "The coral amulet of Naples—it would be of no use, I suppose?"

He clasped his hands. "But, Madame Clara, we are in New York—we cannot beg, steal, or borrow such a coral here!"

"Don't be so sure," I answered. "I own many odds and ends—a scarab, an arab charm, and, in a wee bag of chamois-skin, a something that to my eyes looks like a long tooth of pink coral, pierced to allow a thread."

"Mon Dieu!" cried the gifted and sorely tried youth. "Had I but that! oh, we should see!"

"Very well," I answered; "you shall have it—but only here in the theater, please. You will return it to me after the performance."

"Certainly, madame! Ah, but I am happy now again!" He rehearsed admirably, for it happened that Mr. Palmer required the services of the *foe* that morning, and next day with an anxious heart I came with my tiny chamois bag, and retiring to the depths of a dusky, dark entrance, I mysteriously opened it, just a wee, wee bit, so that Alessandro could catch a gleam of the coral, and then drew it closed again, passed it to his eager hand, and, sick with fear, lest he open it and find it but a slender ear-ring of coral, I returned to the stage and began my morning work.

Ah! the wonder of faith! In vain the little, bitter man's sneers and gibes and pretended amusements! Salvini, bright-eyed, hopeful, smiling, eager, spoke out clearly, confidently, and acted as only a foreigner can act in the daylight. And all this happy assurance because of the wee bit of coral on his breast. Dear boy! I wonder if he would have forgiven me my deception had he discovered it?

The first night was over at last. He had done remarkably well, though his accent had gone quite wild in the mad act. That was his only fault. The people liked him beyond a doubt, and were very patient—the American public is ever most beautifully courteous in such matters. He came to my room and kissed my hands and, with shining eyes, exclaimed: "Such a letter I shall write to my father this night." He threw back his head and laughed heartily. "I shall sign myself his 'actor son.' Then, if he scold me, I—I"—he pulled a grave face—"I shall write him one very long letter in English. A-a-ah! that will punish him; for, madame, great as my father is, he simply can not learn English—and, little as I am, I can—can't I, madame?"

A very charming boy was young Alessandro Salvini, and yet, the second week of the engagement, he one night brought the play to grief and me to shame and mortification—for to give way to passion always causes me the deepest humiliation afterward. My natural temper being quick and hot to fierceness, circumstances from my very infancy demanded of me perfect docility or my room instead of my company. I had learned submission before I had grown steady on my legs, and on obedience hung all the law and the prophets of my dreary life. Willing obedience to my mother, forced obedience to people en masse, respectful obedience to employers. Naturally, then, I attained to considerable self-control, and, loving my kind heartily, I found myself rated in theaters as an amiable woman. Exacting about "business," but amiable, and the more unworthy I knew myself to be the more I prized the reputation that this protégé of mine placed in such jeopardy.

The play, judged merely from the physical standpoint, was very trying and demanded every particle of my strength. It was growing old and so familiar to me that it required all my imagination to force me into the reckless, primitive nature whose love and hate were alike implacable; and, when I had cast all restraint, all self-control, as far away as possible for artistic reasons, they, alas, could not be instantly recalled for personal reasons. We had reached the point where with narrowing eyes and frothing lips Cora suddenly ceased rocking to and fro and began her first, her only stammering plea for "pity," for "pardon!" A plea that George was to hear in silence—in dead, complete silence, without a movement, save when he averts his face at the close of her wild rushing of words that stumbled over each other—then she, the untamed, the unconquerable, slowly, with absolute surrender in every line of her body, falls upon her knees and holds pleading arms out to him, saying simply: "Forgive me?" He never moves. "Please!" she entreats, low, like a punished child. He never moves. "You will not pity me?" Slowly, silently, he turns his contemptuous face away from her. "You will not even look at me?" A mortal anguish shakes her, her wild eyes rove aimlessly about, then, in one only attempt at womanly dignity, she rises slowly, stretches out her arm, pointing to the door, and says: "Go! Oh, you are free! you need never look upon my face again!" He starts silently to retire, when she falls in a huddled heap in the chair with the anguished cry: "Yet I suffer! God! Oh, God! how I suffer!" Two minutes later he denounces her as mad, and the partition that separates reason from madness goes down with a crash that leaves Cora a raging, gibbering maniac.

The trouble began with a double negative from Salvini that caused a titter among the thoughtless actors in the scene. Wounded, he let go mentally of his part long enough to cast a reproach or two upon the actors, missed a cue in doing it, was seized with a trembling, permitted himself to think in Italian, and then found himself standing helplessly before the concentrated rage, the glaring eyes, and dilating nostrils of the amiable woman who had helped him to the stage.

Wildly he spoke the wrong line. "Be silent!" hissed Cora. "For heaven's sake, keep still if you can," and resumed her pitiful pleading: "You will not pity me?" she moaned. (Good heavens! he was

coming toward her.) "Keep still! Keep still!" she fiercely commanded in a whisper; then aloud: "You will not even look at me?" (and that terror-stricken boy crept over to Cora and tenderly tried to lift her to her feet, murmuring with wet eyes: "Pardon! oh, pardon!") and, with a shriek of genuine frenzy, a cry rang through the theater, unknown in that play before: "I could kill! I could kill! take him away! don't touch me! Jean! Jacques!" (to imaginary servants) "show monsieur to the door?" The prompter was running and crying: "Come off! Come off!"

Salvini dimly remembered he had to denounce Cora. He hesitated — she bit her lips until the blood offended her, and unconsciously tore into ribbons the veil that bandaged her scarred face.

Again that shriek rose to the very roof: "I'll kill! I'll kill! Go — go — go!"

A hand appeared between the curtains of the gambling rooms and caught his arm and drew him away. As his white face disappeared he said aghast: "Mon Dieu! she's gone quite mad! and I did it!"

The words, the manner, were inspired. Though the boy meant *I* was mad, the words fitted into the play so well that only old-timers guessed the awful havoc he had worked in the act. Small wonder the doctor asked for me two overtures after that act — that I had to finish alone, cutting out a few words George should have spoken at the end. Shame? No one could have sounded the depths of shame I knew!

But the shame: who could sound the depths of my deep shame as with swift apologies to all concerned I hurriedly sought the refuge of my dressing-room? "Where is Salvini?" I asked presently, and people looked at one another and laughed. Later I said again: "Where's Salvini?" for he generally turned aside on his way out of the theater to tap at my door and call a gay "Good-night, madame!" or wish me better health for the next day, as the occasion might suggest. But to-night!

"Where is Salvini?" repeated the gas-man, "why, he bolted! Honestly, Miss Morris, he left the building, make-up and all, just as you drove him off the stage!"

"Oh!" I groaned, and over me swept the wave of shame again. Next night my husband met the young actor by chance, who instantly flung up his hands crying: "Oh! was it not awful? I — *I* to have done that thing — to have kill that act?" Mr. Harriott laughed as he said: "You had a happy escape last night, for, for a few moments, your Madame Clara certainly wanted to kill you," and was astonished by the lad's answering with perfect seriousness: "As she had the right! So would my father do, if some one spoiled his great scene — he would kill with his bare hands! Last night I get quite crazy, by the head — I do all wrong — *all* until I kill the play — then she want to kill me — and that's why I run away! Oh, yes! I am quite wise — sometimes!"

And though that speech filled others with unqualified amusement, his calm justification of my wild conduct was an actual balm to my wounded self-respect, and ever after we played on in peace and amity.

Our ways parted at the close of that engagement. Now and again we met briefly, and I had the opportunity of congratulating him upon his wonderful advance in his beloved profession. His chiefest pride seemed to be that he had won his father's approval and his warm interest in his work. But his ambition soared high — high. Never did I see him that he was not tremblingly aspiring to play some new part. He used actually to change color when he spoke of Romeo, so intense were his longings and his fears; and when at last he dared it — what an ideal! Testy — tempestuous — tender — "his shape," "his love," "his wit," did truly make him the "fond mad-man" old Laurence chided. He did careful as well as brilliant work. It was not all dash and instinct with him; he could delve, could weigh and measure, and give good reason for his action. When it came to "character" work, such as the grave and stolid German, the strict man of business, in "Fromont and Risler," an astonishing performance came from the impetuous and romantic young Italian.

There can be no doubt that the early death of Alessandro Salvini meant loss to the American stage, serious loss. There was a largeness of promise for his future that made many thoughtful lovers of the drama turn hopeful eyes toward him, for, beneath the dash and sparkle were energy, determination, and tenacity.

Already he had turned from veiled Folly's secret lure and smile to openly pursue the chosen one whose flight led straight to the church's open doors. Again he was in

opposition to his great father's wishes, who disapproved of a professional marriage; yet when, the season ended, Alessandro returned to Italy, the divinely beautiful land of his birth, his bride was greeted — how? Greeted just as you would have Tommaso Salvini — Italian gentleman and first actor of his time — greet her, the strange foreign wife of that beloved hot-headed son of his. Nor was his gracious cordiality mere propriety, mere habitual native hospitality. For when the day came for flight, and the returning pair faced toward America, Signor Salvini's new daughter looked not unlike some idol, glittering with votive offerings — so be-ringed, ear-ringed, watched, locketed, chained, braceleted was she by the generosity of the famous man, who thus tried to express the esteem and affection he felt for the woman his son had chosen. And Alessandro whispered while in his father's arms: "I will never oppose your will again, papa! Whatever you ask, that will I do — truly, truly! Ah! do not laugh — I mean it!"

And yet how short was the time till the great actor implored in vain that son to live — just to live — to live! But habit was strong: Alessandro had opposed his adoring father's wishes so often, and he had always become quite reconciled. Perhaps even now — he smiled lovingly into his pleading eyes, but he did not live.

OVINGDEAN'S LITTLE HORSE

BY

H. W. WALLIS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. GLACKENS

NO; I can't say as Ovingdean treated me quite the thing that time, but, seeing how it turned out, I never told him so — besides I hate having words. (My wife says I haven't a kick in me, and she ought to know.)

You see, it was like this: Beesley, my partner (he's elderly and does the books), was ordered horseback exercise for his torpid liver. This was early in March. Now, I take the country journeys and am supposed to understand horses (I can drive); so, when he spoke to me about a quiet cob, I spoke to Ovingdean.

I remember just what passed as well as anything: we was standing outside the Royal Arms, and he screwed up his eyes and looked hard up street as if he thought he saw the cob coming but wasn't sure; then he said he knew of the very thing. Sound as a bell of brass; one he'd ridden himself and knew all about — one he didn't ought to sell except to a friend like me — bay, black points, six off, fifteen one.

The price didn't sound much, but it seems I had misunderstood him; forty guineas was the figure.

Anyhow I turned it over in my mind and went out to Duckham next morning (that's where O. lives) by the first train after breakfast.

I hadn't made no appointment, but felt pretty sure of finding him at home on an off day (O. hunts a bit). He was coming

"HE WAS GOT UP LIKE A COUNTRY NOB"

out of the stable, looking very smart, buttoning his glove as I turned into the yard, saw me and nodded, and then went into the harness room to give some order before he shook hands. He was got up like a country nob—low-crowned bowler, yellow silk stock, scarlet plaid waistcoat, white cords, and tan butcher-boots with long straight spurs.

It was quite convenient; he had a meeting at Cutlinghurst and was just starting; we could ride together and change mounts coming back if the little horse was too fresh for me. Then he had me into the house and wanted me to take something, hospitable enough, but bad for the liver, as my wife says; and I say the same.

Presently a boy led the horses out and I got on. I liked the looks of it as it walked out, and it stood nice and quiet for me to get up, not at all fresh in fact.

Now I'm not much of a rider, though I've got the name for it—goodness knows how; I'm sure I've never pitched any tales about my riding, at least none to speak of (my wife says I'm a *naturally* truthful man)—so I felt relieved at the horse being gentler than what Ovingdean made out and really thought it might do for Beesley. The stirrups seemed the same length and I noticed how O. held his reins and held mine so and quite enjoyed it.

Presently we met a groom, and O. asked him if his guv'nor knew it was a bye-day, and the man made out he didn't: was he suited? not as he knew of; so Ovingdean left him saying it couldn't be helped, and presently began about his little horse being a sweet hack and Beesley's very handwriting, and how, as we were friends, he would make it pounds.

Now I'd not meant to buy (promised my wife not), but somehow I, stupid-like, bid £30 outright and wished I hadn't. We haggled a bit, and then Ovingdean said it was a deal at £35 and smacked his hands into mine before I knew what he was about. Of course, I ought to have cried off at once, but the little horse plunged just then, and the next thing we was round a corner and among a crowd of mounted people, and there were the hounds.

I was quite taken aback and said, "Hullo, what's this?" "Pye Cross Roads," says O., nodding right and left. "It's a bye-day; I thought you knew."

He kept running his eye over the groups of men, but, if he was expecting anybody, it seemed the man wasn't there. Then he turned to me and said rather loud that I'd got a bargain. I hoped he didn't think I'd bought, but he looked shocked and said a deal was a deal and so on, and just when I was getting very uncomfortable (for there were people all round whom he knew and I didn't, and he would speak quite loud and appealed to one and another), and just when, as I said, I was getting very warm, he quieted down and said if I could honestly say at the stable door that night how that little horse was not sound he'd let me off my bargain, otherwise I must keep him. (It is a he I should say.) I had to agree to this and saw some one smile, and I began to see I'd been rushed and wished I'd taken my wife's advice and let Beesley please himself; but there——

Then the crowd began to move and I lost Ovingdean. What to do I didn't quite see: I'd as good as bought the horse, that was plain. If I went on for a mile or two there was just the chance that he might go lame or something and give me an excuse to refuse him (he would be too much of a handful for Beesley I could see plainly—ever since he'd seen the dogs he had been working his head up and down, which grazed my knuckles against his breastplate and hurt). If I went straight home with him I lost this chance and, besides, I'm bad at finding my way (no bump of locality, my wife says).

Then I saw O. "How about your meeting?" said I. "What meeting? did I say meeting? *meet*, I meant to say. Oh, we may as well stop and see the hounds throw off." I'd never seen hounds do that or anything else, and, foolish-like, said "Oh," and on we went.

I reflected that this wasn't quite fair of Ovingdean; he had brought me out here

under false pretences, and I could see he had some game of his own on, and felt inclined to say as much, but didn't (my wife would — like a shot).

Presently we left the road; I felt nervous, not being sure I could keep on if I had to jump a little place, but nobody jumped; they all trotted from gate to gate.

By and by we came to a wood; I looked round for Ovingdean but couldn't see him; the others spread out into line, some rode in twos and chatted, some cracked their whips, which upset the little horse and made him carry on just anyhow; if I tightened the curb he put his head down and pulled, if I tightened the other thing he put it up and pulled; I was all in a perspiration.

A gentleman caught me up and looked hard at me. I thought he might be the Hunt Secretary wanting my subscription and felt myself in a false position. The first road I came to, said I to myself, I'll get out of this. The reins kept getting mixed, and whilst I was sorting them for the twentieth time the little horse got his quarters under him and bucked twice; I dropped the curb and lost a stirrup, and before you could say "knife" he was racing.

Curiously enough, the same thing happened to the others; we was all being run away with. They seemed to like it: one said "We're off," but he must have been joking, for he kept his saddle right enough: another sung out that they had found, and then I noticed that I couldn't see the hounds anywhere. Neither could I see Ovingdean; but the fir trees stood so close among the heath and bilberry bushes that I felt most miserable; my knee-caps were — so to speak — in my mind's eye, and I kept on, expecting every moment to be my next, as the saying is.

But that little horse seemed to understand what he was about and gave me room quite nicely and went so quick that we passed lots of people.

Presently I saw light between the trees ahead and men in red coats bobbing along in front; I lost sight of them one after another and was wondering what had become of them when suddenly we were at the end of the wood and, Oh scissors! right upon a big fence.

People have asked me many times since what I did. I just did nothing, being paralyzed with fright. The feel was like being in a swing at a Sunday-school treat. My insides felt queer: luckily I was nipping with my legs (having one foot out of the stirrup, as I've said). We were over before I knew it; I must have come forward in the saddle, for I found I was sitting on something sharpish, and the horse's head hit me a bump on the nose and broke my hat brim.

When I opened my eyes I was being run away with down-hill at a terrible pace: there was a gentleman in red on my left who was looking over his shoulder saying, "Three, four down: that's a big drop," then, turning to me, he added: "That little horse of yours took it cleverly — I watched you." I smiled as well as I knew how, but didn't say anything. How he could talk or look round whilst his horse was going so was beyond me.

"I WAS BEING RUN AWAY WITH DOWN-HILL AT A TERRIBLE PACE"

The hounds were all running in a bunch and howling together; I was quite near them and hoped they would stop. At the bottom of this field was a high black hedge with a gate in it and six of us came down at the gate almost together; the first man spoke up sharp to his horse and it hopped over in the most surprising way, almost among the hounds. "Just like that (adjective) Jones," said the rest, and used expressions whilst pulling the gate open.

I took the opportunity to regain my stirrup which quite hurt my instep with banging about. Whilst I was leaning down doing this a loose horse bumped into me; I caught the reins and it at once occurred to me that here was a providence — I could lead this horse back to its rider and on the score of having put myself about to oblige him I would ask him to show me the way home,

as doubtless he would be very willing to do after a fall. But here again I found I had something to learn. Those horses wouldn't do a thing for me but went jibbing and sidling down to the gate through which by this time a stream of men were galloping. Then a man on foot came panting up and flung himself on the horse I was holding, gasping out in little short sentences, "Thanks aw'fly — first this season — can't blame the mare — my fault — don't wait — for worlds, don't wait!" To wait was just what I wanted, but I couldn't get a word in — he kept on thanking me and riding as hard as he could, though both his stirrups hung loose and his reins were all in a tangle.

Through that gate we went side by side, that little horse boring like a pig on a rope and turning just when the other man's horse turned. I had time to look at him, and now that he had punched out his hat into shape and rubbed the mud off his face I saw he was the same man who had looked so hard at me in the wood, and indeed he began doing it again, but didn't allude to subscriptions, from a feeling of delicacy as I thought, and meantime we kept on passing horses again and nearing another fence. This one was a yellow clay bank with lots of thick sticks twisted together along the top, like one continuous hurdle.

"Is there no road?" I asked.

"Oh dear, no; good soft landing, I assure you, but it's a big place — sit back, give him his head, and put your trust ——"

I lost the rest for he suddenly shot ahead, and that little horse pulling so, I found I had better shut my eyes and do as he said. I pinched with my calves till they ached and was feeling for the front of the saddle when we rose; something cracked and gave and we landed with a scramble and went on, and I heard the man saying close at my side, "That's all right; I came down at that fence last season;" then, "Where's Ovingdean?" I said I hadn't seen him since we left Pye Cross. He replied that he had been too late for the meet, and then we caught up some men in red and there were the hounds running in rings silently and smelling about.

There was a road near by (how I wished I had known of it!) and a crowd of mounted people came cantering up by that road with Ovingdean amongst them. I didn't see him at first, and the man whose horse I had caught was speaking to him when I got to him. I was behind, with a groom in between, and waited a chance to speak. What I wanted was to get him to change horses with me (just for the day — I saw plain enough I was let in for this runaway beast — it was sound enough, no fear!). But they kept

"'SIT BACK, GIVE HIM HIS HEAD, AND PUT YOUR TRUST——'"

"THE HOUNDS RUNNING IN RINGS SILENTLY AND SMELLING ABOUT"

talking and I never like to interrupt. (I'm a deal too polite sometimes, my wife says.) "Man I've mounted for the day — you really can't judge with him up; awful fool on a horse," Ovingdean was saying. His friend had seen worse; and then something was said as to the figure and O. offered the horse (my horse, if you please!) for £60, adding that he had another man about him.

I did feel surprised at this, coming from Ovingdean too ("a deal is a deal"), and found my position more awkward than ever. Major Ryder, as O. called him, laughed and then all talk stopped, for the hounds which had been snuffling about in a field over the hedge suddenly ran together and went off in a clump at no end of a pace.

We was all jammed in the road and there I meant to stay, but the little horse didn't; first he cleared his throat and then swung round and bucked clean over the quickset into the field, as nearly as possible leaving me behind and making me lose both stirrups. "Well saved!" said some one, but I heard Ovingdean calling me by name, though for some cause he didn't come after me. I tried to pull up, but one has no purchase without stirrups and I couldn't stop that horse one little bit. For the whole length of that field and the two next, which were hurdled off from it, I could see the hounds quite plainly and found it rather pleasant and exciting, though still anxious to be getting along home and vexed at the turn things had taken.

"Here's a piece of work," I kept saying, and wondered how I was to break it to Beesley.

The next fence was quite a little one, but the hounds when over didn't show on the far side, which disturbed my mind till I came to it and saw it was at the edge of a hollow green lane, straight down on my side, steep and bushy on the other. "The very thing," thought I; "he's bound to stop now;" and he did stop and pawed the fence a bit whilst I watched the dogs clambering the opposite bank, one upon another like bees upon the side of a skep, whining and yelping so it went through my head. Just as the last was wriggling up ("good-by, my dears!" I was saying and feeling so glad to be rid of them) that little horse lifted his front feet a mite and dropped into the lane like a cat into an area.

I'd just time to say "Oh law!" and found myself all round his neck, seeing firmaments of stars and my insides all anyhow, whilst he rushed at the opposite bank and smashed through the underwood right to the top where he fell on his knees and blew, giving me time to get straight before he was up and off. But those ash-plants had given it me about the knees and over the knuckles — cruel! I felt fit to have cried.

"DROPPED INTO THE LANE LIKE A CAT INTO AN AREA"

After a bit I heard horses behind me but not very near (you can't look round, you know, when the horse is galloping — at least I can't), nor did I particularly notice where I was going, until it was too late (it's a way I've got, my wife says). This time it was a broad black water-ditch. The footpath crossed it by a plank with a hand-rail and I was just making up my mind to get off and lead him over (as soon as he should stop), when that little horse shook his head, laid his ears back, and went at the ditch like the Pullman express. I tried not to be afraid but I was, awful, and remembered I'd forgotten to send my premium to the Railway Passengers' and hoped Beesley had thought to; I turned out my toes ever so, pinched with my knees and ankles till my legs felt numb, and leaned a little back, and when I opened my eyes we was over and I hadn't felt it a bit. I've told people since that jumping a ditch is like having a tooth out under gas.

I could see that this creature would never do for Beesley and that I'd better tell Ovingdean so at once and offer him something to let me off the bargain (not that he ought to take it) — I would have sacrificed a five-pound note to have been quit and safe on my own legs again, but where to find Ovingdean I didn't know.

After crossing that ditch we had a long narrow pasture in front of us, and there being nothing to stop them the dogs almost ran away from us. That didn't seem to suit the little horse; he laid himself out flat and raced as hard as he could tear, and made the wind roar in my ears and my eyes water. I wouldn't have minded this if I'd felt I could have stopped him, but I knew by this time that I couldn't, and that sooner or later we were bound to come to another of those nasty, dangerous fences. I took hold of the front of my saddle and peeped under my arm (it's easier than turning round) — there was a goodish lot of men coming along behind but no one near enough to speak to.

Whilst I was doing this the dogs must have changed their course for the little horse swerved, very nearly putting me over his shoulder (lucky I had hold), and went straight for a tall thorn hedge. He must stop now, said I, for any one could see that nothing could get through such a tangle of little boughs (it was like a stack of faggots to look at), so I took hold of his mane with both hands and wondered which side he would jib to. Here again I was all wrong; never was such a little horse, I think; he just stuck his head straight out in front, tucked his legs up tight against his stomach, and shot through the twigs like a clown through a papered hoop at the circus. My nose was pricked and a large hole punched in my hat but otherwise it was a merciful escape. (I determined at the time never to tell about that fence because none of my friends would believe me.)

I think it was there I lost a nice little stick I was carrying and began to feel a stitch in my side; fortunately the next field had an open gate into a lane and there the dogs were waiting and smelling about round a load of manure.

By and by a crowd of men came hurrying up the lane and hung into the carter for heading their fox, and he and they used language. It shocked me, for I never use expressions myself nor allow them to enter out of my mouth. Up comes Ovingdean too, and begins at once with what would I give him to be off my buy. Although this was just what I wanted yet the coolness of the thing put me out so that I asked him what he meant (to gain time) and tried to think of something sarcastic to give him, but couldn't at the moment for a fly got in my eye and I had to draw off a glove to get it out, it hurt so; and just then the Secretary, Major Ryder, as Ovingdean calls him, came up behind O., and seemed going to speak, but seeing us engaged passed on, which

Ovingdean didn't notice, being pretty keen on getting me to say what I'd lose on the horse and making out that I'd knocked a tenner off him by my riding.

This was as good as saying I was making an exhibition of myself, and it wasn't kind of him to put it that way considering that he brought me there. He has a good nerve has Ovingdean. Cross as I was, I felt I was in his power and really believe we should have fixed-up something directly (good job I didn't open my mouth — you'll see), but that fly stung so, and just as I'd worked him into a corner with a wet screw of handkerchief some one over the hedge began shouting and we were off again.

This time I had plenty of people in front of me, and having got rid of the hounds I hoped that little horse would go more peaceably. The hedges being too high to jump over we had to keep the lane and there I meant to keep. "No more hunting for me as long as I live," says I, and O. he ups and says, "Right you are, Dickie; it's not your game, as any one can see." I was to stick to him, he said, and he'd put me right through, and I really felt grateful-like, being dog-tired and all in a melt with my things rucked up and sticking to me most uncomfortable.

Presently there was a block in front and I could see men jumping a chained-up gate one at a time: Ovingdean said he knew of an easy place further on and we tried to push past. This the men waiting their turn didn't see; neither did that little horse; he got his head up and danced and rushed at the gate with a grunt just as another man went at it. We were all in the air together, my left knee touching his right. He just said, "What in the world!" and looked. The rest said, "What a bruiser!" I began to apologize, but that little horse laid himself out flat again and slipped away with me like being on the switch-back.

"HE AND THEY USED LANGUAGE"

We began catching and passing people; they stared hard at me as if they thought I should know my place, and I felt myself presuming, but what was I to do? I pulled my best, but first I dropped my glove and then my handkerchief, and so had to sniff all the rest of the day (a trick my wife hates).

But to think that I hadn't fallen off at that gate made me very thankful; if I could have got into an easier posture I really shouldn't have minded so much, but my legs were feeling sore just under the knees, besides I had the hiccups from holding my breath.

"HE WHIPS OUT A FLASK AND MADE ME TAKE SOME"

I can't think why people go hunting who aren't forced to, and how they manage to look as if they liked it fairly beats me. Why, that one day quite spoiled those trousers; they pucker up round the knees ever since, and never sit right as they did before: my wife notices it. But I don't grumble — you'll see.

I think we must have got upon a grazing farm, for half a score of young beasts came capering up along with us, cocking their tails.

They didn't find the hedges a difficulty seemingly; there were seven or eight which I can think of, all trimmed quicks, not very high but high enough to have terrified me when I began; but I knew the trick of it by this: get three fingers well down under the front of the saddle and turn out your toes.

All this while I was passing people, which didn't surprise me much, for some horses were only trotting, and one or two standing still shaking their tails. That little horse kept on the same stroke just as when he started, and didn't seem half so tired as I was, who was fit to drop and had a pain come in the small of my back, same as when you've been carrying a teething child half the night.

By and by I was up with the first three or four, and near the dogs again — much too near to please me, but the last thing that little horse considered was my wishes. The Secretary Man, as I called him to myself, was among the lot, and he drew up beside me and looked. He means it this time, thought I, and wondered how little he'd let me off for, but he only said: "You know more about this than Ovingdean gives you credit for. He needn't have funked mounting you." "Especially since it's my own horse," said I, feeling rather snappy, for I was precious tired and decided tender as well, if the truth must be told (but there!). "Yours?" says he, looking very blank. "Mine," says I. "Bought him just now." He looked quite put out and fell behind for a moment, but was at my side again directly asking if I felt like taking a profit on my purchase. "Sixty guineas is his price," says I, for it came upon me like a flash what I'd heard Ovingdean ask him. He didn't laugh this time, but as he said nothing I felt in two minds about telling him I'd take less (I'd have took half, cheerful), but it was his turn to speak and mine to listen.

Talking like this and not attending where we were going to we were got close to another of those wove-hurdle fences, all of sticks twisted in and out like the make of a hamper. The two or three men in front pulled up, but the hounds climbed over in a minute. I'd have pulled up and welcome but didn't think that little horse would, and

besides I felt desperate to make a customer for the creature, and somehow fancied the fence would settle the thing (it very near settled me; but there!), so I set back and we went at it, and when it was too late I saw why the others had turned up and what I was in for.

First came a ditch and then the fencing and then about six feet further was a second fence with another ditch beyond that.

I've heard say that in mortal fear a man's hair stands up; mine didn't, but then (though but thirty-two) I've none to speak of except on the poll of my neck.

What I did feel was as if some one had tipped an ice-cream down inside my collar behind. I began to pray and would have given any one that little horse free for stopping him. He seemed in half a mind as to stopping himself, for instead of running at this fence as he'd run at the others he slowed down and trotted up to it quite gentle, jumped into the middle and half stopped (so that I began to fall off), then reared up and jumped out to the far side with a grunt, and cantered on quite steady, leaving me time to get back into the saddle. (I was right up on his neck again.)

Now I was close to the hounds and not a soul near me. I heard a good deal of confused noise behind and some one telling me to hold hard and asking me where on earth I was going to (which was what I'd have been glad and thankful to have known all day). So I tried to pull up and for the first time found I could. First he walked and then he stopped and wasn't I just glad to ease my legs which hurt horrid! No one was over that fence when I looked round, but a man in red without a hat was looking at his horse lying in the ditch next me. I could see two more trying it on at the far side; they would run at it one at a time or both together and say "*Over!*" but their horses knew better.

After a bit Major Ryder (the Secretary-Man) and two or three others came round another way. He came straight to me and said, "Done with you for that little horse," and gave me his card.

This was a heap the best thing I'd heard all day. It took a weight off my mind, for I doubt if Beesley would have helped me out of the beast. I couldn't very well ask him to stand in to lose, you see, and if I'd let him try it and he'd fell off, or anything, I shouldn't have heard the last of my "quiet cob" for a month of Sundays. Well, when I heard the Major speak like that I felt that relieved that I was near being sick, and I suppose I looked like it, for he asked me if I was hurt at the big bullfinch where I made a hole for the rest and supposed from the look of things that

"'TA-TA, OVINGDEAN'"

I'd got one in the eye. (Which was true, though it had worked itself out by this.) Then he whips out a flask and made me take some.

Whilst I was drinking the rest of his friends came round, mostly youngish-looking, military nobs from the barracks. "I've bought him," says he. "I'll give you a quid for the buying," says one, without so much as looking at the horse. "I'll make it two," says another, but the Major said thanks very much and would prefer their opinions to their money, which they all gave him quite cheerful, saying it was good business and he'd picked up a good little bit of stuff. Says one slyly, "Perhaps it's his day. I never saw him fence before." Says another, "It's the hands, me boy; did you ever see a horse kept straighter in your life?" And then they offered me cigars and wished they might see me out with them again, and as they were lighting up (I didn't, my wife can't bear the smell) they kept saying, "Sweet line, jolly spin, useful thing, clinking pace," and so on, and how the Master was out of it and both the hunt servants down, and how that (adjective) Jones had come a howling mucker (why will people use such expressions?), and how this man and that man had fallen, all which surprised me, for until this last place I'd seen no accidents, but have heard since that the worst of going in front is you miss all that.

Then the huntsman came up very dirty and cross and said the fox had lain down (however could he tell that?), and tootled to the dogs which had been rolling and licking themselves and off he takes them at a hard trot round two fields and then it was all over.

When we got back to the road again (that little horse stuck to it to the last—seems he couldn't bear the dogs out of his sight) a few more men had come up, many with dirty coats, two without hats, and everybody was asking who had had the best of it, and heard it was the joker on Ovingdean's little horse. (That's the way they put it—nobody knew my name—good job too.)

Last of all up comes Ovingdean himself, very hot and anxious. "Wherever have you been to, Dickie?" (fancy, asking me that!) and then without stopping to hear he went on, "If a man on a chestnut asks you about my horse send him along to me."

"All right," says I; "Major Ryder, if that's the man you mean, seems on the feed to-day. Is he about that horse too?"

Ovingdean looked very odd at me before he said: "You don't mean to say he's been to you; well, I call that—" Just then the Major came up and cut in: "If you don't mind, Mr. Dixon, we'll ride back together; ta-ta, Ovingdean," and off we jogged. O. looked from one to the other and frowned and seemed in two minds about making an observation but didn't.

I learnt a good deal on the way home. It seems he isn't thought so much of a rider, at least off the roads ("hasn't the ghost of a notion of getting over a country," as the Major put it). He had been trying to sell this horse for two months, and no one knew it could go until to-day. It was always putting him down or something.

I returned the saddle by the carrier and sent him the money by post, but he brings it back and wants his horse, as he calls it, and says he must have another pony out of this job, and I mustn't be so giddy hard on an old pal, and so on. Finally he ups and denies having sold it me; says it was nothing but a blooming joke, as he'd told me plainly with the naked eye.

I could see he'd had a glass, and wouldn't talk to him, but posted it again—cheque to order. He kept it. I had to tell Beesley; he'd be sure to hear of it. He's very inquisitive, is B., though safe enough. But I never told my wife.